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FOR THE
CARNAL CONNOISSEUR
LUST MAGAZINE

THE ARCHIVES
2003-2006



Cover and interior design by Jack Malebranche

For The Carnal Connoisseur - Lust Magazine The Archives 2003-2006

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With the exception of the introduction, a few additional notes, the artwork of Daniel Byrd, and Jack Malebranche's interview with Kevin I. Slaughter, and "Cha-Cha Time at the Scalli Funeral Home" by Christopher Mealie, this volume is an archive of material previously published via Lust Magazine Online (<http://www.sataniclust.com>) between December 2003 and December 2006.

Opinions expressed by Church of Satan members do not necessarily reflect those of The Church of Satan.

This printed archive was released via Lulu.com, August 2007.

For The Carnal Connoisseur...

Introduction

by Rev. Jack Malebranche, Editor

In XXXVII A.S. (2002 CE), the Church of Satan's secret Council of Nine announced its plans for Special Interest Groups (SIGs) project. The members-only SIGs gathered together Satanists who shared similar interests and talents, to encourage the sharing of "occult" information and to facilitate the production of projects with a decidedly Satanic point of view.

Lust Magazine was one of the first fruits of that initiative—conceived and produced by members of the Human Sexuality SIG. We were full of enthusiasm for this most carnal of religions, and we were eager to put a uniquely Satanic mark on contemporary issues and phenomena related to sex. In the months leading up to its December 2003 launch on sataniclust.com, and for the better part of the following year, we no longer merely had a Lust for life, Lust became our lives. We all became amateur sexologists. Shiva Rodriguez and I took the lead, spending countless hours reading, reviewing, editing, designing and writing for Lust, with our Belgian cohort AEnigma and several others playing pivotal roles. While I've chosen not to include the bulk of our film and book reviews, because this archive would probably be over 400 pages if I did, there were several months wherein every film I watched and every book I read was somehow related to Lust. Our High Priest, Peter H. Gilmore, took an active behind-the-scenes role—inspiring us, guiding our efforts and making sure we dotted our i's and crossed our t's.

Lust Magazine was never intended to make a prof-

it or to draw mainstream attention. It was never meant to be scholarly. It was a public project, but it was primarily designed to appeal a niche audience. Anton LaVey once lamented that "there are no more amateurs," that no one was playing music or writing for the sheer joy of it anymore, that people only do things with the hope of going "pro." Lust was absolutely an amateur project. We weren't exploring the far reaches of human sexuality or becoming "carnal connoisseurs" because we were hoping to become full-time sex writers. We were doing it because we'd always been fascinated with human sexuality, and because we wanted to draw attention to one of the most pioneering aspects of Satanism. Anton LaVey was pro-kink before being pro-kink was cool. He was playing gigs at burlesques when the "free love" hippies of the 1960s were still tweens. He wrote a *Bible* that was explicitly pro-heterosexuality, pro-homosexuality, pro-fetish, pro-S/M...pro-S-E-X.

For an amateur project, we had a pretty good run. Lust received accolades from Satanists and non-Satanists alike. For a small, semi-regular e-zine, we managed to interview some people who are internationally recognized as being on the bleeding edge of human sexuality, including filmmaker Bruce LaBruce and writer Patrick Califia. The works and words of carnal artists Steven Leyba and Victoria Reynolds were featured and discussed in-depth. Lust drew the attention of NYC-based Superverb (<http://superverb.com/>), and my early review of his unusually philosophical erotic novel "Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish" is still referenced on

his web site. Shiva's column, "The Carnal Sutra" took off, and her articles drew attention from many non-Satanists. Lust provided a creative outlet and a forum for many CoS members who have since not only moved on to bigger and better projects, but in many cases become part of the Church of Satan hierarchy. Some damn fine work was produced along the way, and I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to the project.

My column, "The Homosexual Warlock" was initially conceived because there wasn't really anyone else writing about homosexuality from a Satanic perspective, and I knew from first hand-experience that the gay community perpetuated the sort of sacred cows and privileged lies that Citizens of the Infernal Empire enjoy seeing exposed and disgraced. However, at the time I had serious doubts as to whether or not I wanted to be forever known as the homosexual Satanist. But writing that seminal column (go ahead and chuckle) challenged me to thoroughly examine and develop some ideas that had been tumbling around in my head's washing machine since I was a teenager. While my take on "gay" was heavily influenced by Anton LaVey's undefiled wisdom, "The Homosexual Warlock" quickly became less about Satanism and more about a phenomenon specific to homosexual men that hadn't yet found a voice. "The Homosexual Warlock" and its spin off project, ANDROBLOG, eventually crystallized into Androphilia - A Manifesto, my 2007 Scapegoat Publishing book. Many of Androphilia's early supporters (and critics) found their way to my work through Lust. I've only included a few essays from "The Homosexual Warlock" here, because while I think the writing was often good, I was still finding my voice and feeling my way through issues that I eventually resolved in Androphilia.

Lust Magazine was published less regularly after its first year as a bi-monthly webzine, but we continued to publish submissions through 2006. The magazine archives went offline in 2007. All of the regular contributors had moved on to new projects, and during Lust's run, blogging really exploded and made Lust's page-by-page format feel clunky

and difficult to update. I encourage other Satanists to take advantage of free content management and blogging software and to use that technology to put their own diabolical spin on whatever subject moves them. Satanism is still a new religion, there is so much ground to tread. It is by producing--by creating works of quality and substance with our unique Third Side insight--that we enrich Satanic culture and keep the Church of Satan vital.

Online projects are ephemeral by nature, and Lust was never intended to last forever. But there was too much good stuff there, and people worked too hard on it to simply allow it all to disappear into cyberspace.

This archive is "proof that Lust existed." While there was far too much material to include everything, I included what I thought was the best and most representative work. The artwork of Warlock Daniel Byrd (<http://www.coffinrust.com/>) was featured in Lust, and I was pleased that he agreed to allow me to use his artwork to illustrate this volume. I also wanted to flesh out this archive with some brand new material from two of my favorite amateur sexologists, who are also easily two of the most interesting and productive characters in the Church of Satan. Rev. Christopher Mealie (Sexcats) offered me a wry sketch about a Queens ladies' man who holds court at the Scalli funeral home. Rev. Kevin I. Slaughter of Scapegoat Publishing also took some time out of his busy schedule to answer some questions about his yen for vintage pornography.

Let this volume stand as hard-copy evidence of not only what members of the Church of Satan were putting out into cyberspace in the early years of the 21st Century, but as a record of how much fun we were having as we indulged in the sexiest of the 7 deadly sins

So It Is Done.

**Rev. Jack Malebranche
Portland, Oregon
XLII A.S.**

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“If you’re gonna be a sinner, be the best sinner on the block..”

- Anton Szandor LaVey, *Satanis*

Sometimes, Church was Great

by Rev. U.V. Ray

I was hiding under the sheets, pretending to be asleep. I could hear them milling around the house; walking to and fro across the wooden floor in the living room, talking to each other conspiratorially in their usual, barely audible Sunday morning murmurs. I could always sense the waves of excited anticipation emanating from them – this was their only day out of the week and they thanked God implicitly for it.

I was fourteen and still at the age when I was required to accompany them to church. So every week I would go through this same little ritual of lying under the duvet just hoping they would go without me so that I could stay at home, fetch out the videos my father had stashed away in the attic and masturbate. In my opinion, fourteen year olds masturbated. They didn't bathe and they certainly did not attend church. My ploy never worked. It was a hopeless enterprise and, as usual, my father came in and dragged me out of bed by my ankles and shoved me off into the bathroom, where it was deemed possible that even an urchin such as I could shower and render myself presentable enough to enter the house of The Lord with both a clean body and mind.

So, ten minutes later off we all went. Me, child-locked in the back of the Mercedes; a new security measure my mother and father had decided upon after I had, on a number of occasions, done a runner at the traffic lights. The only good thing about Church was that I could sit by my friend, Dave. Dave was an unruly teenager with scuffed shoes

and long hair who had been branded (most probably literally) by the Church bigwigs as “a terrible boy.” However, this one thing that made the service bearable had been cut off from us – we now had to sit apart ever since we escaped during a service through the toilet window and they found us on the High Street buying cans of beer from the liquor store – so they placed us both on seats at each side of the altar where we could be punitively watched.

The services at this Pentecostal hothouse of worship would often drag on for three or four hours. It really was fucking torture to me. My time in hospital after being hit in the neck by a javelin during school sports was truly more enjoyable than having to sit listening to that sanctimonious bullshit. This was not what being a teenager was about.

As of late though, there was just one other upshot. There was this woman who attended the church who had become somewhat of a sexual fixation for me. Her name was Samantha and she was twenty-eight years old.

Samantha was, like the rest of them, mad as a hatter. The difference was that the delightful Samantha was a particularly shapely wonder of femininity with large firm breasts and shiny long black hair. She had a little gap between her two front teeth, like Madonna, which I found captivating when she smiled. That and the fact that she never wore a bra and her nipples were constantly erect beneath the brightly coloured T-Shirts she always had pulled

tightly over her nicely proportioned body. I would gaze in awe as she bounced up and down with her eyes closed and her arms stretched above her head, all that black hair flailing around her as she danced to the good Christian beat.

It was a hot summer day. And on this occasion Samantha had on a particularly flimsy little dress, bright yellow with a frill around the neck that plunged into a 'V' and disappeared between her breasts, the skirt of which ended well above her knees and freely exposed her smooth, white thighs. Today was looking up. It was going to be great watching her in the throes of praise. I was eagerly looking forward to that but I could not, however, in my wildest of dreams have hoped for what was about to happen.

Samantha had become possessed by one of Beelzebub's evil minions!

This was no ordinary, easy-to-deal-with Demon either. This was a Demon of sexual lust and even though Samantha had been married in this very Church it was surely a sin for a young woman to be so over-sexed. She required a thorough and wholesome cleansing.

My fourteen-year-old body was trembling with anticipation as the four male Elders led her up the aisle towards the front of the Church. Since I had now been situated at the side of the altar I had a front row view. A top-dollar seat.

Within seconds Samantha threw herself to the floor and began moaning and shouting, writhing around, arching her back and rolling her hips. As the Pastor stood between her spread legs, praying with his arms raised aloft, the Elders struggled to keep a grip of her through the flimsy clothing; amidst the tumult of attempting to hold her down they were pulling her clothing awry.

I watched in amazement as this orgy of bodies fell about the floor for a good ten minutes and as the casting of the Demon reached its eventual climax Samantha finally gave in and lay back motionless,

her lightly sweating thighs splayed apart, exposing her frilly white French knickers. Her big, pink-nippled breasts had fallen out of the dress and her hair cascaded in tousles around her.

After a few seconds, which seemed like an aeon of visual delight, Samantha climbed up off the floor and straightened her clothing. Then, displaying the little gap between her teeth, she kissed and thanked the Elders and the Pastor before returning, quite demurely, to her seat next to her husband.

Samantha had been cleansed! She would now be forever free of her wanton ways. But I was certain that when I looked over at her husband he in no way appeared to be quite as enthusiastic as the rest of the heaving and hollering Church members.

As we filed out of Church that day I passed my friend Dave. I was sure he looked three shades paler. He looked at me and shaking his head, said simply "Jesus Christ."

“The Slaughter Collection”

An Interview with Rev. Kevin I. Slaughter

by Rev. Jack Malebranche

The last time I visited Baltimore I found myself sitting in Kevin I. Slaughter’s living room, watching a wild pack of Vikings gang rape a pair of frisky lesbian nuns while some bony, zonked out chick was being tied up and sexually tortured. Or something like that. It’s all kind of fuzzy, really. I was all hopped up on the Coke.

As trails of smoke from his bottomless pack of cigarettes wafted through the beams of light, I looked back to see Rev. Slaughter tinkering with his triad of 8mm projectors as he artfully distilled a bizarre psychotronic porn-on-porn peep show straight from his museum-worthy collection of old school smut. (And it was Coca-Cola, you degenerates.) An hour earlier, my compadre and I were up in the attic flipping through plastic bins overflowing with retro raunch as Slaughter shared stories and secrets from his adventures in collecting unwholesome celluloid.

How long have you been collecting vintage 8mm porn, and how did you get started? What’s the attraction to old smut?

I like real boobs over fake boobs, I like pale over tan, I like hair over none, curvy over skinny, no tattoos over tattoos, etc. Doesn’t mean that I might find a photo of an oiled up sunbathed silicone injected inked all over gal with a slick mons pubis attractive, just that it’s less likely so.



Mr. & Mrs. Slaughter - photo by Joe Giordano

I also really like the advertising. The small black and white ads selling everything from 8mm films to weapons and novelty items are probably 45% of the reason I buy old men’s magazines. I’m a graphic designer and for some reason these ads are my favorite type of design. The balance is prob-

ably 45% for nude pictures, 9% cartoons, 1% the articles (every once in a while you'll find a William Lindsey Gresham story or one on how monocles are coming back into fashion.

Escapade's "Carnival" in 1961 had an essay about the latter that I transcribed a few years ago, and though the article falls apart at the end, I'll provide a short snippet to show what interested me the most:

By its very insertion between cheekbone and brow, the monocle gives you a new interesting face. The keystone of the new look is the sneer, due less to a state of mind than a muscle contraction necessary to screw, so to speak, the monocle in the eye socket.

The social value of the sneer? Incalculable.

Where once you may have been able to enter a jammed cocktail party without a soul taking notice, don't be surprised if some over-imaginative woman now drops her Martini-glass at your mumbled "Hello." It is impossible to ignore the bemonocled.

"Just looking at a man wearing a monocle I am reminded of someone sinister-but pleasantly so," one such woman explained recently. "He is mysterious--but not frightening. He gives the impression of knowing everything there is to know. He looks like he is wearing a glove of iron concealing a velvet hand, if you know what I mean."

How have you acquired the larger--or more interesting--parts of your collection?

I'm having a hard time remembering how I came to own my first 8mm porno films. I will say it was only after I'd acquired a few dozen porno films did I get my first non-porn film, and today I probably own a dozen films that don't at least show nipples.

The majority of my films came from being known

as a collector of dirty things. My friend Stacey found a classified ad in the local alternative weekly, stating that a thousand+ films were being sold, and she contacted me about it. We called the phone number and it turned out that two of Baltimore's peep-booth porno shops were converting over totally to DVD players and wanted to get rid of the film archives. We went down to meet up with the manager of the store and laid our eyes upon the proposed sale – racks and racks of films and dozens of projectors. At least half the films were set up in special cartridges that fit into modified projectors so that they played eternal loops for the peep booths, the other half was on standard 400 to 800 foot reels. The projectors were in various states of working and not, and all in all it took a few van-filled and car filled trips to move it to my apartment and her office!

We first went in as partners, but Stacey came to realize that she really didn't have the time, interest, or room to store hundreds of pornographic films, whereas I was single at the time and dedicated a room of my apartment to it.

Since then, I've gotten married, moved into the suburbs, and still have a room dedicated to old porno films (though they did spend a winter in the attic).

I don't actively buy films, I've barely scratched the surface of the collection, so heaping buckets of new films on top would do me no good at all – and really, who's to say I wouldn't just be buying duplicates? I have everything from fetish to bondage, interracial to gay, hippies to Vikings! From the 1940's into the 80's, I've got lots of chaff to sort through to find the wheat.

The history of 8mm porno has been repeated with VHS and now DVDs. When the cost of viewing them in the home became reachable to the "common man", the market for the medium boomed until it was replaced with the next format, usually cheaper. At their peak, 8mm films would be sold for \$50 to \$100 a piece for twelve (probably silent) minutes of film. Compare that to the \$13 for

220 minutes of the compiled “Award Winning Sex Scenes” you can now get on DVD.

The ironic part of it is my wife can’t stand to see explicit sex in print or film. She married me anyway, but in all honesty her acceptance of my porno collection is way down on the list of weird things about me she never expected to fall in love with. I mean, really – what beautiful girl thinks “Maybe one day I’ll meet ‘the one’, and he’ll be a Satanic Priest with a multimedia library of old pornography”. Hell, that doesn’t even touch on my misanthropy, argumentative nature, obsession with taboo subjects and ease with the use of racially derogatory words. All that and I’ve never tried to make an excuse or whitewash my interest in anything. Goddamn, I love that girl like no other.

Approximately how many 8mm porn reels do you think you have on hand? Do you collect other formats as well?

The answer to the first part of your question may seem strange, but I honestly don’t know. I wouldn’t wager a guess, as I haven’t done the appropriate math to formulate a vague answer to that, except for a portion of the films I own. It would be simple enough, the majority of the films are in more or less three size containers, and the minority only amount to maybe 4 or 5 dozen films. We’re talking more than hundreds, but probably less than two thousand. As stated previously, I only owned a handful before acquiring the archives of the porn houses, so it was opportunity that was the deciding factor and not a slow accumulation.

I’ve never owned more than five or six porn video tapes (at a time), and I’ve only bought maybe a dozen porn magazines off the newsstand in my lifetime. I have, however been telecommunicating with computers since I was in middle school, and obtained porn that way, though never obsessively.

The thing about the films is that it involves ritual that you don’t have to go through with VHS or DVD. Ignoring the requirements of storing them so they don’t crumble or become acidic and de-

stroy themselves, you have to set up the projector and screen, thread the film, adjusting the focus, etc. You need to be careful with the film at all times, not getting finger oils or other dirt that would prompt decay of the medium (a joke would be too obvious here). It’s more involved and if you’re worried about your wife walking in and seeing it, you can’t just change the channel. There’s no real “rewind” function, though some projectors have variable speeds.

What are some of your favorite titles and/or films from the collection?

Most of the films I own are pretty boring. I purchased a giant lot of films, and those films were accumulated to satisfy the general public and reflect a great diversity of sex. My favorite genre of the films would have to be the bondage and cheese-cake variety. I suppose it’s a little dualistic – I either want to see the women innocent, beautiful and sacred, or I want to see black-hooded men pretending to rip their fingernails out with pliers or guys with pantyhose over their faces stringing them up in a basement filled with dismembered mannequins. So many of the films aren’t in the original boxes or probably never had a proper “title”, and many of those end up being where I find the films that interest me most. Some are more artistic than others, and even the decomposition of the films can make a film even more interesting than it was before. There’s one I own in a white box with the word “Mandolin” written in pencil on it. It starts with a girl holding a mandolin and pretending to play it and in short order she sets it down and starts to wriggle around on the bed naked. Perfect plot-line for a 10 minute film. It suffers from a common problem where the blue dye will fade leaving the film tinted almost entirely hues of red and pink. What it produces can be terrible for most films, but for “Mandolin” it was gorgeous.

The one thing I’d like to make clear is I like looking at women as objects. I’ve never gone into a strip club or bought a copy of *Huslter* and thought that I could fuck one of the girls. Though it does often happen, I don’t even want that. Not before I

was married, not after. The women as people are most likely pathetic losers. They're either high maintenance or psychotic or junkies. Not all of them, but so many. A number of times that I've gone to strip joints it was for the express purpose of schadenfreude. It really depends on my mood, like the aforementioned dualism with cheesecake and bondage films. The women objects depicted in the film are like effigies, to be adored or punished, but only as objects.

Do you have any plans for your collection, or is it simply a hobby?

I do have plans, though it will always be a hobby, because I don't think it has the potential to be a primary money making vehicle. Whether it will take up more time than I have to spare on occasion you could probably make an easy bet, but that happens with a lot of my interests. I have sold images from the collection to Nerve.com for a "Premium Gallery", so if you're a subscriber to that website, you can find samples located (I'm excited to say) right next to images from Romain Slocombe on the drop-menu.

The sheer volume of films negates outsourcing of any digitizing of the film due to the prohibitive cost. I've experimented with and am saving up money for my own transfer equipment, though I've experimented with decent results using the projection equipment I have and my digital video camera.

I'd like to transfer some of the better and more obscure and weird films and possibly compile them on a DVD, and I've had a few bands request that I come and project the films during their performances (and possibly editing together a music video), but I'll see what I can do and when, and some projects I'd rather not talk about until they're near completion.

I noticed that you also have a rather large collection of old dirty books. Not picture books or magazines, but those old trashy novels with lurid titles. About how many of those do you have

that the moment?

In total they amount to just under one thousand, though many are duplicates. I have about six hundred unique titles, mainly ranging from the mid-1960s to the early 1970s.

What publishing houses produced the best bawdy books?

I've hardly read any of them, for a few reasons, so I can only reasonably comment on the packaging of the books.

I haven't read them because most are written terribly, and when I do take the time to read fiction it's usually hardboiled crime or anything from a list of particular titles I have lined up to read. The other reason is because almost all of them are either in pristine condition or they're about to completely fall apart. Because the books were printed on the lowest quality paper and manufactured as cheaply as possible, many are both pristine and about to completely fall apart. I've had a couple of copies that had never been opened up to peek inside since they were printed 40 years ago, and the cover will just detach itself completely from the spine.

Grove Press is a standout as far as publishing smut goes, though they were one of the few "legitimate" publishers that I have books from. Anyone remotely interested in publishing and the freedom of speech that we currently enjoy should familiarize themselves with Barney Rosset's contribution to the "sexual revolution". His pursuing, in court, the right to publish books like Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Tropic of Cancer redefined how pornography is deemed obscene, and opened the floodgates for explicit depictions of sex. Thank a book publisher for your worn out VHS copy of *Gaping Asshole Bukkake Bitches #56*.

Unfortunately he also published a significant number of far left/socialist books, but that's hardly surprising for the time. "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" and a book titled "Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!" are illustra-

tive selections.

What are some of the standout titles on your bookshelf?

Though I'm most interested in the cover art and design (especially the naïve way much of it is done), and haven't read most of the books, and you're not putting together a gallery of cover images, I'll list a few of my favorite titles:

"Beast Raped Nun" (Greenleaf Classics) was published in the 80's, when competition for more and more extreme forms of writing was being demanded, (you can see cover art from a portion of my collection of a series of animal oriented books in the Readymades section of UnPopArt.org).

I have Greenleaf books that range from the early 60's to the mid 80's, and you can see how the company became more and more explicit in both cover art and content.

I had John Waters autograph a copy of "Hollywood Rapist" when he was doing a local signing for a new edition of his "Crackpot" (I bought a copy of it as well).

For modern books, I'd recommend "SexCats" by Christopher Mealie. He's one of my closest friends and that's because I respect him and his work. I own a number of original photographs by him as well, as he's an art photographer. He suffers from a malady that afflicts too many photographers, he's hypercritical of his work and it rarely gets seen. Taschen is an amazing publisher, and I have all six volumes of the beautiful "The History of Men's Magazines".

Do you traffic in any other formats of filth--or is it just the books and the films right now? Anything you'd like to start collecting?

I own a modest collection of men's magazines ranging from the 50's into the late 70's, though I prefer the late 50's to early 60's. Once the girls look like hippies I tend to lose interest. From the

hippies to modern girls, I have a hard time finding a period where the girls were really attractive to me, though I'm speaking in generalities, there are certainly individual gals that are incredibly sexually appealing.

I don't want to start collecting anything, all this doesn't take into account my hat (fez and fedora), necktie, and big eyed girl paintings. Luckily my wife likes the latter, and she's taken over acquiring them. I have strange fraternal order objects, and hundreds of books that don't even mention boobs once. Novelty plaques, novelty pins, boob and naked lady mugs, etc. I love my house and wouldn't leave it if I didn't have to, everywhere I look there's something that I like to see. My wife reigns me in a bit, and that's good because I can be a slob and just pile stuff up into mountains.

I know you also have some more serious books that cover the topic of human sexuality--any great titles or passages you'd like to share?

One I picked up from the bibliography of "The Compleat Witch" is probably my favorite non-fiction sex book. It's titled "The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe" and for so many reasons is it a standout – funny enough, none of those reasons have to do with my personal sexual interests – I'm just not a "foot guy".

My titles range from the academic to humorous and obscure. A more recent book that I was totally fascinated by was "A Natural History of Rape: Biological Bases of Sexual Coercion", a book that approaches the problem of rape from an evolutionary standpoint. It's been criticized greatly from all angles, but much of that criticism is from people who have a political or social axe to grind with evolutionary psychology in general. Steven Pinker references the book in his "Blank Slate" (not a dirty book), which I also recommend highly.

Erotic Folklorist Gershon Legman wrote a 300 plus page book on oral sex without a single picture or illustration. Titled "Oragenitalism: Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation" (1979) it contains the

following passage that I've always found remarkably funny, but probably offensive to most modern readers:

"It may be stated as axiomatic that it is much better, for both partners, for the man to err on the side of too much violence and virility, in all sexual situations -whether -social, vaginal, or oral, or simply in struggling for a kiss - than to show himself too cautious and too politely considerate. All female mammals, from lionesses on down, know how to back up to, and piss upon males who do not show themselves sufficiently male in the sexual encounter. This is not a joke but a fact. Women may not express themselves in such simple pantomimes, but their real emotions are generally identical. The standard "marriage manuals" take the opposite point of view about all this, I know; but they are wrong. Terribly wrong, and intent on brainwashing their male readers. Truth to tell, a woman who will angrily refuse or sulkily spoil a man's further sexual company, on the grounds that he seduced her a little too roughly (or tore a hole in her stockings, or mussed her hair!) possibly on their own wedding-night or similar, is the type of reclamationary bitch that any man is better off without. Conversely, no woman worthy of the name really wants as sexual consort a man who treats her in bed as though he were a white-clad anaesthetician with an ether-mask, trying to slip it to her so delicately that she will not know whether she has been made love to or has made pipi. Sex is, or should be, a matter of male penetration and female ensheathing: of violence and acceptance, of sweat and semen, of tangled limbs and hair. It is worthless when it is anything less, when it is really just masturbation a deux."

The above quote was actually the second oldest "blog" post I made on myspace.com, dating from July 3rd, 2004, three days before my 29th birthday.

A former Kinsey Institute researcher, Gershon's greatest work was "Rationale of the Dirty Joke", from which the joke that forms the basis of the film *The Aristocrats*. Published by the fore mentioned Grove Press in 1968, my own copy of the first edition (very good condition in a very good dust jacket) was recently ruined by my wife's cat.

My own casual study of sexology has dovetailed into eugenics and sex and gender differences, an area that has been verboten for a few decades but the latter has finally gotten some decent attention again. It seems the egalitarian mob is losing a little footing to evolutionary scientists and just plain fucking reason. So many of the social "revolutions" brought into our school curriculum by 1960's Socialism inspired academics are now being reverted, as they were misguided attempts at social engineering based on a political ideal more than evidence culled from scientific experimentation.

Eugenics by name seems it might be doomed to the wastebaskets of history, though eugenics in practice has made some pretty decent progress since it was roundly "abandoned" and condemned post-WWII.

The beginning of Roman law is found in the Twelve Tables (449 BC). It contains a eugenic command: "A father shall immediately put to death a son recently born, who is a monster, or has a form different from that of members of the human race." It seems quite natural and healthy for us to want healthier, brighter and happier children – and now that proof of the genetic determinism of IQ and ability are being established (again) as "good science" (though not without anger from the media-who are woefully unqualified to discuss the matter).

The one identifiable group that has been most outspoken against eugenics are American Jews, who invoke the horrors of Nazi concentration camps. This is the height of hypocrisy since Tay-Sachs has been eliminated from 95% in American Jews through voluntary screening since 1961, and be-

fore the National Socialist rise to power, a doctor named Dr. Joseph Meir, “at the very heart of the Zionist medical establishment in the land of Israel”, wrote the following in a guide for parents in 1934:

“Who is entitled to give birth to children? The correct answer is sought by eugenics, the science of improving the race and preserving it from degeneration. This science is still young, but its positive results are already great and important - These cases [referring to marriages of people with hereditary disorders] are not at all rare in all nations and in particular in the Hebrew nation that has lived a life of exile for 1,800 years. And now our nation has returned to be reborn, to a natural life in the land of the Patriarchs. Is it not our obligation to see to it that we have whole and healthy children in body and soul? For us, eugenics as a whole, and the prevention of the transmission of hereditary disorders in particular, even greater value than for all other nations! ... Doctors, people involved in sport and the national leaders must make broad propaganda for the idea: Do not have children if you are not certain that they will be healthy in body and soul!”

Of course, this is starting to digress a bit much... second to the last question is probably a bad place to start talking about Jews and Eugenics, but I didn’t consent to the interview because I wanted new friends. Christianity and Islam both have principals that could easily be illustrations of eugenic thought, but it wasn’t until Francis Galton coined the term was there a real movement based on science (some good, some bad) to breed better humans.

To save your readers, and your paper, I’ll only make a quick suggestion to folks who aren’t familiar with the Repository for Germinal Choice and Robert K. Graham to check out Slate.com’s articles by David Plotz. He also published a book on the subject, based on the articles found online. Though I don’t like the author’s tone, and he se-

riously misrepresents the science of genetics, and makes some serious logical errors, it’s the only book on the infamous “Nobel Prize Sperm Bank”.

If you had to come up with a pretentious, high-brow-sounding art snob description for your collection, what would it be?

I’m probably somewhere between nerd and creep, and neither of those are very high-brow.

Cha-Cha Time

at the Scalli Funeral Home

by Rev. Christopher Mealie

Business died.

Joey laughed at my gag. Joey C.'s a middle-aged grandson of a founding daddy of a prominent New York family; and one of the nicest fellows I've ever met.

He showed up at the shop one day with a flat on his motorcycle. I helped him fix it, talked trash and he took off. When Harry got back and I mentioned meeting Joey he asked if I knew who he was. "Sure...Joey." "No...do you know who he is? The tattoo isn't for nothing." Lots of guys have grim reaper tattoos, but as Harry explained it, people looked into Joey's eyes as their last breaths squeaked out. I didn't believe a bit of it. So I spent some time on line and with old newspapers. Well, I guess it wasn't so unbelievable.

Joey likes my jokes, and the quip about the vacated Scalli Funeral Home made his stone features quiver into a grin. "It's dead alright!" He laughed again. He didn't know that I knew, and I wasn't going to let him know.

Who the hell would have thought that a funeral home could go out of business? The neighborhood goes down and these low life's can't afford a decent send-off. Maybe people just stopped dying in the armpit of Queens, they just migrate to

Brooklyn.

Harry's busted straw hat covers a proud shoe polish comb-over. He scowls and chews his cigar and barks. "He calls me and tries to sell me the canisters of unidentified ashes of dead people. What the hell do I want with that?! Maybe he's got something better."

Harry, Joey and I walked through the back door past a "closed" sign into the building. Dutch Masters cigar spit leapt out of Harry's mouth and made friends with pavement phlegm piles.

Gold walls, black trim; archaeological detail from the old neighborhood. Class. Yeast and body stink mingled with the corpse funk of rotting rodents and years of human body decay. A scratchy warbling echoed from the end of the building.

"Where's Matty?!" Harry burped. Matty's in charge, he's 86 years old and he'll remind you every seven minutes. Born and raised in the nabe. Been a junk man since the end of the war. What war?

The town payed Matty to keep watch of the funeral parlor and to clean the place out, keep transients away and keep the place clear. So being Matty, he immediately filled the place with piles of his own junk and supplied his own personal collection of transients. Twelve chapels plus hallways and a

morgue of delectable trash. I hadn't seen him in his new kingdom yet.

I leaned into chapel number one. Twisted Christmas trees curled into each other in a wire and tinsel frenzy. Broken ornaments, faded plastic Santa Claus, reindeer and altar boy statues reached the ceiling. A mass grave of holiday cheer.

Chapel number two: record players, radios and speakers. An audio technology museum from the last 100 years. Each one busted beyond repair and weather faded to wood, plastic and metal waste.

Joey's wheels start turning. "You know, you could really fix this place up. Each chapel could be like a different disco room. People would have all these choices! You could have 1950s music and decor. Rock and roll stuff. A Vegas room. New Wave music. We could make a killing! A swing room with a full band..."

Harry chipped at Joey's dream. "In a fucking funeral home? Who the hell would want to..." Joey held fast, "Hey, you don't have to come. Who asked you to? People would come from all over! Right?" He cocked his head my way. "It's an idea way ahead of it's time. It's almost too good for these schmuckoes..."

Chapel three: television sets. All sizes, and models. Cracked screens, tubes, and cabinets. I grabbed a screen magnifier still in nice shape and pressed it against my face while gurgling and moaning into Joey's face. He guffawed and shouted "I always knew I'd see you on TV, I just figured it'd be Ripley's! Ha!"

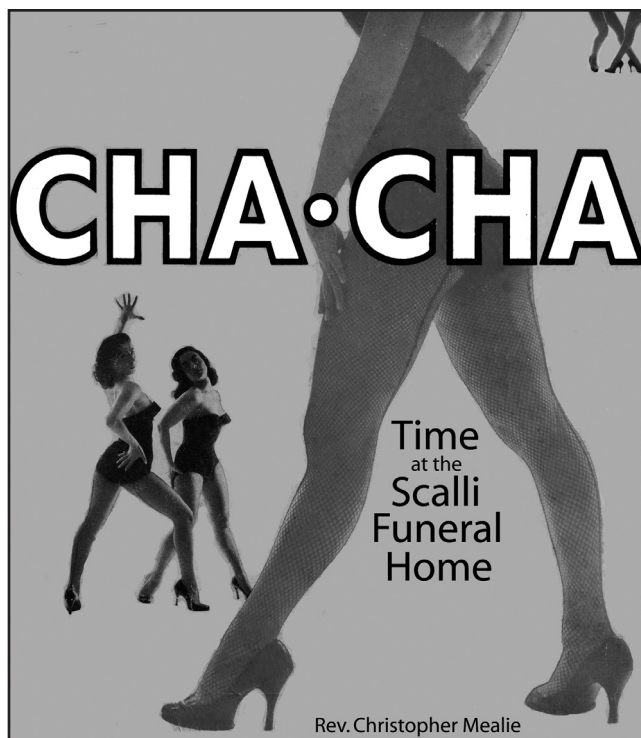
Looking through the magnifier, my distorted face saw beyond Joey's shoulder. An emaciated face leered disapprovingly. Crooked, brown, stick appendages jutted out of a torn football jersey and tight black shorts. Raggedy strands of black hair clung to a sweat caked face. She turned slightly and part of her head revealed a matted mound ripe with freshly coagulated blood. She crack-shimmied out the way we came in. Joey muttered "Matty sure knows how to pick 'em." Harry went further, "He knows how to keep 'em too. On the pipe."

We made our way past piles of old clocks, sewing machines and porno tapes to where the music belled from.

Down the hall we could see Matty in his glory. His scrawny figure leaned back draped along a bench press. A stained cap crowned his pebble head. The blown out speakers heaved, hammered and shoved out a rickety version of WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT from a warped platter of 50 year old cha-cha. A quirky harem clung to his sides, brown skinned vampire wenches swooned and

smecked. A 300 pound pasty-skinned sow sat on a formica table. They love him like a daddy and a royalty romeo all rolled into one.

He tilted his head towards me. "I'm eighty six years old!" I nodded. "...and I still got it!" he hollered jutting his head in the direction of his women. "Look at 'em!" A tongue lashed out of a gaunt female face and licked chapped lips, haphazardly revealing gaps where teeth had once been. "Sadie's a prize!" His bony left arm motioned to the chubby woman. She lifted a stretched t-shirt reading "Te amo Mami" and revealed a gigantic sagging breast. I wondered where her nipple had gone off



to, but as she tugged, it revealed itself underneath a rind of blubber.

Two women danced with each other and stared at Matty, one topless with scarred ribs pulsing, the other with an arm in a makeshift sling. The beauty in the sling drooled and started smearing her lips onto the other. Matty Wheezed and laughed. "She's a wild one!" The battered hags and hogs swayed and dipped to the rhythm of the cha-cha. A cross-legged, cross-eyed girl with bruised knees sticking out of a suede skirt smiled and leaned, a broken pipe under her knee.

Harry lit his cigar. I welcomed the smell of it.

Matty rasped.

"I've got it. I've always had it. I've got muscles (he flexed) and brains and looks...and I was in the war. I've had whores in Paris pay me! I gotta fight 'em off! All my life. They love me, and if they're good to me I let 'em stay. The only evil I've done is break hearts, and if that's a sin, I invented it. You're dry! You're stale. You all come to me looking to know my secret.

My secret is something you can't have anyway! Even if you know it. You're born with it, and those what 'aint are just screwed. I've got it and you're all screwed..."

The needle sizzled and cracked at the inner edge of the record.

Rev. Christopher Mealie is the author of *Sexcats*, from Goliath Books.

<http://www.goliathbooks.com>

The Ten Greatest Songs Heard In Adult Movie Shops

by Rev. Christopher Mealie

I've spent innumerable hours in porn shops. They've proven to be one of the most fulfilling places to peep, not at the expected novelities, mags and gags executed in varying degrees of sloppiness and refinement. I spy for the whitened gob of spit in the corner of the man in the checkered vest's mouth. The darting eyes of the guilt-ridden, seeking to appease sodomy-starved retinas. The obese black woman outside the door sizing you up and sucking on her teeth with a number and a dollar sign etched on the inside of her skull. A mustachioed man wearing a Vietnam Vet cap covered in little metal pins attesting to his service with a foot and a half pile of video tapes. The elderly woman with a cotton-top hairdo and a floral-print muu muu frantically scurrying and stomping after a cockroach outside Peepland in an effort to "keep the city clean." A surly, Latino midget in the gangbang section basking in the view of countless eye-level hard-ons. These and countless other people and situations are my soup 'n sandwich, and my live stage-show.

Most of these experiences occurred along the Minnesota Strip in New York; that infamous length of asphalt at the edge of Times Square that was once home to thousands of runaways itching to spread their wares. Since the big cleanup of the Deuce, this has become the temporary home of the final lead and oil paint flecks that once adorned the gritty landscape that had been honky-tonk New York. This part of town has been my home away from home for years. I've been thrown out of shops here, had my life threatened here and I've taken



Photo by Rev. Christopher Mealie

dates here. I've thwarted attempts at being picked up and put down; as well as failed attacks on my on my wallet, camera, coat and pride.

The middle-aged Pakis that run the joints now seemingly search for the most innocuous sounds they can find to add a soundtrack to their over-lit meat racks. Would Carly Simon ever know that her voice has done a duet with the yelping, moaning and slurping effluvium emanating from rows of peepshow whack-off closets?

Songs #10 and #4 played webbed in static in succession on an oldies station from a plastic radio in a shop outside Meridian Mississippi. "FIREWORKS+XXX" pulled me off the highway. The proprietor was a doppelganger for Burl Ives, he greeted us cheerfully and told us to look around. He's sure we'll find something we'll like, as if Millie Small wasn't enough.

The transition to Johnny Ace plunged the experience further into the nightmare vortex of slick, outdated jack-off tools and brightly colored exploding phalluses too late for the 4th. "Pledging my love to you" had held a special place in my heart for many years. The song was a hit early in 1955 after rising R&B star Johnny Ace blew his sentimental brains out on the losing end of a game of Russian roulette. His fans waited eagerly for his smooth swooning, not realizing that his final encore had been backstage. The song is also identified as the soundtrack to the finale of the Catholicism-induced BAD LIEUTENANT. The poetry filled the shack; Burl Ives leaned down from his pedestal, "You know, we've got everything you could want here... roman candles ... big-titty pictures..." The kinky beard-hairs formed a wreath replete with pimple-berries around his greasy hole of a mouth and his gray tongue checked for debris as he finished his sentence in a thick drawl, "... good blow-jobs." The song ended as I made my way through the door. What had been intended to end in a moment of poignant silence was instead a barrage of static and old record sizzle as I made my way to my 1977 Monte Carlo.

This list was difficult to compile. The road to completion is lined with the tattered remains of many great tunes, but I have committed myself to ten. These are the winners.

It's doubtful that this list could be improved upon. These were situations clean of forced irony. I have excluded the morass of modern pop songs containing purposely obscene, raunch lyrics; this is the expected fare in a porno shop and in a world increasingly deprived of passion.



The **IO** Greatest Songs Heard In Adult Movie Shops

- 10.** My Boy Lollipop - Millie Small Meridian, MS 2001
- 9.** Life During Wartime - Talking Heads - Spring Valley, NY 1993
- 8.** The Big PayBack - James Brown Trenton, NJ 1997
- 7.** Private Life - Oingo Boingo - New York, NY 1994
- 6.** For Your Love - The Yardbirds New York, NY 1997
- 5.** You are the Sunshine of my Life Little Stevie Wonder - LA, CA 2002
- 4.** Pledging My Love - Johnny Ace Meridian, MS 2001
- 3.** Close to You - The Carpenters - New York, NY 1999
- 2.** You're So Vain - Carly Simon - New York, NY 2006
- 1.** What a Wonderful World - Louis Armstrong - New York, NY 2003

Food for Pure Thought

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

In the early 19th century, two moral-minded fellows got up on their soap-boxes and championed two products as being antidotes to masturbation that are now common kitchen staples.

Sylvester Graham began his campaigns railing against poor eating habits and masturbation, condemning both as the culprit for infertility in couples and impotency in men.

Graham began a whole genre of masturbation study and attitudes when he published his *Lecture to Young Men* in 1834, which was based on theories that ejaculations of any kind were the cause of many health hazards. While acknowledging that ejaculation of semen was necessary for reproductive purposes, he felt it was his duty to warn men about the serious consequences they would face if they took matters into their own hands.

To force a crowd to agree with his ideas, Graham employed a tactic that is widely used by snake oil salesmen throughout history. At the time, masturbators were believed to be slovenly and ill-kempt individuals. Graham insisted to his audience that a man who indulges in self-pollution would have a disease-ridden body, mental illness, and criminal behavior. Of course, no one could disprove his claims, as only a man with first-hand experience could ... something no man would dream of admitting to a crowd of staunch Victorian moralists.

Believing that certain foods were also responsible for invoking lust in human beings, Graham lec-

tured about the benefits of whole-grain foods. He claimed the bland, nutritional foodstuffs such as bran and oats would keep the body disease-free by discouraging masturbation in young men. While this seems ridiculous in modern times, this line of thinking was the base of the invention of granola, cold cereal, and of course, graham crackers.

Graham's theories took to the ears of an even more famous gentleman, John Harvey Kellogg, M.D.

Kellogg, who would be known throughout the world as being the father of breakfast cereals, began his experimentation with grain foods while working at the Western Health Reform Institute (which would later become known as the Kellogg Sanitarium).

Based on the theory that disease and health disorders were caused solely by improper diets and self-pollution, Kellogg served his patients a diet consisting of a variety of cereals, meat substitutes, yogurt, and nuts.

In 1892 he penned the 644 page *Plain Facts for Old and Young* in which he heavily warned against the evils of masturbation and included a helpful list of thirty-nine recognizable symptoms of chronic masturbation. These tell-tale symptoms included shyness, boldness, hunger, sleepiness, and acne.

Kellogg advocated circumcision of young boys without anesthesia in order to prevent them from wanting to masturbate, claiming the weeks of

soreness would serve as a grim reminder of the evils of self-pollution. The method he recommended for males who would not be circumcised involved threading a wire through the foreskin at the head of the penis, rendering an erection to be a very painful experience. To be fair to the ladies, Dr. Kellogg also suggested that carbolic acid be applied to the clitoris to discourage feminine masturbation. If that proved unsuccessful, there was always the option to surgically relieve a woman of her troublesome clitoris.

Dr. Kellogg also targeted masturbators to support his institution, but not by way of their treatment. He made known that he would not accept chronic masturbators as patients, in the process avoiding having to admit there was not a cure. The patients who did not show improvement after months of treatment on his special diet would be denounced by the good doctor as being masturbators, presumably ones who had kept their shame hidden for so long that they had become incurable.

Dr. Kellogg's sanitarium eventually fell into financial shambles as dry cereals became readily available to the public by various manufacturers. Under pressure by his brother William, Dr. Kellogg agreed in 1906 to turn what remained of his dietary treatment operation into the breakfast cereal company that we are so familiar with today.

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Goat Glands Brinkley

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

In the 1920s, elderly men plagued with deteriorating sexual performance lined up by the hundreds to a small hospital in Milford, Kansas to have their testicles replaced with the glands of a virile goat. While it sounds preposterous, in the days before Viagra it just made sense to elderly farmers who'd watch their frisky goats in action outside while their own wives sat frustrated indoors.

At least, that was how John Romulus Brinkley figured it.

Brinkley, born to an impoverished family in South Carolina in 1885, dreamed of making money. Observing that the well-to-do were generally the scholarly and in the medical profession, he applied for medical school at the age of sixteen. His application was reviewed and refused.

Not to be discouraged, Brinkley enrolled in a shady private school where he received a fine education in herbal medicine. His degree in hand, he soon learned that herbs were quickly becoming obsolete. He then enrolled in another quack school, where he received a degree in "eclectic medicine". With these official-sounding documents he was able to establish a practice in Fulton, South Carolina as an "electromedical specialist" for a short time, also serving time as mayor of the city.



In 1918 Brinkley moved to Milford, a small town without a doctor or hospital. Once again he established a small practice on the strength of his questionable diplomas. However leaves and roots were now considered a thing of the past, and Brinkley knew he had to come up with some other way to keep his medical practice afloat.

Having read about a Russian doctor who was conducting fertility experiments on chimpanzees, Brinkley devised his scheme. While chimpanzees were not to be found in Kansas, there was an ample supply of goats, which were considered to be among the lustiest of creatures.

His first patient was a farmer by the name of Stittsworth, who had been the first to complain to the town doctor about a failing libido. Brinkley implanted a bit of goat

gland into Stittsworth's testicles, and within weeks the elderly farmer was testifying to all about his greatly improved sex life. Much to Stittsworth's delight (not to mention Brinkley's) the farmer's wife gave birth to a healthy baby boy. Convinced that it was the goat glands that made it all possible, word spread throughout the town and soon the doctor had more patients than he knew what to do with.

He built a hospital with fifty beds, filled with men who paid an upwards of \$750.00 apiece to receive the goat gland transplant. Brinkley made no guarantees that the results would be the same for everyone. He slyly declared that the procedure was not well suited for the “stupid types”, which ensured that he would not receive many complaints from his patients.

In 1923, Brinkley was a wealthy man, and he bought a radio station from which he broadcast the favorable testimonials of his patients as well as peddling an assortment of miracle cures he concocted from his knowledge of herbs. He also dispensed “medical advice” from questions sent in by listeners, none of which was medically valid and oftentimes were nothing short of ridiculous.

But despite his adoring fans who were convinced he had saved their sex lives, Brinkley was plagued with reporters and respectable scientists and doctors who saw these operations as quackery. One enterprising reporter was able to find evidence that many of the operations had complications attached to them and at least one man died from tetanus after the transplant. The American Medical Association eventually convinced the Kansas Board of Medical Registration to revoke Brinkley’s license on the grounds of unprofessional conduct. The Federal Radio Commission soon followed suit and shut down Brinkley’s radio station for promoting fraud.

Unconcerned with the growing troubles, Brinkley continued his operations by hiring licensed doctors to perform the surgeries and buying a radio station in Mexico where he could continue to broadcast his message to Americans with the help of 100,000-watts. In an attempt to win back his medical license, Brinkley ran for governor of Kansas and nearly won. His popularity with the common folk was still very strong, but not strong enough to win him a seat in politics.

Brinkley’s undoing came when the good doctor developed a blood clot and was unable to heal himself. This would have gone quietly unnoticed

by the public, except for the fact that his leg had to be amputated (by real professionals) in order to save his life. By 1941, “Goat Glands Brinkley” declared bankruptcy under the weight of the many lawsuits that were steadily piled against him. He died in 1942.

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An Interview with Patrick Califia

by Warlock AEnigma

Patrick Califia (a female-to-male transsexual, born as Pat Califia) can rightly be termed a sex radical. Being a member of several sexual minorities (bisexual, sadomasochist, transgendered), he has been writing and lecturing and fighting for the rights of ‘perverts’ since the 1970’s. His non-fiction writings have always displayed a deep common sense as well as a sense of outrage at the injustices inflicted on people who deviate from the sexual norm. His fiction is not only (very!) arousing, it is always also food for thought.

While looking for other people with the same sexual tastes and interests as himself, Patrick became a pioneer of the leather community, and is now a part of what is in s/m circles referred to as the ‘Old Guard’ - the notable people who were there when leather communities first began to take root, and who were (and are) the inspirators of the next generations.

Wherever I turned in the exploration of my own sexuality, I would find books or columns or essays by Mr. Califia. I am personally a great admirer of his, and feel very honoured to have been given the opportunity for this interview. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did, and maybe find it a little (or more) enlightening.

1) You always look happy or even mischievous in recently published pictures. Have you decided to abandon the idea of becoming a cranky old dominant? Or do you feel there is still time enough for that?

Nobody knows how much time they have left on this beautiful but troubled planet. I hope I don’t take any of my living moments for granted. Being 50 and living with the chronic pain of fibromyalgia and neuropathy, well, if I am cranky, I do feel entitled. But those are not moments that would lead me to the photographer’s domain. I hate getting photographed. Especially when I am not feeling my best. If memory serves me correctly, I have always gotten some shit about laughing or making other people laugh even when I am in the middle of a heavy scene. It’s the exhilaration of crossing the line into the realm where BDSM energy is really rushing. I’m not one of those hidebound melodramatic leather queens who are so uptight about emulating the Old Guard that they can’t run without cracking into a thousand pieces. Hurting someone who is helpless and turned on tickles me. Literally.

2) You once wrote that ‘The only problem with pornography, is that there is not enough of it’. How do you feel about that now that the internet has become so omnipresent and porn is so easily accessible on a such a massive scale ?

Oh, pshaw. You’re taking a light-hearted comment and making it sound like a sober assessment of

“the problem of pornography.” When I said that, I was trying to get people to think about images of sex and writing about it as a positive experience, an asset rather than evidence of decadence and the decline of Western civilization. If you REALLY want to know what I think about the plenitude of Internet porn, well, I don’t think I have anything negative to say about it. I don’t like all of it, most of it doesn’t turn me on, some of it isn’t very well done, but I don’t think it should be illegal, and I am worried about the federal government’s constant attempts to stop the party. Thanks to the Internet, members of all sexual minorities have access to more information and support than at any other time in human history. Some of the education is faulty, and long-distance relationships with friends or lovers are problematic, but overall, I would say that the Internet is fueling a sort of renaissance of sexual curiosity, exploration, and experimentation. As a writer, however, I do feel that free erotic Internet content is a problem for those of us who depend on book royalties to make a living. Many people have come to expect anything sexually explicit to be free. But it is time-consuming to produce fiction or nonfiction journalism about sexual issues, if you want something that is original and of high workmanship. Artists need to get paid, and in America, we have pretty shitty politics about that.

3) You have always put much of yourself in your books, and even seem to enter into conversation with the reader in your forewords and afterwords. Is it important for you to feel close to your readers, or to give readers the feeling that they are getting to know you a little bit through your writings ?

I have put a lot of myself out there in writing because when I began writing about S/M, there was very little available that was realistic or intelligent. My fiction has always had more than one purpose. Yes, it’s arousing, but I also want to make people think about their own sexual tastes and turn-offs, and question themselves, maybe push my readers to put themselves in someone else’s boots and look at life from a fresh perspective; to suddenly

become aware of their own prejudices, and examine them. I also wanted to model coming out as a pervert. To show people that it is okay to figure out what you want, accept your desires, and look for others who share them. It is still pretty damned hard to be gay or lesbian or bisexual, an S/M person, a sex worker, a transgendered person, or someone in a polyamorous lifestyle. My readers and I share a common oppression, and we need each other because the larger culture does not mirror our values or our relationships. So yes, I do have a personal relationship with my readers, and I try very hard to answer all of my e-mail and letters. We keep each other alive. And sometimes people catch shit for being brave enough to buy and read my work, or defend it, so I owe them a debt of gratitude. Once a writer gets to a certain level of commitment or professionalism, you NEED to be heard. You have to be published, or you can’t progress; you can’t complete the project you’ve begun. My readers are an inspiration to me.

4) Do you feel s/m is still taboo ? How about transgenderism ?

Yes, S/M is still taboo. If you check out the website for the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom, you’ll see ample evidence of this. A students’ BDSM support group was recently charged with assault for sponsoring a whipping demo, and there’s been all kinds of negative publicity and harassment of the leaders of that group. The cops keep shutting down the places where we play and we sometimes get arrested at those parties. The right wing targets hotels that host leather conferences and threatens to boycott them or disrupt these events. BDSM people always wind up in right-wing movies about “the hidden homosexual agenda.” We are the thing they use to try to scare ignorant middle-America into voting against basic civil rights. Any time I leave the house in fetish wear, I know I will probably get harassed, and I certainly won’t be treated very well if I walk into my corner store to grab a soda. People are afraid of BDSM and fetish people because it’s easier to see us as the cause of rape or other kinds of violence than it is to deal with where that sort of assault really comes from (i.e.,

nonconsensual male dominance, racism, poverty, homophobia, etc.). But we're not a helpless target. More and more, we are organizing to fight against discrimination, defamation, violence, and right-wing boycotts.

As for transgenderism, I'm really surprised that anyone could even wonder if it's still taboo! One of my best friends was just told that after getting genital surgery and changing the sex on his birth certificate, and marrying his girlfriend, the U.S. won't recognize that marriage. So his British girlfriend can't stay in the country. They have been fighting this battle for years now. So it looks like they will just move to England. We are frequently targeted by bullies, rapists, and beaten up or killed. We almost always lose our jobs if we transition while we are employed. We get denied housing or jobs; a simple trip to the laundromat becomes a major ordeal. I know transwomen who just never leave the house because they are frightened and can't handle the negative responses that they get from strangers. Average people are really fucking angry when they see somebody who won't conform to gender stereotypes of feminine women and masculine men. I experienced a lot of this myself while I was transitioning. Even in "liberal" San Francisco, it's dangerous to be gender ambiguous. I had some old drunk take a punch at me because he couldn't figure out if I was a butch dyke or a guy. People tell you to your face things like "I don't see you as a man" or use the wrong pronouns. You are viewed as someone with a pathological delusion. Trying to defend your civil rights when you are seen as a mental patient is not an easy chore.

5) What prompted you to become a member of NAMBLA ?

Dude, I never was a member of NAMBLA, and I have asked them several times to please remove quotes from me on their website. I don't like child pornography laws, and I think that young people have a right to their own sexual freedom, but I do not support child abuse. When I was a whole lot younger and more naive, I took a libertarian position that age of consent laws were unneces-

sary; we should simply listen to kids and if they said someone had approached them sexually, and they didn't like it, then we could prosecute. I no longer believe that is sufficient to protect prepubescent children from predatory adults who have no regard for their well-being. I think setting the age of consent at 18 is pretty laughable, however; most European nations settle for 16 or even 14. But I also know that in the US we have horrible sex education. The federal government will give schools money if they teach an "abstinence only" sex education curriculum that does not mention homosexuality, does not describe birth control or abortion, tells students that using condoms won't protect you from AIDS, and tells them the only way to be safe is to wait to have sex until they are married. But teenagers are not taking that dumb advice. So we have the highest rate of unwanted teen pregnancies of any industrial nation. And we have a spike of new cases of AIDS among people under the age of 25. This is wrong. If we really loved our young people, we would be giving them condoms and decent sex education, and we would make it much easier for kids to get away from abusive parents. All of the publicity about endangered children focuses on stranger abduction and rape, which is relatively rare. At least 90% of the time, the people who hurt or rape children are their parents. And we have an underfunded system that's charged with investigating these crimes and placing children in safer homes. The foster care system is overburdened and often does not give abused children or teens a safe environment, or a loving one. I get accused of being "a pedophile apologist" all the time, and it's interesting that my arguments about these issues largely get ignored. We aren't prepared to confront the horror that the nuclear family has become. We aren't able to face the fact that a hell of a lot of people have children so they will have victims who can't escape. It's easier to get angry about gay marriage than it is to look at how messed up garden variety breeders can be. Children are the most oppressed group in our society.

6) In the afterword for 'No Mercy', you wrote about your disappointment with lesbians who

quit the lesbian community after undergoing sex reassignment surgery . You wrote ‘It scared me to see the way testosterone changed them’. Since having taken the decision to change your own gender, do you feel that testosterone has changed you a lot ?

I’m glad that you asked this. Work I did before I decided to transition reflects my ambivalence about being transgendered and my reluctance to use any medical technology to change my body. I was invested in trying to be a different kind of woman. I was afraid that my inner feelings about being male were due to my own internalized misogyny. But at the age of 45 I had to admit that it wasn’t enough. I value and validate dykes and transgendered people who don’t want to take hormones or change their social gender identity. But for me, I realized I was getting older, and running out of time. I was depressed and anxious, and I felt that I had to see if testosterone could make me a little bit less miserable in my own skin.

I’m happy with how that experiment has worked out. I promised myself when I began that I could always stop or go back if I didn’t like what was happening. It’s so hard to clear your mind of all the fear about how other people will feel about what you are doing and what they will say, and hear some clear instructions from your core self. I don’t think anyone else knows what an individual with gender issues should do about it. You have to be your own advocate and barometer. I’ve been fortunate to keep most of my friends through this process. I understand that a lot of people were invested in me remaining a leatherdyke. But I’ve always wanted to be honest with others, with my own community and those outside of it, and with myself. That’s the central tenet of my work and my life. So when it came time to change, I did it, and I hope I managed it without disparaging lesbianism or any other life choice.

Did testosterone change me? Fuck yeah! I’ve got a beard, my clit is much larger and the kind of sexual stimulation that I need to get off changed. My libido is much higher. I notice girls in skirts more than

I did before, yet I’m still very attracted to men. My physical needs present themselves more strongly and more urgently, so I had to develop some self-control and discipline about that. I feel like I am more congruent with my body now. I had chest surgery a couple of years ago when I got lucky and found a doctor who could preserve my nipple sensation. I’ve got minimal scarring and I’m very happy with being able to take my shirt off in public or when I swim. And I would really like to have some kind of genital modification. Before I die, I’d really like to be able to look down when I’m fucking somebody from behind and see my own cock instead of a phallic prosthesis.

7) How has your fibromyalgia affected your sex life ? How has it affected the leather aspect of your sexuality ?

Fibromyalgia is a draining illness that makes it really hard to continue to be social or sexual. I have certainly slowed down. I had to. You just don’t have much of a reserve. I am not able to work full-time so my income is shaky. My self-esteem is also affected. It’s hard to see myself as a powerful or scary person when I’m in bed and I hurt so much I’d like to die. But I’ve been lucky to have good doctors who know it’s a real medical problem, and I have pretty decent pain control and physical therapy. Remaining active in a gentle way helps a lot. When it comes to S/M play, I need a partner who is not put off by having a top who is disabled. I’m very blessed to have a girl AND a boy who think of me as their daddy. They are both hot people who could have anybody, so I don’t know why they settled for me, but I’m not going to chase them away. They are each splendid masochists, each in his or her own way, and excellent submissives who strive to please. Neither one is bratty or mean-spirited. Play is more important to me now than it ever was, in part because I really need to have SOME positive experiences with my body. And orgasms do a lot to keep the pain down to a dull roar. It is disappointing to no longer be able to go to a play party and beat six people to smithereens in one night, but I am grateful to be able to make one other person happy, and myself as well. One of the

nicest things that testosterone did for me is get me past some of my own bullshit about how I come, and asking for what I want from a bottom by way of sexual service. FTMs are not stone butches, and that's a very good thing.

8) You have been educating people about sex since the late 1970's. Do you feel there is still much to teach the public ? Are you still 'fuming and fussing' after all these years ?

Well, see the comments I have made above about "abstinence only" sex education. We live in a country where the morning after pill is still not approved and in general circulation. It took a supreme court case to get married couples the right to buy and use contraceptives. Yes, there's still plenty of good work for sex radicals to do.

9) From the start, Satanism has acknowledged the fact that men and women have individual fetishes, and that these should not be suppressed but rather healthily (and legally) indulged in. If I am not mistaken, you grew up in San Francisco. Did you notice anything of the goings-on of Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan ? Do you feel Satanism or Dr. LaVey could or should have done more to bring this aspect of man's nature into the public eye while the Church of Satan was getting so much media attention ?

I was born in Texas and grew up in the Western states. I moved to San Francisco in the early 1970s, when I was 19 or 20. So I didn't exactly grow up here. I didn't have any direct contact with Anton LaVey or the Church of Satan. So I don't think I have a right to comment on their theology or political practice. However, I will point out that doing a Black Mass on the naked body of a beautiful woman garnered a lot of sexy headlines.

10) One of the things that I have always loved in your work, is that most of it is profoundly physical. You seem to love the human body, and the many varieties it comes in, yet you never forget the sometimes transcendent experiences that sex or s/m can result in. How do you feel

about the rise in on-line s/m relations between people who never physically meet ? Have you ever tried it yourself ?

I've met other BDSM people who live far away, but in most cases it is with the intent of meeting to actually play. I don't like long distance relationships. I feel that I can do so much more training and nurturing when I am face-to-face with my submissive. I don't see anything wrong with on-line dominant/submissive relationships, but I wonder if they don't leave the participants feeling deprived. I am also a wee bit worried about the cognitive dissonance that accompanies shifting gears from dirty talking and sexual fantasy to the actual slap on the face or riding crop on the ass. I've played with people who wind up feeling like they are inadequate or inferior bottoms because they can't be in standing bondage for hours or take a caning with no warm-up. Fantasies naturally tend to go to extreme places because that extra notch up serves as a substitute for physical stimulation in the real world. So a real S/M scene is not going to look like your fantasy, in all probability. But it will feel a whole lot better, and have a more profound effect upon you.

11) In 'The Cop and His Choirboy', a fictional story written in tandem with your partner, Matt Rice, you are really stretching the line of consent in an s/m relationship. It is, in my opinion, one of the darkest stories you have written, yet it is also one of the most enticing. In this story, you are really touching upon the darker side of the sadomasochist's psyche and the mutual obsession between the leading characters. The story comes dangerously close to what could be outsiders be perceived as abuse, yet to the protagonists in the story everything remains implicitly consensual, and the characters fit so perfectly together because in a sense each is the other's strongest addiction. Was this story something that you had to get out of your system ? Did you have to delve deeper into yourself when compared to other stories ? Would you ever let any of your characters cross the line of consensuality and get away with it ?

I don't know that I would call the relationship between Patrick Kelly and Davey a sadomasochistic one. Kelly is a very bad man, and he does terrible things. Yet Davey wants him, and needs him. They are not keeping their roles in the bedroom or dungeon, and they have no limits, negotiation, or safe words. Nevertheless, it is a relationship in which power dynamics go over the top, and because it is a story rather than a real-life experience, it's safe for the reader to vicariously participate in some deadly activities.

I face Patrick Kelly every time I play. He is my Shadow. I recognize that there is an evil part of me, and that some of the energy that comes from that aspect of myself is lustful and vigorous. I'm not a nice person, but I choose to be kind to the people I care about. This story was something that both of the authors needed to put on paper, I think, because it allowed us to express some of our feelings for one another that would not have been okay to act out in the real world. And in the real world, the bottom often is the saving grace of the top. It is their sweetness, loyalty, and love in the face of my worst savagery that redeems me.

As a writer, I let people get away with doing non-consensual stuff all the time. It has a good dramatic effect. But you're right that most of the time the villains in my fiction get punished. I don't have the nihilism of Dennis Cooper or Kathy Acker. I like to suggest the possibility that the good guys can win. So many people have given up on that hope, and so it gets easier and easier for the bad guys to have their way with us.

12) What are your thoughts on the Marquis De Sade ?

Reading the Marquis De Sade is kind of like reading one of John Norman's Gor novels. A few hot passages are interspersed with some deadly dull polemics. I flip over the philosophy and read the good parts. If I'm in an academic mode, then of course I have more to say about De Sade as a philosopher. And as a writer I am terrified to think that

he spent most of his life in jail for daring to think, write, and do things that others disapproved of. It's obviously not okay to abuse prostitutes or give people aphrodisiacs without their knowledge, but De Sade was isolated and incarcerated for being a rebel and a sex pervert. The stupid crimes he committed gave the larger society a good excuse for locking him up. The movie "Quills" is historically inaccurate and begs the question of whether De Sade's work and writing like it instigates violence, but it captured the horror of his imprisonment, and the way his jailers tried to forbid or prevent him from continuing to write. It could happen to me. It could happen to any writer--and does. There are journalists and authors in jails all over the world.

13) You have participated in piercing rituals with Fakir Musafar. What was that experience like ? Do you connect these physical sensations to sexuality or sadomasochism, or are they all part of a bigger whole ?

I've been invited to pierce people at several ball dances or events where someone was going to hang from flesh hooks. Each of these events was held with the intention of creating sacred space. While I didn't engage in any sexual activity per se, the eroticism of BDSM certainly infused these events. Most of the people who were participating were BDSM players, and so they had an advantage in already knowing how to deal with pain calmly, stay grounded, and let it grow into something transcendent. To me, a ball dance is an opportunity for the sacred and the sexual to meld. I love the paradox of being able to use the flesh to reach a place that is nonphysical and beyond time or space. We are lucky, as human beings, to be able to use our mortal senses to experience the bliss of the great spirit of creation.

14) Currently there are three people that I feel deserve a statue : Dr. Anton LaVey, Fakir Musafar, and yourself. In part this is because the three of you have had a profound and valuable impact on my life, but also because I find that all three of you did ground-breaking work in understanding some base human drives, and

because you three really gave (and are still giving) people their bodies back. Should it ever happen, where would you like your statue, and why ?

I'd love to be somewhere along the mountainous northern California coastline, where earth meets the sea. This magical edge of the continent has given me so much nurturing and independence of spirit. I love this land, and will be happy and relieved to go back into it.

15) Do you feel sex radicals are a dying breed ?

No. Perhaps the term is no longer used in a faddish way in academia. But it's still important to support reproductive rights, fight censorship, advocate for improved sex education, defend sex workers, decriminalize consenting pleasure-seeking behavior, and deregulate gender. I think that this kind of activism will continue to attract people because it's so clearly in our best self-interest to do so. When you become a sex radical, your own sex life gets much better. And you meet the cutest and smartest people!

Any last words for our readers ?

My own spirituality is Wiccan. I went through a two-year course of study to be consecrated as a priest by the Fellowship of the Spiral Path. When I wanted to take testosterone, I was so afraid that my patron goddesses would be angry with me. But they just kept telling me it didn't matter, and gently introduced me to some male deities who could serve as guides and role models. One of the images that I love the best is the engraving of Cernunnos on the Gundestrup Cauldron. He is shown with deer's antlers against a background of wild animals and ivy, clutching a serpent in one hand and a gold torque in the other. The torque, I believe, was a visual reminder that the leaders of a society are personally responsible for its well-being. And should their people fall on hard times, they are among those who can be asked to sacrifice their lives in exchange for divine blessings. I think this is a much more principled system of leadership

than what we have now.

The Horned God is dear to me because he showed me how to own the "beastly" parts of myself that were also masculine. Through him, I came to see that virility is a good thing. It can be a healing energy, a protective force, an earthy and holy way to live. Xians have literally turned the horned god into a demon because they are closed off to the positive aspects of masculinity. A man who wore horns came to be a shameful figure, a cuckold. Instead of a man surrounded by many willing partners who might couple freely with one another if the spirit of fertility and love came upon them.

Just as it's been part of my mission statement to change what it means to be a woman in our culture, I see myself embarking on work that will change what it means to be a man. And I have a lot of company in that movement, a lot of brothers (and sisters) who are no longer willing to let horns or the phallus represent something toxic. I want to live in a world where a hard cock is seen as an instrument of pleasure, not as a weapon.

In order for this to happen, men have to stop being afraid of their own orifices. They have to be willing to take the world in as well as expel their own seed. Penetration is more ably done by those who are not afraid to be penetrated. I think that the tremendous increase in the number of people who want piercings is partially due to this shift in the gender gestalt. When you have someone make a hole in your body, it's like creating an orifice, and it lets in light and lets out some amazing things. Without giving up the strength and vigor of our erections, I think men have to see that orifices are not passive. The vagina, the anus, the mouth are all muscled, supple, expressive. And whenever we enter another person's thoughts, heart, or body, we are also entered by them, even if the essence of that exchange is invisible.

And if we want to live in a world where cum is no longer seen as offal, we need to take responsibility for what we leave in our partners, and what we leave behind in other ways as well. The American

government has yet to fund an AIDS prevention campaign aimed at men who have sex with women. Why does the federal government continue to hand out free condoms to women, when we are the ones who should be wearing them? African-American women comprise the largest group of straight women who are newly infected with HIV. But no woman (or man), regardless of color, should have to close their legs after a sex act and wonder if they have let death into their bloodstream.

It is arrogant for us as men to usurp the prerogative of Death. I think we'll always need people who are willing to fight to defend their homes and families, but that's being a warrior, not a soldier. Our true calling is to be brothers and fathers, not soldiers.

For More Information on Patrick Califia:

Patrick Califia's website can be found at www.patcalifia.com. A review of his latest novel, *Mortal Companion*, and more interviews with him can be found on his publisher's website : <http://www.suspectthoughtspress.com/pressmortal.htm>.

The Legacy of Adolf Brand (1874-1945)

An Uncompromising Voice of Dissent During the Inception of the Modern Homosexual Civil Rights Movement

by Rev. Jack Malebranche

From 1896 through 1931, German author and former schoolteacher Adolf Brand published “Der Eigene,” the world’s first periodical explicitly devoted to the promotion and celebration of male homosexuality. The title of his magazine, “Der Eigene,” was intended to mean “self-owner”—culled from the work of anarchist writer Max Stirner, of whom Brand was an ardent fan. Indeed, “Der Eigene” began as an anarchist publication devoted to the concept of personal sovereignty and freedom from authoritarian structures, but within two years had morphed into a pithy journal that sought a revival of “Hellenic standards of beauty after centuries of Christian barbarism,” and later dedicated itself to “male art, culture and literature.”

Using his magazine as a forum for likeminded individuals, he also became an integral (if dissenting) part of the first known homosexual advocacy group—before he started his own to combat it. In 1897, Magnus Hirschfeld founded the Scientific Humanitarian Committee (Wissenschaftlich-humanitäres Komitee) in Berlin, primarily to combat Paragraph 175 of the German Penal Code, which criminalized homosexuality. Hirschfeld (see “The Einstein

of Sex,” a biographical film reviewed in Lust), a physician and closeted homosexual, built upon the “urning” theory of homosexuality to advance his cause.

The urning theory of homosexuality was conceptually devised in 1852 by Ludwig Casper, who suggested that preference for homosexual sex was an inborn trait that suggested a “hermaphroditism of the soul.” Around 1864, lawyer Karl Heinrich Ulrichs published brochures in which he actually coined the term urning, drawing from a mention in Plato’s famous “Symposium,” which seems to suggest the goddess Aphrodite-Urania* was a patron of “noble” homosexual love. Ulrichs’ urning was not a true man, but rather a man with a woman’s soul. He was supposedly unable to copulate with women, and it was his



nature (as someone who was a woman on the inside) to seek out another male body. The argument then followed, that if “uranism” was his inborn nature—if he didn’t have a choice—then it was indeed cruel to punish him for acts in accordance with this nature. This is of course at best inaccurate fluff, and at worst complete bullshit—but it served a purpose. It evoked sympathy by stigma-

tizing homosexuality not as a sin, but instead as an incurable medical malady.

Hirschfeld, who could be called the father of the modern Gay Rights movement (though the term “gay” was not adopted by homophile activists until several years later, in America), also realized the potential of this position. As a doctor, he set about proving the theory by “studying” known homosexuals and eventually became known as something of an expert on uranism—often called to testify in legal hearings when suspicion of homosexuality was involved in a case. He made the theory of uranism the central argument of his campaign against Paragraph 175, and very nearly achieved victory, though his progress was stifled as Nazi influence in Germany grew. However, due to his influence, many medical professionals began to accept the theory of “uranism,” and the foundation was laid for the acceptance of both a necessarily feminine homosexual identity and the notion that homosexuality was an innate natural affliction.

Adolf Brand initially supported Hirschfeld’s organization, the Scientific Humanitarian Committee, as they worked together on a political campaign to abolish Paragraph 175. However, he took a marked dislike to that key strategy—medicalizing homosexuality and advancing the emasculating theory of uranism because this seemed the most feasible way to evoke public support for individuals committing acts previously considered abominable. Brand and his associates instead took a more principled than obviously pragmatic position; in “Der Eigene,” writers denounced the theory of uranism and railed against the ridiculous religious asceticism that was the very cause of anti-sodomy laws in the first place. Brand et al. delivered fiery essays damning the religious establishment and disputing supposed dangers associated with homosexuality. They even went so far as to make somewhat dubious arguments for encouraging homosexual behavior among young men, in the interest of the health of the nation and the race. In Brand’s essay, “Friend Love as a Cultural Factor: A Word to Germany’s Male Youth,” he insisted that “friend-love” was congruous with “the right of self-determina-

tion over body and soul,” and that:

“One must say to the other that the prohibition of all same-sex relations for male youth is a monstrous swindle of the people and a severe mortal sin against our race, since such reactionary measures only drive young men into the arms of prostitution and into the poisonous baths of general contamination.”

Writers for “Der Eigene,” like Edwin Bab, also suggested that the burgeoning women’s movement demanded a complement, such as Brand’s movement for male culture, lest things become unbalanced. A common theme among these sexual revolutionaries was the idea that, to ensure that women were treated equally, marriage and heterosexual sex should only be the product of a true desire for family and heterosexual love — never a side effect of mere lust or need for sexual release. They saw homosexuality, or male bonding, as a sensible alternative to heterosexual sex, which of course resulted in unwanted pregnancies and, according to them, abuse of women. Unsurprisingly, as Brand’s positions often conflict with the feminist-driven modern gay rights movement, he is often labeled a misogynist. But his sentiments on the issue of women (he was also married) actually seem to have been more complex, if the essays he published are of any indication.

In 1925, Brand published a manifesto for the G.D.E (Gemeinschaft der Eigenen = Community of Self-Owners), entitled “What We Want,” and launched it with a quote from Nietzsche. A few of the more salient points include:

- **The very Greek stipulation that mere carnal lust is base and mundane, but that sincere “love” is a high, noble ideal that is “the sanctity of life itself.” This noble love can occur between those of the same or opposite sexes.**
- **That sexual appetites are natural and must find an outlet; humanity would do better to promote noble physical expressions of noble “love” than to repress sexual desires — which**

only leads to an overflow in lust that causes individuals to seek the kind of thoughtless, vulgar discharge that is essentially bad for mankind.

- **The notion that all persons are bisexual to some degree, and that both same-sex and opposite sex attractions are equally positive — if sincerely expressed.**
- **Seduction of young women without intent to marry “is a great meanness and a severe wrong.”**
- **As love is noble and animal lust is vulgar, prostitution should be condemned. If people were permitted to express their sincere sexual feelings more freely, Brand believed prostitution would be unnecessary.**
- **Masturbation (Onanism), should not be shameful or prohibited. Specifically, Brand notes that “kept to a judicious and prudent measure the matter absolutely cannot be harmful.”**
- **The G.D.E. called “for the promotion of a noble nudism,” which Brand states is “in the interest of racial improvement, sexual health, and advancement in general.” (Brand hoped to open a nudist facility, but his plans were not realized.)**

In addition, Brand called for the repeal of Paragraph 175, but his main concern seemed to be to inspire the renewal of “friend-love” among men — and specifically among young men — and made several arguments outlining the benefits of “friend-love” to any society. Admittedly, sometimes Brand comes off as a licentious old perv trying to craft some sort of total environment where young men exercise naked and make out with each other for his entertainment. One does get the feeling, however, especially knowing that Brand was widely regarded as a fiery character, that he was truly passionate about righting the wrongs he perceived. The thought progression from young anarchist to

advocate for sexual freedom is easy to trace. But perhaps what is most distinct about Brand was his refusal to submit to the then popular notion that homosexuality was a “hermaphroditism of the soul,” that manhood and man-love were in some way mutually exclusive. Instead, Brand zealously championed a cultured appreciation of masculinity and noble love among men.

Brand married late in life, and modified his views — only slightly — as Nazis gained influence in Germany. As his obsession had always been male strength and camaraderie, he simply downplayed the sexual aspects of his work and continued his attempts to inspire a generation of young men. Hirschfeld, as a Jew, was forced to flee Germany during World War II, whereas Brand, something of a German nationalist to begin with, was permitted to stay, and eventually died at home in Berlin during an Allied bombing in 1945. Hirschfeld died in 1935, and is today regarded as something of a patron saint by sexologists and gay rights activists. In comparison, Brand’s legacy has nearly been lost — probably because his occasional advocacy of nearly Greek-style pederasty is impossible to pass through the politically correct gay rights white-wash. However, Brand is an incredibly important dissenting voice in the history of homosexual liberation; his principled opposition to the spread of the inaccurate and emasculating “urning” theory of homosexuality for merely political purposes foreshadowed today’s move away from disproved theories of inborn homosexuality and those who insist, for political and emotional reasons, that their sexual identity is absolute.

Jack Malebranche
February 2005 C.E./XL A.S.

* **Footnote:** Aphrodite Urania was believed to have been born directly from Uranus (Greek god of the sky), which distinguished her from the more common Aphrodite Pandemos, born of a man (Zeus) and a woman (Dione). As such, Aphrodite Urania represented high or spiritual love, whereas Aphrodite Pandemos was associated with earthly lusts between a man and woman. It is telling that

Ulrichs selected Aphrodite Urania to represent his concept of the urning. While Aphrodite Urania maintains a connotation of nobility in sentiment, she is still fundamentally a female who sprung forth from a male.

PRIMARY SOURCE:

**Homosexuality And Male Bonding In Pre-Nazi Germany -
The Youth Movement, The Gay Movement And
Male Bonding Before Hitler's Rise: Original
Transcripts From Der Eigene, The First Gay
Journal In The World**

(Includes essays by Adolf Brand, Edwin Bab,
Benedict Friedländer, et al.)

Translation, commentary and editing by
Harry Oosterhuis, PhD., and Hubert Kennedy,
PhD.

Harrington Park/Hayworth Press, 1991

On Spartan Masculinity

The feminization of Western civilization is often overlooked by those who wring their hands over the West's decline; there should be more emphasis on masculinity with Sparta as a reference point that exalts the heroic and militaristic spirit.

by Noel

DORIAN ROOTS

Spartan society was borne of Dorian invaders. These warriors invaded from the north. (1) The first wave is thought to have come by sea; and later waves apparently brought iron and horses. (2) Some Mycenaean Greeks avoided becoming serfs by the fortuitousness of their location and their fortified positions: the soil was tougher to till in eastern Greece, and even the Spartan's progenitors seem to have been poor at siege warfare. (3) Therefore, the Dorian invaders first settled Crete, then the Peloponnesus. "On the mainland, none of the Mycenaean kingdoms survived in independence. The Dorian invaders seized the best land, enslaved the inhabitants and worked them as serfs...." (4) One could easily cast dispersions on such outright brutishness, yet "[t]his typical pattern of warrior conquest and settlement laid the basis for the rise of that most distinctive and influential Greek institution, the city-state." (5) The origins of citizenship, as Westerners know (knew?) it, can be traced to Dorian settlements on Crete, "where constitutions...granted rights to those who bore arms... and denied them to the rest...." (6) In *A History of Greece to 322 BC*, Hammond notes: "the remarkable feature of these Cretan constitutions was the orientation of the citizens not towards their family group but towards the state alone." (7) Here we see a proto-Leviathan emerging, where men relinquish

their "Right of Nature." Apparently these Dorian invaders were not too bookish, as a Dark Age ensued after they arrived eclipsing written language in Greece from 1150-850 BC. (8)

Life in these Dorian settlements, though harsh by modern standards, pales in comparison to Sparta (more on which later). At "age 17 sons of leading families were recruited into troops, and were disciplined and trained to athletics, hunting or mock warfare." (9) Rejects were cast into the ash bin of Dorian society. Such societal refuse had little legal rights--if any. (10) At 19 graduates became members of men's messes--a barracks-like existence--and ate and campaigned together. (11) These barracks were ancient internal improvements. (12) The barracks were essentially a member's home; members could marry if they so desired, but wives were segregated and family life kept to a minimum. (13) Nagging women and crying babies have never been conducive to the warrior lifestyle. Those below the warrior caste "were held in various degrees of subjugation." (14) The descendants of the conquered were the farmers of the society. (15) A Dorian drinking song should be considered the theme of Dorian manhood: "My wealth is spear and sword, and the stout shield which protects my flesh; with this I plough, with this I reap, with this I tread the sweet wine from the grape, with this I am entitled master of the

serfs.”(16) Keegan explains the origins of Sparta : “In the form nearest to its Cretan origins this polis and its constitution migrated to the Greek mainland and there took root most notably as Sparta , the greatest warring state in Greece ” (emphasis added).(17) It is to “the greatest warring state in Greece ” that we now turn.

RATCHETING IT UP A NOTCH

The upbringing of a Spartan male was especially unyielding. When a baby was born, he was taken before a eugenics review board. If he was deemed unfit, the baby was left in a nearby gorge to die of exposure. Whether this practice was also Dorian is beyond the scope of this author’s independent scholarship, but his guess is that it was nothing new. What was new, however, was the implementation of a more accelerated warrior program. At age 7 a boy was initiated into a troop to learn discipline and obedience. (18) Josiah Ober, in *Military History Quarterly*, refers to this training as a “Boy Scout troop in hell.”(19) Troops were “run by the older boys, who were mandated to whip (literally, in the case of some endurance rituals) the younger ones into shape. In effect, the Spartan kindergarten was run by the toughest kids from junior high, and these were in turn urged on to new levels of toughness by stern elders, men who had suffered the same upbringing.”(20) So, the “Spartan kindergarten” was a sort of nightmarish Lancaster method of schooling.

Isolation from the rest of society was also a key part of the unyielding upbringing. Homosexual relations unsurprisingly flourished like prison sex. Spartan homosexuality was more than just a byproduct of the circumstances, however: “The Spartans believed that homosexual relations between young men encouraged unit solidarity and battlefield valor, reasoning that a lover would surely not shame himself before his beloved by flinching back from the line.”(21) In fact, those who “flinched back from the line” were labeled “Tremblers” or “Inferiors” and segregated to an inferior caste for life—even a bill of attainder was applied.(22) One purpose of this early training was

to teach potential Spartan Similar to cope with the hardships of battle: they wore no shoes; they slept on straw pallets; and they ate a black bean soup the rest of Greece considered disgusting. Green Berets, eat your hearts out. Feats of strength and endurance were the norm. Self-reliance was also a theme of this early training. “In order to sharpen their agility and resourcefulness, they were expected to steal most of their food from local [Helot] farmers. Would-be Similar learned to depend on themselves and their unit-mates—and the devil take everyone else.”(23) Being a snitch was also frowned upon, as is evidenced by the story of the young Spartan who “bluntly denied the theft [of a fox] and never flinched as the desperate canine chewed through his innards.”(24) The ancient historian Thucydides complained about “the secrecy of their government,” in fact (5.68.2).(25) Even the modern Mafia has lost its way and habitually betrayed Omerta—so much for one of the last bastions of secrecy.

At age 18 formal combat training began for a Spartan male. In addition to combat training, this age group of Spartan males participated in a secret service, the *Krypteia*, which terrorized and often murdered serfs.(26) “Fighting, stealing, and finally even murdering were enjoined as integral parts of the educative process.”(27) However, there was more to the Spartan upbringing than being a brute: basic literacy, music and dancing were also core curricula. The *Carneia*, a religious festival for Apollo, and military benefits required knowledge of music and dancing.(28) And flute players were often in the ranks of the phalanx—this skill served Sparta well when she won the Peloponnesian War and required tunes to celebrate dismantling Athens’ Long Walls at Lysander’s behest, walls which had kept Sparta’s army at bay for thirty years. Another important aspect of the Spartan upbringing was “the conscious development of a clipped, military-style form of utterance..., which is still called by us “laconic” (after the Greek adjective meaning “Spartan”)....”(29) Such laconic speech is evidenced in the following historical incident: Vice admiral Hippocrates sent the following message home to Sparta after losing the Aegean sea

battle of Cyzicus, but the Athenians intercepted it: "The ships are gone. Mindarus is dead [a Spartan general]. The men are starving. We are at a loss what should we do." (30) Victor Hanson notes that this message was the exact opposite style of the gaseous message Nicias sent home from Sicily when the Athenian invasion miserably failed. (31)

At age 20 Spartan males were inducted into a mess unit and granted marriage privileges. (32) If they were rejected, they were forever societal refuse barely above a Helot. Family life and marriage were kept to a minimum. "...Even married men were required to make their conjugal visits furtively, briefly, and under cover of darkness." (33) If one Spartan Similar needed to breed, he would borrow his mess mate's wife. A Spartan Similar "spent little time in the company of his wife; indeed he might lend her to another Similar for breeding purposes. Spartan women were expected to accept this sort of treatment without demur, and to devote themselves to inculcating the doctrine of obedience, bravery, and duty in their children." (34) One would be wrong, however, to assume that Spartan women had little legal rights or were merely brood mares of the state. The often-lauded Athenian democracy had a woefully inadequate women's rights record:

An Athenian girl would receive no formal education beyond training for the domestic duties required of a good wife and mother—weaving, food-preparation, childcare, household management. A daughter was routinely fed smaller rations than her brothers. At puberty she would be sequestered in her father's or other male guardian's houses until she was married off to a man who, if he could afford to, would keep her as much as possible out of the public eye and would think it dishonourable even to hear her talked about among unrelated men. She was not allowed to own any significant amount of property in her own right and had no official say in Athens' much vaunted democracy. Significantly, the women of Athens of whom we hear most were not Athenian citizen women at all, but the hetaerae or upmarket prostitutes who were powerful but definitely beyond the

acceptable social pale. (35)

The focus of this essay is of course masculinity, but Spartan and Athenian women were, suffice it to say, like night and day. (The curious reader is referred to the Penguin version of Xenophon's *On Sparta* and Paul Cartledge's *The Spartans*.)

At age 30 full citizenship and its duties were granted by unanimous election. Duties were simple enough: Prepare for war and keep the helots in line. The paranoia surrounding the helots cannot be overemphasized. The helots outnumbered the Spartans; and Thucydides tells us: Sparta "at all times governed by the necessity of taking precautions against them." Barley, pork, wine and olive oil—all produced by the helots—enabled the Spartans to live a "barracks-style military life" devoted to the stuff of war. (36) So in a way the Spartans were dependent upon the helots. Helot insurrection was staved off by declaring war on them every autumn; war was declared to avoid the "ritual pollution of homicide." (37) Cartledge attributes this custom to superstition, but it sounds like a legal loophole. After all, the rule of law was sacrosanct in Sparta.

The government of Sparta was a two-king system. It was a military oligarchy, but the kings were not all-powerful dictators. Five ephors were elected yearly; and it was their job to oversee foreign and domestic affairs; interpret and apply Sparta's laws; and make sure the kings obeyed Sparta's laws. In a way, the independent judiciary got its start in Sparta, but the tenure of the ephors was not for life, as it is with a Supreme Court Justice. Sparta's Senate, the Gerousia, was comprised of 30 senators, who were 60-years-old and up. Spartan Senators served a life term and were aristocrats. The two kings were allegedly the descendants of Heracles, the son of Zeus, and ruled by divine right. Kings led military expeditions and held overall command of Spartan and allied forces. However, the Gerousia could overrule the king on foreign policy, as was evidenced in the decision to ignore the wishes of Archidamus and engage the Athenians, ironically starting the "Archidamian War,"

the first phase of the Peloponnesian War (431-404 BC). The take-home point is that Sparta's military oligarchy only offered citizenship to those who were fit and willing to wage war for Sparta. Merely being born on Spartan soil did not amount to a hill of beans; there was no illusion of "natural rights." Rights were earned through hellish trials and tribulations. And Spartan society was stratified into three groups (given in order of strong-to-weak): *Similars*; *Perioikoi* (industry workers); and *helots* (serf farmers).

SPARTAN AESTHETICS

The look of a Greek hoplite was terrifying. The look of an oncoming Spartan phalanx often made its opponents trample one another in fright trying to flee. Josiah Ober describes the glorious look of a Spartan phalanx:

In their signature scarlet capes, nodding horsehair helmet plumes, and close-ordered shields, each emblazoned with L (lambda, for "Lacedaemon" or "Laconia," two names for the Spartan home territory), the Spartans appeared as a series of rippling horizontal lightning bolts, the unbroken lines of warriors striding forward in measured lock-step to the shrill music of military pipers....

The shock of their final charge was as sure and deadly as the sky-god Zeus's thunder weapon.(38)

Unlike modern soldiers, Spartan *Similars* wore their hair long. At the famous battle of Thermopylae, Persian scouts were perplexed at Spartans combing their hair. The Spartan traitor, Demaratus, explained the behavior to Xerxes, the Persian emperor who eventually failed to invade Greece: "Demaratus explained that the Spartans were in the habit of grooming their hair before risking their lives." (39) In vain, Xerxes had held his troops back for four days, hoping the Greeks would flee or surrender, but the hair-combing incident finally convinced him that he should seize the long-elapsed "unforgiving minute" of which General Patton advocated immediately seizing.

The dichotomy between the dress and equipment of a Persian foot soldier and a Spartan *Similar* warrants consideration. Spartan *Similars* wore a crimson tunic, bronze helmet, greaves, breastplate, and carried a wooden shield reinforced with bronze. A Spartan *Similar's* weapons were a short iron sword and a pike. The spear was made of ash, nine feet long and iron-tipped with a bronze butt.(40) And as a symbol of toughness, Spartan *Similars* always went barefoot. A Persian soldier wore no helmet or greaves: he had a felt hat or turban.(41) Worse, he was provided with a wicker shield. Yes, wicker! Xerxes was not too concerned with the survival of his soldiers, nor did he participate in the battles his men fought on his behalf. Xerxes was essentially a REMF.(42) Persian soldiers were also pretty boys: they wore gold jewelry into battle and shoes to protect their delicate feet.(43) A Persian soldier's pike was shorter than a Spartan *Similar's*; and this put him at a terrible disadvantage.(44) A Persian soldier was equipped with a dagger, but as a secondary weapon it lacked enough reach to be very useful against phalanx formation. Persian soldiers also carried a bow and arrows in a quiver. Until the Peloponnesian War, Greeks rarely employed projectiles; and the Spartans considered arrows a feminine weapon. Thus, Dieneses' famous comment at Thermopylae: "[H]e did not mind if the Persians' barrage of arrows was so thick that it blocked out the sun, since he preferred to fight in the shade." (45) The author concedes that the end justifies the means with any battle tactic, but even an enfeebled old woman can kill a more powerful foe with a projectile: therefore, it is when projectiles are taken out of the equation that we find out who is the strongest warrior.

CONCLUSION

Can moderns grasp the determination it took to guard the Thermopylae mountain pass against an onslaught of Persians? No, not really. Most MTV wastrels, if they do know of Thermopylae, idiotically refer to it as a "suicide mission," immediately showing that such scum can neither comprehend the Spartans, who were not stupid self-sacrificing jackoffs, nor the realities of war—i.e., losing

some battles to win the war. The willpower and endurance of the West has been sapped by feel-good nonsense, defiled wisdom and compulsive comforts. Mandatory military service is seen as an antiquated inconvenience and high casualties in wars send the media into a hiss fit. Citizenship is devolving toward becoming contingent upon residence and not much else. The rule of law is neither sacrosanct nor held in reverence. The four pillars of Greek aesthetics were essentially dynamited. The so-called modern leaders sit behind desks while their warriors wage war (not for the increase of power, but for “democracy” and “human rights”), occasionally making visits to the war zone merely as a photo-op. The poor complain that they fight the wars for the rich, yet the rich fought their own wars in ancient Greece and either eliminated or enslaved inferior humans. (Not until the disastrous Peloponnesian Wars were the poor anything more than bag carriers in Greek wars.) And in Sparta manhood was not measured by a man’s wealth. The social pyramid has been blasted away at by Christians, Marxists and other cultural saboteurs. And now that the smoke cloud has settled, some of us can see that the base of the pyramid was not the poor who schlepped things and otherwise did the work warriors were too superior to do. The base of the pyramid was masculinity. The poor were the dirt the pyramid rested upon, not a significant part of its structure. Money-based class is irrelevant, since any fool can inherit money, but not just anyone can wage war, much less live to wage war. Until Western civilization rebuilds the base with Sparta as a reference point, who knows what further effeminate absurdities await us.

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On Drag Queens - Gay Culture's Sacred Cows

by Rev. Jack Malebranche

“When a straight man puts on a dress and goes on a sexual kick he is a transvestite. When a man is a woman trapped in a man’s body and has a little operation he is a Transsexual. When a gay man has way too much fashion sense for one gender he is a drag queen.”

Noxeema Jackson (Wesley Snipes)

To Wong Foo - Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar

According to one legend, the Stonewall Riots of 1969 were started when one transgendered person, Sylvia Rae Rivera, threw a bottle at a police officer who was harassing her. [1] Whether that is true or not, it is definitely true that drag queens and transgendered people played a prominent role in that historic event often hailed as the ‘turning point’ of the modern gay rights movement. And it seems that ever since, drag queens and the transgendered have been regarded as untouchable patron saints in gay circles. The drag queen has come to symbolize gay courage. To say something negative about queens around even many apparently masculine gay men is to invite a scolding. I’ve heard variations on this censure over the years, and even encountered a perfect example of the Drag Queen Creed recently in, of all things, the book *Bears on Bears*:

“The whole gay movement was initiated by these heroes/heroines; we Bears can continue to learn much from them. Talk about real courage! Do you know any Bear who has had to face the stuff drag queens have? They’re the real men!”[2]

But what makes drag queens so damn courageous? As the quote from *Too Wong Foo* above humorously explains, drag queens are not transsexuals. Drag queens are just effeminate (and sometimes not so effeminate) gay men who enjoy dressing up as women. Not because they are tortured souls struggling with gender identity issues, but because they like doing it. Simply toss on a dress and suddenly you’re given the same Gay Badge of Courage as transgendered people. That hardly seems fair. What is it, exactly, that drag queens have to face these days?

Many drag queens are professional entertainers that cater to both gay and non-gay audiences. Famous drag queens like RuPaul, Charles Busch, Lypsinka, and The Lady Bunny have had successful careers as drag queens that span decades. They’ve built on the fish-out-of-water gag of a man in women’s clothing and turned it into a genre of pop art performance. Films like *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* and *Too Wong Foo* were not only major mainstream productions, they are old, so I guess I should say they used to be mainstream. Drag was so big in the early 90s, it’s almost retro now. Fe-

male impersonator Frank Marino has not one, but two stars on the Las Vegas Walk of Fame for his long running drag revue. An old friend of mine, Miss Understood, runs a successful business providing drag queens for high profile events in New York City and around the country. Drag queens in urban areas are often popular nightclub host(esses) and promoters. As entertainers, these guys dressed as dolls are not simply tolerated, they're celebrated!

On a more local level, getting into drag—perhaps in part because drag queens are so revered, but more likely because they're fun and flamboyant—can make one an instant party celebrity. Slick drag admittedly requires some expertise, but sloppy drag queens are often just as popular, because sloppy drag is an easy gag. The most amateur queen can often get a gig performing at a weekly venue. (I know, I've done it myself) I've seen some queens who are very talented performers, but it's just as often an excuse to get on stage and grab a little limelight that you couldn't score as a fella. Singing is hard; lip-synching to one of your favorite female vocals is comparatively easy. You just have to know the words and camp it up; a crowd of drunk gays will eat it up. You don't even have to be a homo to do it; straight guys were doing drag in comedy acts long before drag queens became the official icons of gayness. Frat boys still do it all the time. Barry Bonds appeared on TV recently dressed as Paula Abdul, and was only criticized by sportscasters because they didn't believe he's really that much fun. They assumed it was merely a publicity stunt someone dreamed up to humanize him.

Drag is a great way to get attention, and that's the real reason a lot of the casual/non professional queens don a dress. As regular homos, they blend into the wallpaper, but a little MAC makeup and suddenly they're spinning disco balls of faggy fun. Drag also offers a second identity that gives a homo carte blanche to get away with behavior that would never fly if he were in masculine attire. I've seen countless young or attractive men practically molested by queens whom they would

never allow to touch them out of drag. But if it's a drag queen grabbing your package, it's all in the name of 'good clean fun,' right? Never mind that it's an aging, bloated pervert, or some homely fag whom you wouldn't normally even acknowledge. Drag queens are heralded as symbols of gay freedom, and in my experience they do feel free to do whatever they want, even if it's obnoxious. Everyone laughs and encourages them. They may be symbols, but they're not saints. Often, they're just dirty old/young men in sequins. Of course, you can't say that. After all, they're Drag Queens! Where would we be without them?!

It doesn't take a lot of courage to be a drag queen in this day and age. Many drag queens, high on their own supply, will be the first to recite the Drag Queen Creed. But drag is so institutionalized that it's hardly transgressive, and it isn't all that courageous. Getting into drag and hitting some backwoods watering hole in West Virginia isn't courageous, it's just stupid. And doing drag in some gay ghetto or for 'seen-it-all' urbanites is just...doing drag. There aren't any more cops to throw bottles at. Stonewall was over 30 years ago. Many of the drag queens around today weren't even born in 1969. Calling drag courageous is an insult to the genuinely courageous. Soldiers in the Middle East are courageous. Firemen saving children from burning buildings are courageous.

I also take issue with the other part of The Drag Queen Creed which states that "They're the real men!" That's a cute truism and I hear it recited regularly without irony, but if being a man has any meaning, it is definitely not being a drag queen. Being a man is the opposite of being a drag queen; it's being a man. And to people who haven't been drinking gay/feminist/postmodern Flavor-Aid, that still means something. 'Being a man' actually means striving to embody masculinity, as a man. The theory usually goes that drag queens challenge gender roles, 'proving' that gender is simply 'drag.' But drag queens are rarely feminine in a genuine way; they're only proving that men can dress up and create caricatures of women for an audience. And we already knew that. Only a man

who hates being a man would honestly concede that drag queens represent manhood in any legitimate way. Drag, taken out of its rightful context as simple entertainment and held up as an ideal for homosexual men, is a rejection of masculinity. It's another disguise of self, a mask—no more a celebration of self than any other performance.

There's nothing inherently wrong with doing drag, but it's time regular homosexual men stopped feeling the need to enshrine drag queens like heroes. Drag queens are just fags getting dressed up like women and having fun.

Jack Malebranche
March 2006 C.E./XL A.S.

[1] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stonewall_riots

[2] Dr. Lawrence Mass as interviewed in Bears on Bears, by Ron Suresha

The Folly of Sexual Repression

An Essay by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

Being a citizen of the United States of America, I am accustomed to hearing proud, flag-waving Americans loudly proclaim that we are the land of the free. However, this freedom apparently does not extend to sexual matters, and our society pays more dearly for that than most people are aware.

Sexual repression is nothing new. Many societies around the world place restrictions on the sex lives of their citizens, often with heavy consequences should an individual deviate from what is considered acceptable in that society. Adulterers, unwed lovers, homosexuals, and even people caught in the act of masturbating have been institutionalized, tortured, mutilated, or even executed for committing acts of sexual gratification.

While we no longer hang people for having sex out of wedlock or clamp spiked rings over the penises of masturbators, we can still hear the harpies of morality screeching their anti-sex agendas from pulpits and campaign platforms across the country. Concerned citizens boycott stores that carry literature about certain forms of sexual activity and lobby to squash anything remotely resembling sexual education in our schools. Television and radio producers are fined and chastised if their programming is deemed to be too racy for those moral-minded, sensitive American audiences. Adult-oriented establishments are greatly restricted in their activities, watched like hawks, and heavily fined or shut down completely for whatever whimsical reason the vice squads can dream up.

Even in the privacy of their own homes, citizens

are strongly discouraged against practicing any type of sexual activity outside of mundane and marital pairings. And while some bold groups of open-minded individuals may stand up and claim their right to have sex with whomever and however they'd like, they quickly find themselves being held up as the poster children for everything that is wrong in America. Oh, how a much better place the USA would be if we didn't have all those pesky homosexuals, masturbators, swingers, fetishists, and fornicators around, they say.

I say rubbish.

Some of the side effects of sexual repression as observed in human beings include lack of self-confidence, low self-esteem, depression, suicidal tendencies, and higher aggressive behavior. A child who has been taught to believe that sex is dirty and bad will often mature to become an adult who is self-conscious about his body and overwhelmed with guilt when the natural desire to breed arouses him. Adults who are restricted in their sexual inclinations will often experience frustration that can result in either suicidal actions or violence towards others.

It should come as a surprise to no one that societies that have more relaxed legislature over sexual matters enjoy a lower violent crime rate and are not often seen butting heads with other societies on the war field. This phenomenon was best documented in a study of one of our closest relatives, the Bonobo ape.

Bonobos, closely related to chimpanzees and also

sharing more than 98 percent of the human genetic profile, are a species of primate which uses sexual activity not only for reproduction but also for social bonding. Bonobos have been observed to be indiscriminate in their sexual relations in regards to age or gender, and also are considered to be one of the more peaceful groupings of animals on the planet. Unlike chimpanzees and other animals that have a dominant-male or a strictly monogamous structure, the Bonobos are not often observed being aggressive towards one another over food, mates, or territory.

Even in human studies, sexual relief has been proven an effective remedy for anxiety, stress, and even some forms of depression. The personal vibrator itself was originally designed as a medical tool for doctors to use on their female patients to “relieve hysteria.” (Strangely enough, masturbating was considered to be an extremely unhealthy activity at the time, but it was OK if a physician did it for you.)

Numerous medical professionals, psychologists, philosophers, and other champions of sexual liberation and its benefits to society have been defamed and their work bastardized by political and religious leaders on the platform of morality and wholesome family values. Citizens of such societies are therefore instructed to deeply repress many of their strong natural urges and desires, resulting in an increase of frustration, stress, and emotional instability that is disguised with the mask of being “the right thing to do.”

Often this opens the door wide for religion, particularly the brands that demand their followers forsake earthly delights and suppress all natural inclinations as proof of being a good and worthy person. Never has the idea of how sexual repression can result in aggressive behavior been better demonstrated than with the history of the followers of such religions butchering and torturing other peoples whose attitudes on such subjects differed from their own. Nor is it a coincidence that the punishments dealt to such people often involved the mutilation of their sexual organs.

Even in modern times, we find an astounding number of violent sex crimes committed by perpetrators who speak of sexual repression and insecurity when interrogated. While the moral-minded platform speakers would have us believe that such criminal behavior is a model example of what people would be like if we were free to do as we pleased sexually, they fail to acknowledge that such crimes are often committed as the result of intense and long-term suppression of sexual desires.

One observation that counters the idea that sex crimes are the result of being exposed to an environment with relaxed moral codes is the fact that when some countries legalized pornography or other forms of sexual gratification, the rate of such crimes decreased dramatically, even by as much as 50 percent.

Just as an animal will either sink into an unhealthy, lethargic depression or go violently mad when confined to a small cage and denied freedom to abide by its nature, so will humans who are restricted by cages of sexual morality.

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An Interview with Bruce LaBruce

Filmmaker, Provocateur + Sexual Revolutionary

by Rev. Jack Malebranche

Bruce LaBruce is a thinking man's pornographer, known for irreverently criss-crossing the boundary between explicit sexuality and social commentary. His work continues to offend the constipated guardians of mainstream gay culture and political correctness as he weaves outré ideas with graphic, unrepentant sexual vignettes.

After making waves in the 1980s by pioneering queercore / homocore movements through his queer punk fanzines and experimental short films, he released his first feature in 1991--a sensitive piece of thought provoking pornographic eye-candy titled *No Skin Off My Ass*. The films *Super 8 ½*, *Hustler White* and *Skin Flick* followed, proving LaBruce a directorial menace to polite society. Over the years, he's also expressed his seditious style through writing and photography (some of his photographic work can be viewed at his web site, www.brucelabruce.com). Recently, he completed *The Raspberry Reich*, which is simultaneously cunning, cutting, inspiring and hysterically funny.

Mr. LaBruce and I seem to share some interests, and marked disdain for the gay herd—so naturally, I was thrilled that he agreed to answer a few questions for *The Homosexual Warlock*. I'd like to thank him publicly for his thoughtful and thought-provoking responses.

MALEBRANCHE: While many writers and critics seem eager to discuss the more shocking or pornographic aspects of your work, I've also noticed that your films are both hysterical-



photo by Christian Vogt, courtesy Bruce LaBruce

ly funny and, sometimes, even sweet. *No Skin Off My Ass* definitely has a happy ending, and *Hustler White* ends similarly. In both films, your character's fascination or obsession results in a seemingly unlikely love connection. The way they were presented, these felt a bit tongue-in-cheek, but still left me with kind of

a warm fuzzy. The Raspberry Reich even ends quite romantically for the characters that find love in the film. Are you a hopeless romantic, or were these deliberate choices designed to make a particular statement?

LABRUCE: Thanks for noticing. Most people seem to think that if you deal in extreme sexual or pornographic imagery that you can't possibly have a heart or display a romantic streak. I guess it says a lot about the way people consume pornography. You're right, I do have hopelessly romantic impulses, although perhaps not in the conventional sense of believing in selfish, bourgeois, ego-driven monogamy (to use Gudrun's words from *The Raspberry Reich*) as you would find in most Hollywood movies. Actually, my romantic impulses can be traced right back to my early fanzines and short experimental movies. One of the latter, called *Slam!*, shows super-8 footage I shot in a mosh pit of sweaty, half-naked punks intercut with found gay porn set to the music of the Carpenters. I also wrote a series of short stories in the eighties for my homo punk fanzine, *J.D.s*, in which a character named Cliff, based on me, falls in love with a hustler named Butch, based on an old boyfriend of mine. (He later turned into a neo-Nazi skinhead, which was the inspiration for *No Skin Off My Ass*, my first feature length movie.) The *J.D.s* stories were recently made into a movie called *Sugar* directed by a friend of mine in Toronto, John Palmer. It is also a harsh, realistic look at the world of male prostitution which, like *Hustler White*, manages to be quite romantic. The whole point of *Hustler White* for me was not to be shocking or sensationalistic, but rather to show that people who are involved in extreme fetishistic behaviour or harsh and dangerous subcultures can also have "normal" romantic impulses and emotional lives. A few critics got it. My favourite was a French critic who said that in a world in which stump-fucking and extreme sexual fetishism is the norm, the last taboo is the kiss. I thought that was nice.

MALEBRANCHE: In *Hustler White*, your character's name [Jurgen Anger] provokes a running gag: "Any relation to Kenneth?" I see

"Why fight for the right to be as bland and boring and controlled as everyone else?"

— Bruce LaBruce

some recurring themes common to Kenneth Anger's work and your own—the worship of a rebel archetype whose sexuality is not clearly defined, the threat of violence from that rebel, ritualistic fetishism, to name a few. What are your feelings about Kenneth Anger's work and what relationship (if any) does it have to your films?

LABRUCE: I do see myself as trying to carry on the tradition of the gay avant-garde pioneered by the likes of Kenneth Anger, Andy Warhol, Paul Morrissey, George Kuchar, etc. I love the way Anger fetishizes the rebel and the signifiers of rebellion like the motorcycle, the car, and the leather jacket, particularly in *Scorpio Rising* and *Kustom Kar Kommandos*. I'm not so much into the ritualistic aspects of fetish on a personal level like he is. For me it's more of an aesthetic question.

Unfortunately, Mr. Anger apparently hates my guts for my allusions to him in *Hustler White*. He has been quoted as saying he wants to take me out to the desert and throw me on one of those cacti which expands after it pierces your skin so you can't extract yourself from it and leave me there for the buzzards to eat my entrails and then come back a few days later and shoot me, or something like that. I don't think I have quite as much anger as Mr. Anger.

MALEBRANCHE: In the opening scenes of *Skin Flick*, you are fag-bashed by a pair of hot skinheads. Because they are a threat, they become even more erotically charged. Is this an inescapable part of being a homosexual man--knowing

that you often eroticize those who would happily beat you to a pulp?

LABRUCE: Well, like Camille Paglia says, all sex, not just homosexual sex, is often predicated on danger and risk and the dark side of human nature. I'm also a firm believer in Freud's notion of the tendency toward the debasement of the love object, the idea that there is an aggressive, even destructive impulse directed toward one's partner during the sexual act. But homosexuals do seem to have elevated these principles to an art form. Sex is, of course, also often about power relationships, which necessarily entails aspects of dominance and submission. I think these impulses lurk in all kinds of sexuality, but because homosexuals have traditionally operated outside of the normal constraints of the dominant culture, they have tended to have a more developed and intensified sado-masochistic dimension to their sexuality. This would include fetishizing the most extreme symbols of dominance, including figures who are threatening and dangerous to homosexuals like cops, skinheads, or military men. It's that heightened sexual state where you don't know whether someone you're pursuing is going to fuck you or beat you up or both that many homosexuals like to pursue. And then of course the uniforms and gear of these powerful figures become sexually fetishized as well. But beyond all that, I think there is an undeniable aspect of self-loathing to these masochistic impulses as well.

Homosexuals, particularly effeminate ones, are so despised by certain quarters of culture that they end up internalizing the hatred that is directed towards them. But that can be nice too, if you know how to play it right.

MALEBRANCHE: I've read that *The Raspberry Reich* was intended as a comment on 'radical chic'—those who adopt the pose of the revolutionary for superficial reasons. I lived in Los Angeles recently, and I found it especially absurd to find Fred Segal selling \$300 shirts plastered with communist imagery to Beverly Hills brats and overpaid starlets. Madonna

(who, of course, is counter-revolutionary!) even adopted a Che Guevara-like pose to market her most recent album. To see Marxism driving such capitalistic enterprises is both amusing and telling. In your film, icons like Guevara and the members of the Baader-Meinhof Gang are portrayed in a Warholian way; they are idolized and imitated like rock stars, even posterized all over the walls. What do you think it says about contemporary society that these extremist groups, even terrorists, can move merchandise in shopping malls? Is it just another manifestation of our collective fascination with rebel archetypes? Is a Guevara just another Brando to the desensitized masses?

LABRUCE: Yes, well one critic, on slantmagazine.com, was kind enough to compare Walter Salles' *The Motorcycle Diaries* unfavourably to *The Raspberry Reich*, pointing out that the former is more concerned with presenting Che Guevara as a Hollywood matinee idol, while the latter "daringly conflates homosexuality and revolution in ways that question the Warholification of outsider class struggles." It's always oxymoronic and hypocritical for the fashion world or Hollywood or any other profoundly bourgeois institution to exploit for profit any figures or movements that are essentially anti-capitalistic or countercultural. The deification of Che to the point of making him some sort of celebrity sex icon to be mass produced and exploited for capitalistic consumption obviously abnegates everything that he stood for. But then again, we're living in a world in which Mel Gibson mass produced and sold reproductions of the nails used to nail Jesus Christ to the cross to a salivating public. I think we've gotten to a point far more cynical than selling a fascination for rebel archetypes. It's more along the lines of Marx's notion of commodity fetishism wherein the objects being sold have been completely divested of any revolutionary or subversive meaning. They may have some slight vestige of their former meaning, but no one seriously believes that wearing or displaying this imagery truly signifies anything other than fashion and cynical exploitation. *The Raspberry Reich* attempts to critique those who adopt radi-

cal chic as merely a fashionable pose, but at least Gudrun and some of her followers still have some good intentions and sincere beliefs about making social and political change. Most people under advanced capitalism have long since given up on that kind of idealism. Not to be too pessimistic.

MALEBRANCHE: In *The Raspberry Reich*, presumably heterosexual men were coerced into performing homosexual acts, “for the revolution”. Personally speaking, what about homosexuality do you find “revolutionary”, and what do you think would be gained if more people made an effort to explore homosexuality? Are the subversive aspects of homosexuality what make many people so fearful of it?

LABRUCE: I’m not sure that homosexuality in and of itself is particularly revolutionary, but there is still a strong enough taboo against it to allow it to be manipulated in a radical way. I’ve always had a rather romantic philosophy of homosexuality: that it allows one the opportunity to exist outside the constraints of the dominant ideology. Homosexuality for me will always be a kind of exile from normality, but it also allows one to be an outsider, someone who can observe the ordinary world from a critical or safe distance. The revered status of homosexuals in certain primitive or ancient cultures is well documented: they were valued as shamans, prophets, poets, witch doctors, healers, etc. The homosexual demimonde has always existed as a refuge for all sorts of misfits or non-conformists: criminals, exiles, minorities, or anyone else discriminated against by the brutish majority. To recruit heterosexuals into this underworld presents them with the opportunity to question the sometimes arbitrary or oppressive assumptions upon which dominant culture is built. It provides the freedom to question authority, and to imagine alternative ways of managing sexuality and social or political configurations. That’s why for me the whole assimilationist movement, and the direction of the gay movement toward acceptance and legitimization, seems like a betrayal of the very essence of homosexuality.

Why fight for the right to be as bland and boring and controlled as everyone else?

The thing that really freaks people out about homosexuality is the manifestation of femininity in the male or of masculinity in the female. People are threatened by it because they think it goes against nature. But the whole thrust of civilization is to go against nature, so one could argue that homosexuals are more civilized than people who conform unthinkingly to the tyranny of biology.



photo from *The Raspberry Reich*, courtesy Bruce LaBruce

MALEBRANCHE: As a Satanist, one of the things I appreciate about your work is the way you allow many of your characters to remain somewhat sexually ambiguous. Not every man who has sex with another man is necessarily ‘gay’. In Satanism, sex is simply indulgence, and a matter of preference on the part of each individual. It is my perception that you have some disdain for the politics of strict sexual identity.

Do you think it is possible to truly do away with sexual boundaries and identities in favor of a general sexual freedom, or will this kind of sexual free-zone remain more or less exclusive to a sexually adventurous minority? Are the old boundaries eroding these days, or are they being re-configured?

LABRUCE: My movies are often about questioning all sorts of restrictive identities, whether they be sexual or social or political. To me, desperately adhering to a sexual identity is as undesirable as being nationalistic or patriotic. I'm kind of in the middle of a porn trilogy of movies about male gang members who are not gay-identified but who nonetheless engage in homosexual sex with each other. I find it intriguing that in any situation in which there is a segregation of the sexes - whether it be jail or the military or a monastery - same-sex activity becomes commonplace, which says a lot about the fluidity and pragmatism of the human sexual impulse. Gay identity politics are based on a failure of the imagination. People seem to crave the security and safety of a fixed identity rather than explore alternatives, which is pretty boring and unadventurous. My 'boyfriend' of the last four years is a practicing Shia Muslim who comes from a culture which, despite its overt prohibitions against homosexuality, allows for a much more fluid sexuality. Affection between men and bisexual behaviour is much more commonplace as long as it is somewhat discrete. My friend in no way identifies as gay, and yet we've been involved in a homosexual relationship. (I've recently written about it in an article on Nerve.com.) The gay communities I've observed in North America seem oddly strict about the rules of behaviour of being a good homo, and treat bisexuality with suspicion. They also insist on a kind of aesthetic or stylistic uniformity that is really not very attractive or imaginative.

MALEBRANCHE: Your films have always used explicit sex to illicit thought, the fabulous Gudrun even reminds me a bit of the lesbian sister from *No Skin Off My Ass*. I found it interesting that in both films, a fanatical woman acts as an instigator of homosexual activity. Please tell me a little bit about the function that women perform in your films, and to a larger extent, the role that you think they have in the lives of males who enjoy homosexual sex.

LABRUCE: I haven't quite figured out why so many of my movies have strong female charac-

ters who essentially control or at least manipulate the behaviour of the male characters. This is true of all my features save for *Hustler White*, which deliberately eliminated all females as a comment on the dream world of the johns who would prefer a universe without women as competition. I suppose the strong female characters come from my own tendency in my life to align myself, both personally and professionally, with very forceful, independent women. Since high school my best friends have been female, and often the kind of female who is somewhat ostracized from normal society because she refuses to play by the rules of feminine engagement. But of course the women in my films also have a tough time of it, and usually end up failing to implement their sometimes utopian visions of the world. They either end up as exiles or they exploit others to get ahead in the straight world. But I think the movies really celebrate these charismatic female characters. They're usually smarter than everyone else, and more stylish, and they generally offer up accurate critiques of the behaviour of the other characters, particularly the men.

MALEBRANCHE: *The Raspberry Reich* is a highly stylized film; the propaganda feel makes perfect sense with the subject matter. I found the combination of cum-shots and revolutionary slogans especially potent—the mind must be incredibly open to suggestion during masturbation, and disseminating intellectual ideas through pornography is innovative. Both the sex and the ideological propaganda build in intensity—as if both the mind and body are building toward a simultaneous orgasm. What has been the audience response to this stylized bombardment of text, ideas and porn—and is it something you plan to explore further?

LABRUCE: Again, thanks for noticing something that most people seem to gloss over. For me, both *Skin Flick* and *The Raspberry Reich* are truly experimental in the way that they overlay political and/or poetic text and scenes of hardcore fucking. I think you're right, that the mind is more open to suggestion during these sexualized states, so

it may truly operate as propaganda, just as Leni Riefenstahl's propaganda films were highly sexualized. (I've been compared to her before!) In *The Raspberry Reich* I purposefully put the voice-over of Gudrun's climactic political diatribe about the importance of personal liberation and the orgasm over political agitation on top of images of two of the guys fucking as a way of overloading the audience with information and engaging more than one pleasure centre at a time. It was like a scientific experiment in a way! (It will be interesting to see how it works in the hardcore version, which will come out next year under the title *The Revolution Is My Boyfriend!*)

Some people seem to find what I've done unbearably pretentious, particularly, I've noticed, the male critics who have to make it clear that they're straight about five times during their critique. Porn purists hate me for tampering with their precious pornography, but I tell them to get over it: there's plenty of different kinds of porn for everyone. I'm not advocating that the kind of porn I make should be a new model for all porn. I just think the porn world is so monolithic and boring that it needs some spicing up.

MALEBRANCHE: [These next few are simple questions, but I find that creative people are often quite passionate about the work that inspires them.] Name a few books that have really inspired you.

LABRUCE: Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*; Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*; J.R. Salamanca's *Lilith*; Albert Goldman and Lawrence Schiller's *Ladies and Gentlemen*; Lenny Bruce; Jerry Lewis: *The Total Film-maker*; J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*...

MALEBRANCHE: What music have you been enjoying recently?

LABRUCE: Phoenix, Chromeo, Daft Punk, Boards of Canada, Broadcast, Kelis, N.E.R.D., Serge Gainsbourg...

MALEBRANCHE: What are currently some of your favorite films?

LABRUCE: *Women In Revolt*, *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, *Weekend*, *Team America*, *Alexander*, *Tarnation*, *The Heart is Deceitful Above All Things*, *Breaking News*, *Calvaire*, *3-Iron*, *Kung Fu Hustle*. I was just on the jury of the Stockholm International Film Festival and there was some really good films there that we gave awards to, such as *L'Innocence*, *L'Esquive*, *Comme Un Image*, and *The Gospel of the Creole Pig*.

MALEBRANCHE: You have written that you are currently involved in an open sexual relationship with a Shia Muslim. What are some of your thoughts on open homosexual relationships, and why do you think so many lasting homosexual relationships seem to allow for multiple sex partners.

LABRUCE: It might be as simple as acknowledging that the male sex drive is different from the female sex drive, and when two guys are together in a relationship it's pretty unrealistic to think that they can both restrict their sexuality to one partner, testosterone being what it is. Biologically speaking, males are hot-wired to spread their seed, end story. I mean, I think most males in supposedly monogamous heterosexual relationships usually find some other sexual outlet, whether it be with a female prostitute or at a gay bathhouse! There's nothing wrong with doing it and being discrete about it, as long as you practice safe sex and don't infect your partner. Irvine Welsh puts it best: spice o life!

MALEBRANCHE: What draws me most to your work is that the men you feature on are masculine outlaws and outsiders. Your 'homos' are skinheads, hustlers...even gun-toting urban guerillas. Your homoeroticism is dangerous, carnal and homosexual acts are often acts of rebellion. Over the last decade or so, we've seen homosexuality whitewashed and desexualized in mainstream media—in what appeared to be an effort to garner widespread public accep-

tance. As token homos paraded around on television in the silly, inoffensive queer equivalent of black face (doing makeovers, decorating and singing show tunes) this outlaw aspect of homosexuality, the threat of homosexuality to the establishment, was purposely obscured. While you are Canadian, it's obvious that you keep tabs on the current political goings-on in the United States and have some interest in commenting on the 'gay mainstream'. Do you think that the massive rejection of same-sex marriage by American voters will change the way many homosexuals here perceive themselves? Will they abandon their more mundane, bourgeois goals and focus less on being accepted by the heterosexual mainstream? Conversely, how has the widespread acceptance of same-sex marriage in Canada affected the majority of homosexuals there?

LABRUCE: I've also written an anti-gay marriage rant on Nerve.com. I really deplore homosexuals squandering their opportunities to imagine and live alternative social and sexual paradigms. I think it's all symptomatic of living in such a materialistic, consumerist culture in which security, comfort, and status come before everything else. I knew that the Republicans would use gay marriage as a wedge issue, and I knew there would be a big backlash against the attempt to shove homosexuality down the throat of mainstream America, which obviously hasn't learned yet how to control its gag reflex, and probably never will. I always argue that not just the gay movement, but the black and feminist movements as well have all been hijacked and derailed. All three movements used to be militant, Marxist-based, stylish, and subversive, challenging assumptions about how we live, love, and fuck. The most visible black movements of the sixties and seventies, like the civil rights movement and the Black Panthers, have been replaced by the tired empire of corporate hip hop, which is sexist, homophobic, and hypercapitalistic. Feminism is dead. And the gay movement now fights for the right to be conventional and conservative. The oppressed have become the oppressors, one of my favourite themes. I hope the results of the

American election are a wake-up call for gays in America. Perhaps once gays gain social benefits and equal rights under the law they'll get back to asserting their right to be sexual rebels and anti-capitalist warriors. But I doubt it.

MALEBRANCHE: Do you have any projects or upcoming events that you'd like to mention?

LABRUCE: The third installment of my aforementioned trilogy is called LA Gangbangers, about Latino gang members in Los Angeles. I have another, larger project in development called Von Gloeden, about Wilhelm Von Gloeden, the German photographer who took photos of naked boys in Sicily at the turn of the 19th Century.

MALEBRANCHE: Are there any final thoughts you'd like to share with our readers?

LABRUCE: I forgot to mention that Rosemary's Baby is one of my favourite movies.

Jack Malebranche

December 2004 C.E./XXXIX A.S.

Films by Bruce LaBruce

No Skin Off My Ass (1990)

Super 8 1/2 (1993)

Hustler White (1996)

Skin Flick (1999)

The Raspberry Reich (2004)

**For More on Bruce LaBruce
visit www.brucelabruce.com**

Multiple Partner Relationships: Exploring Polyamory

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

The word polyamory translates into “many loves”, and I’d be hard-pressed to find a better definition. Polyamory is the term for individuals that carry on more than one relationship simultaneously, although the lifestyle is often confused with polygamy or polyandry - describing a legal marriage that involves more than two people.

When people hear about polyamory, they usually envision Eastern harems stocked with dozens of the Sultan’s concubines or hippy communes where everyone hops from partner to partner in a sexual variant of musical chairs. While both of those situations do fall within the definition of polyamory, they are certainly not the only examples.

Polyamory is practiced world-wide, in many different guises. The married lady who carries on a longtime extra-marital affair with a cherished lover is just as much of a polyamorist as the Saudi Arabian gentleman who maintains separate households to accommodate his many wives.

Nor is polygamy limited by religion, although its practice is best known among the Mormons and Muslims. A lesser known example would be New York’s Oneida Community in 1840 with deep-seeded Christian roots who advocated group marriage. Other examples of polygamist behavior can be found in most religious mythology, from the Hephaestus-Aphrodite-Ares triangle of Greek mythology to the unusual case of Draupadi, a wife shared among five brothers in Hindu legend.

Most modern-day cultures that permit polygamy are based strongly in the procreation of a man’s bloodline, preferably with siring as many sons as possible utilizing multiple wives. But the concept of multi-partner relationships is now also being explored for its social, psychological, and economical benefits.

The ZEGG Center for Experimental Culture Design in Germany was started in 1991 as an experiment in communal living. The primary focus of the ZEGG Center is to develop solutions for a more harmonious living environment that eliminates factors such as fear and competition between members of its community. This is attempted in part by opening sexual and intimate relations between its members.

The Polyamory Society, established in Washington DC in 1996, stretches worldwide with regional and localized chapters to offer support to polyamorists and their families. This society concentrates on educating in regards to polyamory, establishing insurance and financial benefits for poly-households, and assisting in legal help in cases of civil rights violations. The Polyamory Society also offers assistance with domestic issues, family counseling, and household managing.

More recently, smaller groups advocating polyamory have also sprouted up, often forming alliances with other alternative-lifestyle groups that support either expanding the definitions of marriage or civil unions, or those that call for sexual

freedom.

A misconception about polyamory is that it is synonymous with “swinging”, the lifestyle where established couples permit each other to have recreational sex with others outside of their relationship. The difference lies in while Swingers are in it purely for the sex (even though they may be on friendly terms with their casual lovers), Polyamorists develop strong emotional as well as sexual intimacy with their partners and carry on two or more relationships simultaneously. Unfortunately, it is the sexual similarities between the two that are generally focused on by the moral-minded opposition, much in the same fashion that homosexual couples may be dismissed as just being deviant sodomites.

To counter this, almost all of the advocate groups for polyamory tend to present a heart-warming utopian picture, the propaganda usually involving testimonials from a model household full of happy people living and loving together like an episode of the Brady Bunch. The aforementioned ZEGG community prides itself on being a large number of people finding happiness and well-being as an open-love community. Their informational website features photographs reminiscent of a summer camp complete with campfires and crafts.

Flowers and group hugs aside, the traits often found in individuals prone to polyamory are certainly admirable by Satanic standards. Research and surveys done by various branches of The Polyamory Society report that people involved in this lifestyle are often very secure and confident about themselves, and make personal growth among their high priorities.

Because the philosophy states that companions are not to be considered as personal property, individuals tend to take responsibility for their own happiness rather than depend on the efforts of another person to fulfill their lives. They recognize that one single person cannot accommodate all their desires and needs in a relationship, and therefore do not attempt to place those impossible expecta-

tions on each other.

This is not to say that individuals in this lifestyle do not love or feel strongly towards their companions. A common misconception is that polyamorous people are incapable of feeling emotions often experienced in monogamy, such as jealousy. Such thoughts often stem from the popular idea that love must be limited to one significant other, and that an affair is the result of being an inadequate companion.

Polyamorists recondition themselves from the behaviors and ideals of a monogamous society, forcing themselves to explore and understand emotions such as jealousy and feelings of possessiveness, and come to terms with them. Most are fierce advocates of honesty, particularly with themselves.

Related Websites:

The Polyamory Society -
www.polyamorysociety.org

The ZEGG website (with English translation)-
<http://www.zegg.de>

Recommended Reading:

Loving More Magazine (poly publication)-
www.lovemore.com

Polyamory: The New Love Without Limits
By Deborah M. Dr. Anapol
Intinet Resource Center, 1997

Redefining Our Relationships: Guidelines for Responsible Open Relationships
By Wendy-O Matrik
Regent Press, 2002

Intimate Communication Between the Sheets

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

Unless you are paying for it, sex is a compromise. In general, intimacy between two people relies heavily on an unspoken agreement between partners with the goal of mutual sexual gratification. The key word here is unspoken, and it is often the reason why the goal can veer off-course and leave one partner wanting while the other remains oblivious to any problems.

The man (or woman) who pays a prostitute for an hour or so of sexual fulfillment rarely has qualms about clearly outlining those desires to his temporary employee. Strangely enough, the same person may have a far more valuable investment of time, emotion, and finance tied up with a more regular partner and is very reluctant to express even the simplest of requests in the bedroom. The same can be said of the wife who experiences a very unsatisfying sex life on account of a fumbling husband. While all her friends, her manicurist, and possibly even the postman may be told about it, she would rather pull out her tongue than express her dissatisfaction to her spouse.

Both of the aforementioned scenarios are examples of a serious breakdown in communication between partners, and can have devastating effects on their sexual relationship over time. The solution is more than obvious, but many people wouldn't dare talk about their discontentment with their regular partners for various reasons. Surveys on sexual behavior in the USA have shown that less than 37% of people will initiate discussions with their partners about sexual likes and dislikes.

Common among women is the myth of the fragile male ego. A woman may believe that her expressing the slightest objection to her mate's performance will result in reducing him to a crumpled man stripped of all self-esteem, or worse yet, spark an argument that threatens to unravel the whole relationship. So instead she may endure painful intercourse, subject herself to practices she truly despises, or give an Oscar-caliber performance in fooling her partner into believing no one can bring her to orgasm like he can.

Men are also guilty of this type of behavior, often enduring unpleasant moments during the sexual routine with the hopes that his partner's performance will improve over time.

We also find the individuals who fancy themselves to be likened to Casanova or Aphrodite, believing themselves that the best thing to happen in bed since the invention of personal vibrators. They are convinced that they need no direction, and everyone they bed walks away satisfied beyond their wildest dreams.

These are the type of people who attempt to operate custom-built spaceships without first reading the instruction manual. Often these are individuals who have never been told their performance was anything but first-rate by partners who didn't have the heart to tell them otherwise.

While it is true that few people enjoy being told they are doing something wrong, most will take care to correct the problem if they feel it would best benefit them to do so. A partner who disappoints in

bed has no reason to believe their performance is anything less than what is desired unless they are told to the contrary. So while the unsatisfied party may resent the problem, those who step on their tongues do in fact contribute just as much to hinder any progress as the poor performer does.

The journey of sexual experience is unique to every individual. How people develop their sexual skills and expectations is directly related to their own experiences, be them masturbatory or with partners. Unfortunately, people often forget that their partner has most likely taken a different road towards sexual discovery, and what one person may find enjoyable could be sheer torture to another.

While sex has been enjoying a more open position in topics of conversation over the past few years, many people still hold to the taught etiquette that sex is not something to be discussed. While parents still struggle (or worse yet, put off completely) with the dreaded “birds and bees” conversation with their children, adults find themselves avoiding the same topic with one another as consenting sexual partners. Just as the young boy may be reluctant to ask his parents about his sticky pajamas for fear it will be reacted to with disapproval or disgust, the grown man may hesitate to bring up the subject of fellatio to his wife for the very same reasons.

Granted, there are those individuals who have been programmed throughout childhood in a rather staunch morality that would react very badly to any suggestion that deviates from straight sex. These are not the best partners for people who dream of broadening their range of sexual activity, but more often than not this folly is not discovered until a solid commitment is in place. The reason behind this is that neither partner brought up the subject until it was too late.

Some people may argue that sexual intimacy is not important enough in a relationship to be concerned with the quirks. While there are indeed people who have a notable disinterest for sex of any kind, most

human beings are greatly affected by their sex lives whether they realize it or not. This holds especially true for those who have steady relationships. The man who assures himself that his frigid wife is not bothersome to him may find himself in the company of prostitutes a few years later to relieve his sexual frustrations. A woman who is frequently visiting the gynecologist office may discover that all could be remedied by simply requesting her partner shift his penetration angle during painful coitus.

When talking with a partner about sex, it is unrealistic to expect that his (or her) feelings and desires will perfectly mirror yours. However, it is just as unrealistic to expect that by not talking about sexual desires or problems, that they will magically correct themselves or come to fruition spontaneously.

As many people fear, there will be cases where sexual compatibility may be sorely lacking between two people, despite how much they care about one another. Recognizing and addressing these issues early in a relationship may save a lot of frustration and heartbreak later on. This falls into where compromise is important in sexual relationships, finding the means to satisfy as many of the needs and desires for both parties as possible, even through unconventional methods.

If talking about sex with a partner is something that is out of the question, the relationship itself should be seriously re-evaluated. Sexual intimacy requires a degree of trust and understanding between partners, and being unable to talk about the subject clearly shows a lacking in both.

Ancient Aphrodisiacs

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

I **ANIMAL MAGNETISM** - Since man's first erection, mankind has been searching for the Holy Grail of Sexual Arousal... the perfect, functional aphrodisiac. Part one of this study explores how man turns to other animals to unlock the secrets of wooing the opposite sex.

THE CLASSIC WITCH'S BREW INGREDIENTS

Asides from being found in various flying and invisibility potions, ingredients straight out of MacBeth have been used to spike the drinks of unrequited lovers in the hopes of sparking their passion. Dried bones and skins of frogs were ground to powder and mixed with honey as a sweetener for tea, a few drops of bat's blood sprinkled in a cup of ale, even dung beetles and other insects have been steeped in various lust-inducing concoctions.

In Southeast Asia, snake blood is a common ingredient to aid impotent men in regaining virility. Cobras are the most popular for this purpose, though other venomous serpents are also used.

While most of the basis of such ingredients seems to be just wishful thinking, certain types of reptile, amphibian, and insect venoms would cause an intoxicating effect on a consumer that might lower a few inhibitions... as well as their pulse.

BULL TESTES

One of the more popular aphrodisiac superstitions is the belief that the testes of a strong and virile bull would give sexual oomph to the one who consumes them. Bull gonads are still served as delicacies in some parts of the world. As with many odd sex-enhancing recipes, the power of suggestion seems to play a large part in the testimonials of those who dine on bull's balls.

EAGLES

These birds have been associated with protection and divinity all over the world, but were also killed for the special powers their body parts were believed to possess. Asides from curing medicines and luck-bringing charms, the heart of an eagle was used to concoct a special aphrodisiac that would be consumed by the potential lover. As a bonus, the bone marrow of an eagle was also rumored to have strong contraceptive powers for those who didn't want any souvenirs should the eagle heart aphrodisiac prove successful.

EMU

A popular aphrodisiac among Aborigines is powdered Emu egg shells. This powder is known as “love-love”.

FISH

Fish, closely associated with love goddess Aphrodite who was born from the sea, has long been considered a powerful source for aphrodisiac qualities. Due to the high content of phosphorus in fish, some men experience strong erections after consuming a good quantity of it.

The Roman writer Apuleius in 2nd century A.D. claimed to have created a magic potion from fish, oil, and shrimp which he credits to successfully courting an elderly widow. He married the wealthy widow, much to the dismay of her relatives who even took him to court on the grounds that he had drugged her into submission. He defended himself by claiming that the potion acted as a rejuvenating elixir, and the old woman was as lively as a young maiden. He was acquitted.

GOATS AND RAMS

Every part of the goat at one time or another was believed to promote lust and virility in men. Foods made from goat's milk were given to women in hopes to kindle their amour, goat testes were surgically implanted in impotent men, and various charms and trinkets were made from horns, hooves, and hair in order to attract a lover.

The famed Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana includes a recipe for increasing sexual desire by boiling a goat or ram testicle in milk and sugar to create a syrup.

RHINOCEROS AND OTHER HORNS

One of the contributors to the decrease in the rhinoceros population right up to present time has

been the widespread belief that powdered rhino horn is an extremely potent aphrodisiac. In areas where rhinos are not to be found, stags, rams, and other hoofed mammals have given their antlers for man's pursuit of lust.

The reasoning for this seems to lie in the obvious phallic shape of the horns. While horns contain keratin and other minerals that may help boost the energy of someone on a poor diet, there is no scientific evidence that horns have any effect on the libido itself.

MUSKS AND ANIMAL SECRETIONS

Extracted from the sex glands of male musk deer, this oil is still prized today as a stimulating scent that is most often worn as perfume or cologne.

Ambergris, a waxy substance found in the lower intestines of the sperm whale is also highly prized as an aphrodisiac. In the case of ambergris, there is some scientific merit behind its reputation as a sexual enhancer. Ambergris is mainly composed of ambrein, which studies have shown causes reoccurring erections in male rats and has been found to be similar to the hormone testosterone.

In more recent times, musk and ambergris scents have been simulated with vegetation extracts instead of actual animal products since it is almost impossible to remove either product without killing the animal that produces it

OYSTERS AND SNAILS

Perhaps the best-known food item aphrodisiac is the oyster. This belief, dated back to when they were served at Roman orgies, may very well have come about by the striking resemblance this shell creature has to the female labia. Snails also are noted for their appearance as being likened to female genitals, and were also consumed for aphrodisiacs.

To their credit, oysters have been found to contain high amounts of zinc, which is observed to increase sperm and testosterone production in men and vaginal lubrication secretion in women.

Pearls, the product of oysters, are also accredited with some aphrodisiac qualities. Crushed to a powder and dissolved in vinegar, drops of this concoction were slipped into drink and food to promote lustfulness.

SPANISH FLY

The most notorious of all aphrodisiacs, the misnamed Spanish Fly is actually the powdered remains of a dried blister beetle (*Lytta vesicatoria*). While its reputation boasts that it had the power to turn any woman into a sex-crazed nymph, there have been many cases of death or serious illness resulting in the accidental poisoning of young ladies who ingested this substance. In small amounts, the substance produces an inflammation and irritation to the bowels, stomach, and urinary tract. The secret to the success of Spanish Fly lies in the relief women found from the uncomfortable effects by engaging in sex.

SPARROW

Legend has it that Aphrodite, the Greek love goddess, proclaimed that sparrows had loving natures. They were therefore favored as ingredients for aphrodisiacs and love potions.

TELINI FLY

Used in medieval aphrodisiac recipes. While many ingredients for love and sex potions were fairly harmless to the consumer, the Telini Fly mixtures were prone to result in urethral infections and other similar ailments.

II. FLORAL FANTASIES

- Part two of this study into ingredients used in ancient concoctions to promote lust explores the realm of flowering plants and fragrances. Some of these ingredients are poisonous (marked with an asterisk *) and **SHOULD NOT BE ATTEMPTED.**

BELLADONNA (DEADLY NIGHTSHADE)*

The flowers and stems of this poisonous plant were once used as a concoction to aid in male performance. Containing the chemicals scopolamine and atropine, which act as parasympatholytics, it produced a numbing sensation when applied to the penis and desensitized it to delay ejaculation.

DATURA (JIMSON WEED)*

Used in various concoctions in India, this flowering plant has slight hallucinogenic properties as well as having an anesthetic effect when rubbed on the genitals, and was often used as an ancient prolong cream for men.

Datura, along with other poisonous plants such as Belladonna and Henbane, were often used in the infamous "flying ointments", where women would lubricate a broom handle or other phallic-shaped object with the ointment and use in masturbatory practices that produced an euphoric (and oftentimes delusional) state of mind.

JASMINE FLOWERS

Delicate white flowers that have a strong, sweet smell, jasmine has been used in the perfumery arts for centuries in Arabia and Oriental countries and was introduced to the Western world in the 16th

century. It is often used in aromatherapy and the flowers made into tea as both an antidepressant and a stimulant for amour.

MUIRA PUAMA (POTENCY WOOD)

A flowering bush found in Brazil, Muira Puama flowers and bark are often steeped as a tea as a remedy for sexual disorders, particularly male impotency.

ORANGE BLOSSOM (NEROLI)

The white flowers of Chinese orange trees has been prized for having aphrodisiac properties in its sweet fragrance. This scent became highly popular since the 1680s when it was introduced to Italy by the Princess of Nerola, after which the stimulating perfume became known as “Neroli oil”.

ROSE

Rose flowers, traditionally associated with love and courtship, have been noted for producing amorous effects since the times of ancient civilizations. It is thought that Egyptian queen Cleopatra carpeted the floor of her quarters with rose petals to aid in her seductions. In Rome, roses were scattered in public baths, hung as garlands in banquets, and used in perfumery for lustful occasions.

YLANG YLANG

A tropical flower found in Indonesia and surrounding areas, ylang ylang is widely used in herbal cosmetics and aromatherapy due to its sweet fragrance. It is also found in many recipes for perfumes meant to entice a lover.



AYURVEDIC AWAKENINGS -

Ayurvedic is defined as the art of living in harmony with the laws of nature. The following are a collection of time-tested ayurvedic recipes from India that were used for the treatment of sexual indifference (low libido).

For men, a lubricant made from bala oil or ghee (clarified butter) used while gently massaging the penis was said to help increase interest in sexual activity. This practice is enhanced by drinking a nightly tea made from ashwagandha and vidari herbs steeped in warm milk.

Steeping shatavari and vidari herbs in warm milk as a nightly drink was recommended for treating women.

Almonds are highly suggested for increasing libido. Eating ten raw almonds every morning for breakfast was an easy fix, but a more complicated (and reportedly more successful) almond concoction is as follows:

Blend together

1 cup of warm milk

1 teaspoon ghee (clarified butter)

1 teaspoon natural sugar

1 pinch nutmeg

1 pinch saffron

10 peeled almonds, soaked overnight in water and pulverized.

Dates and apples were also considered to be helpful in awakening a sleepy libido.

A 10-day treatment involved soaking ten dates in a jar of ghee with small amounts of powdered ginger, cardamom, and saffron added to it. One date was eaten every morning before breakfast.

Apples were prepared by mashing the cored and skinned apples into a pulp to which was added

small amounts of powdered cardamom, saffron, nutmeg, and ten drops of rosewater. This pulp was then sweetened with honey and consumed as a dessert an hour after meals.

Garlic and onions were also used to treat sexual indifference. Garlic milk was made by boiling water, milk, and chopped garlic together to create a liquid that was taken at bedtime. A twice-daily elixir was made by blending a spoonful of onion juice with a spoonful of fresh ginger juice.

IV. THE SPICE CABINET - Nowadays, the term “adding spice” to lovemaking generally refers to exploring new realms in the bedroom by way of devices or fantasy play. But the phrase was once quite literal, as strong spicy tastes and smells have been among the most popular aphrodisiacs throughout history.

Part Four of the study of ancient aphrodisiacs takes a peek into spices that can be found in modern kitchen cabinets.

ANISEED

Used extensively by the Greeks and Romans, who believed aniseed had mystical powers to promote lust. The sweet, licorice taste is believed in many cultures to stimulate the libido and increase desire. Nowadays, aniseed is often consumed in a liquor known as anise.

BASIL

Long thought to stimulate the sex drive with its scent, basil oil was once employed by Mediterranean prostitutes as a perfume to attract customers.

CARDAMOM

The seeds of cardamom appear frequently as ingredients in both Eastern and Western aphrodisiacs throughout history. The best-known use of chewing cardamom seeds was that in doing so, the breath would be sweetened. Thus, cardamom seeds were often served in the fashion of desserts to prepare one for after-dinner activities.

CHILI POWDER

Not surprisingly, the hot and spicy taste of the chili pepper was believed to heat up the consumer’s passion as well as his tongue. Many contemporary recipes in aphrodisiac cooking call for this spicy ingredient.

CINNAMON AND CASSIA

Highly prized for its sweetness and aromatic fragrance, ground or cut cinnamon bark has been sprinkled on foods or steeped in tea, wine, and other beverages as a sensual aphrodisiac world-wide. Couples were traditionally presented with bundles of cinnamon sticks to promote sexual enhancement on their wedding nights.

CORIANDER

Coriander is the seed of the Cilantro herb. Coriander sprouts up in many old aphrodisiac and fertility recipes throughout the Middle East and Egypt. The best known account is a story in *The Arabian Nights* that tells of a childless merchant who cured his ailment by drinking a potion made with coriander seeds.

CLOVE

A highly aromatic spice, clove seems to increase circulation and boost energy. For this reason, it

is sometimes found in lust-inducing concoctions. The fragrance of clove is also thought to have very stimulating effects, and is often found in perfumery for men.

FENNEL

Fennel seeds appear frequently in Eastern aphrodisiac recipes, as they are believed to greatly increase the sex drive.

GINGER ROOT

A common resident in the spice cabinet, ginger has been treasured in both Eastern and Western cultures as a sweet and tangy way to enhance the mood. Because ginger is known to be beneficial in increasing circulation, it is said to improve sensitivity. Ginger is also very versatile, being added to a wide variety of culinary dishes or used in tea, fruit concoctions, or even a beer-like beverage. Crystallized (candied) ginger can be served as a snack or after-dinner dessert. Ginger oil or extract is often used in erotic perfumery, although used in sparse amounts as it is known to agitate sensitive skin.

MUSTARD

The seeds are thought to stimulate the sexual glands, thus increasing the libido. Mustard is now a common condiment in the West, though its culinary introduction was most likely for increasing prowess rather than appetite.

NUTMEG

Nutmeg is best known in the occult world for producing a hallucinogenic effect when used in large quantities. For this reason, it is also prized as an aphrodisiac in many cultures. While nutmeg can be toxic if consumed in too large of quantity, grated nutmeg liberally sprinkled on deserts or as a garnish for drinks is very common.

PINE NUTS

Even in Medieval times, pine nuts were thought to have the power to stimulate the male libido. Scientifically speaking, pine nuts are very rich in zinc, which is a key mineral used to maintain male potency.

SAFFRON

Gently harvested from a crocus, saffron is among the most expensive spices in the world. It was prized by the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians for having a multitude of uses, including dyes, perfumery, and as a powerful aphrodisiac. Medicinally, saffron was used to relieve menstrual ailments and aid in conception.

Vanilla

This bean, often used as a spice or flavoring agent, has a very unusual way of working as an aphrodisiac. Because vanilla is a taste that many people associate with warm and emotionally pleasing events (such as baked goods or ice cream), the scent or taste of vanilla can trigger a “memory” in the hypothalamus - the gland in the brain that controls memory and emotion. The result is usually a reminiscent feeling of warmth and pleasure. Vanilla oil is often used in perfumery and even cosmetics to scent the skin and trigger these emotions.

Extended Sexual Orgasms

by Warlock AEnigma

Since around 1983, the pig is no longer the only animal whose orgasms can last up to thirty minutes. With the techniques for Extended Sexual Orgasm, presented by Dr. Bauer in his book “ESO : How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Sexual Orgasm”, we humans can seriously outdo pigs. With some practice virtually everyone, male and female, can experience not only multiple orgasms but also orgasms lasting thirty minutes and more.

Extended Sexual Orgasm, or ESO, was researched by Dr. Alan P. Brauer and Donna J. Brauer. Drawing on tantric practices and getting feedback from thousands of couples, they wrote books on the subject which have sold over half a million copies worldwide so far (“ESO : How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Sexual Orgasm” and “The ESO Ecstasy Program”). People from all mature age groups (including people in their eighties) have been attracted to, and affected by, these techniques. Both body and mind are trained to aim for increased sexual pleasure - your own and that of your partner. Furthermore, the techniques are not limited to heterosexual couples : as ESO relies largely on manual stimulation, it can just as easily be practiced by same-sex partners.

ESO is not simply extended foreplay. It is also not your average ‘multiple orgasm’ technique. ESO is the orgasmic peak of pleasure, extended in both duration and intensity.

Studies have shown that an orgasm lasts about four to twelve seconds on average, in both males and females, with some exceptions lasting longer than twenty seconds. With ESO, this duration

is increased to minutes or even hours - for both sexes. However, not surprisingly, the method of achieving ESO is somewhat different for males and females.

To start preparing for ESO, both men and women need to train their sex muscles. Daily practice of various Kegel exercises described in the book are a prerequisite. For men, these Kegel exercises not only prepare one for the proper muscle response needed for ESO, but they also help in having stronger erections, and in ensuring these erections can be maintained for at least thirty minutes. Men who have trouble reaching an erection at all, may find that these exercises improve their situation. All skills improve with practice, and in preparing for ESO it is good to also have sex regularly with your partner, to set time apart several days a week to be together and enjoy your bodies, instead of only having sex when all other duties have been taken care of.

The book provides some pictures of the male and female anatomy, showing where key pleasure trigger spots are located. For example, these drawings clearly show how the prostate gland, the ‘male G-spot’, can be reached externally, without inserting anything into the anus. For men who are comfortable with limited anal penetration, a device is listed in the appendix which stimulates the male G-spot both internally and externally simultaneously : the so-called Aneros male prostate stimulator (can be ordered at www.maleGspot.com). Prostate stimulation is used in ESO, but can be done exclusively externally if that is preferred.

It does help to know your partner's genitals intimately, and to know which reactions signify pleasure and which a decline in arousal. After all, you will be wanting to build arousal to ever higher levels. Some women can reach orgasm just by caressing their breasts, while others cannot. Some men can ejaculate before their penis is fully erect, while others can remain erect for long periods of time without ejaculation. "It is not the same for any two individuals," noted Alfred Kinsey, to which the Brauers add : "That's because the body's central organ of sexual response is the brain".

Thus it is useful not only to look for increased blood flow in certain areas, changes in breathing tempo, pupil dilation, etc..., but also to communicate verbally. In the weeks of preparing for your first ESO experience, it is not only important to know your partner's physical responses, but also to talk to each other. Say what it is you particularly enjoy, and when. Indicate when the stimulation needs to be adjusted, when something is distracting, and so on. This knowledge will help your partner lift you to greater heights later on.

The exercises in the ESO book begin with controlling your mind. Essentially this exercise is a form of meditation : relaxing, clearing the mind of distractions, focusing on your breathing, and counting backwards from 20 to 0. It is recommended to practice this three-minute exercise four times a day, as breath control is rather important during extended orgasm, to insure oxygen supply and to help work through resistances which might be encountered.

Next come the Kegel exercises, aiming to develop one's sexual muscles (the pubococcygeus or PC muscles). The PC muscles are used to increase sexual arousal, and will be used later on for increased control over your orgasmic response. Dr. Brauer suggests that the easiest way for a woman to identify her PC muscle, is when she is sitting on the toilet urinating. Try to stop and start the flow of urine without moving your legs. The muscle

you use to do that, is your PC muscle. A man's PC muscle can be identified in the same way, but some men will notice that a tightening around the anus takes place as well. This is normal, and most men already use their PC muscle anyway to force out the last drops of urine.

Three Kegel exercises are suggested in the book : 'slow clenches', 'flutters', and 'clench push-outs'. Slow clenches are precisely that : clenching the PC muscle as done when stopping the flow of urine. Hold your breath and clench it for ten seconds, then breathe out for ten seconds, and repeat. A 'flutter' is clenching and relaxing the PC once per second, breathing slowly and regularly all the while. A 'Clench push-out' is similar to the 'slow clench', but instead of relaxing the muscle after releasing, actively bear down or push out. As if one is trying to have a bowel movement or, for women who have experience with it, as if in labor. This exercise will use a number of abdominal muscles as well. Clench and inhale for ten seconds, then push out and exhale for ten seconds.

It is recommended to daily train your PC muscle using these techniques, by performing ten of each exercise (= one set) five times a day. Then weekly one can add five clenches, flutters and push-outs to the set. I will note that, especially for men, push-out exercises are particularly important later on. It is this pushing out that helps stop ejaculation.

Another part of training for ESO, is experimenting with self-stimulation. During this stimulation, one needs to pay attention to sensation, as well as strengthen the PC muscles. Lubricants are suggested for both sexes, as the goal will be to self-stimulate for longer periods of time - men remaining on the edge of orgasm without crossing over, women aiming to have several orgasms on their own using only their hands (no vibrators for now, ladies...).

The focus on sensation deserves to be expanded upon somewhat. Being able to direct your attention inward or outward is a useful skill for ESO, which can be improved during masturbation and foreplay with your partner. Notice how touch-

ing your partner feels to you. Feel the sexiness of the curves, the muscles, notice how your touch is creating heat and electrical energy which flows back through your fingertips to your hands and into your own nervous system. It is a subtle process which one is not usually aware of, until one's mental attention is directed to it. Dr. Brauer mentions that Taoists teach that the body's most basic energy, chi, moves toward where you focus your mind's attention. While forty-nine cultures have a word for this energy, the West does not - the closest English equivalent mentioned is "life energy". However, science has long verified the existence of the energy meridians used in acupuncture, and Western biofeedback research shows that focusing your attention on one area of the body causes increased blood, nervous and muscle activity in that area. Becoming aware of this subtlety will increase your own ability to experience ESO, as well as help your partner achieve it.

The above exercises themselves - breathing, PC muscle training, self-stimulation - may take weeks, but the promise of what comes after should be enough to keep them up.

Next up are exercises together with your partner. Looking at your partner while he or she masturbates (no touching yet!) to observe how they reach orgasm and what the tell-tale signs of arousal and approaching orgasm are. Then debrief and discuss what you experienced and learned.

The next step is practicing together : mutual stimulation, either simultaneous or taking turns. Again, practice is recommended : at least thirty minutes each, for three to five times a week. Learn what kind of stimulation and strokes your partner enjoys, and become adept at giving him or her what he or she likes.

And then, after all these weeks of intense work and preparation, it is time to begin the actual ESO experience. The authors suggest that, in heterosexual couples, the male starts out by stimulating the female. One main reason for this, is that not all men are easily coerced into extensively pleasur-

ing their partners after they have just themselves ejaculated.

While the woman lies back and relaxes, her partner lubricates the genital area and starts by lightly stimulating the pubic area, slowly teasing and arousing her. Start by general stimulation before proceeding to more local stimulation. Move on to the clitoris, and start arousing your partner there. Use only your hands at this point, and be sure to watch her responses - she may guide you by making sounds, but you should also pay attention to the physical signs of arousal. Build up the arousal, possibly inserting one or two fingers into her vagina while the other hand keeps stimulating her clitoris. Build arousal slowly but steadily, until she begins the muscle contractions signaling an approaching orgasm. When this happens, switch your focus to the vagina, while either stimulating the clitoris very lightly or not at all. Try to stroke her G-spot. Focusing your attention on her vagina when she was about to orgasm sharply increases her arousal, while also allowing for deeper contractions than the superficial vaginal contractions of regular orgasm. At the beginning stages of ESO, she will push out her muscles. From there on, it is an interplay between increasing her pleasure, leveling, and building up again. Your mastering the speed, pressure and location of your strokes comes into play here, as well as her breathing exercises and PC push outs. The brief periods of resting and leveling will occur less and less frequently, and her contractions will all be deep push-outs, entering her into the expanded orgasmic phase. She will start to experience prolonged orgasm, intense pleasure that keeps building up and leveling, only to then build up higher again. From here on, she may become lost in feeling and will be doing very little thinking. It is up to her partner to be in command and keep her on her orgasmic track. She will be climbing to increasingly higher levels of orgasm, and some women describe it as "being immobilized by pleasure".

So far the authors have not discovered a time limit to this experience, although after a while one or both parties may want to come down and decide they have had enough for now.

The procedure for males is largely the same, using the prostate as extra stimulation, and achieving ever higher and longer orgasms through breath control and PC push-outs. The key for men is to control ejaculation. Contrary to popular belief, orgasm and ejaculation in the male are two different things. Ejaculation comes after the orgasm, so the key is to maintain orgasm without ejaculating, as ejaculation will likely end the session (one tends to become too sensitive then, and the build-up is mostly lost). The partner needs to build up the arousal, allowing the man to experience orgasm without proceeding to the logical next step : ejaculation. When ejaculation approaches, muscular contractions and relaxations will help maintain the orgasm but hold back the ejaculation, allowing for prolonged orgasm. Once ESO sets in, the muscle clenches and push-outs will become increasingly automatic, although men are not likely to lose consciousness to the same degree as women.

In all this manual and oral stimulation, there is still room for intercourse. Though ESO achieved by manual means is more intense than intercourse, intercourse is, by nature, more intimate. Furthermore, regularly engaging in ESO will change your responses to regular intercourse, allowing for stronger and longer muscle contractions during lovemaking, and more intense orgasms than you were used to before. It can also be enjoyable to end an ESO session with intimate intercourse, being locked together in unison as a grand finale.

Hours or even days after ESO, women may still spontaneously experience orgasmic contractions - little aftershocks sending shivers of pleasure through her body.

Interestingly, but not entirely surprising, electrical brain recordings show clear changes in brain wave activity during extended sexual response. A shift in relative activity between the left and right hemispheres of the brain takes place, each becoming more synchronized with the other. These changes are similar to those seen in states of deep meditation or prayer, bordering on what Christian mystics call 'a feeling of closeness to God', and which

Buddhists describe as 'a feeling of Oneness with the universe'.

A serious part of this book is dedicated to overcoming resistances. I assume that most Satanists, indulgent creatures that we are, do not feel guilty about enjoying sex. However, there may be some physical resistances to overcome, some of which we picked up in our early potty training.

Communication is stressed throughout as well, and exercises in communication are provided should anyone need them. Clear and open communication is important in any serious relationship, but when practicing ESO it is even more to your personal benefit. After all, the more your partner knows what you enjoy, the more pleasure you can be given. But, also, partners will need to feel safe with each other, and will want to know they can trust each other, before they let themselves go into pleasure so deeply at the hands of their partners.

"ESO : How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Sexual Orgasm" is a book that I highly recommend. It does not provide a quick and easy way to change the reader from an average lover to an orgasmic connoisseur. The techniques and practices offered, enjoyable though they are, do demand serious effort. The result, however, is indeed very much worth it.

For Further Reading:

ESO: How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Extended Sexual Orgasm

by Alan P. Brauer, Donna J. Brauer
Warner Books; Revised and Updated edition (April 2001) ISBN: 0446677620

ESO Ecstasy Program: ESO Ecstasy Program Better, Safer Sexual Intimacy

by Alan P. Brauer, Donna J. Brauer
Warner Books; Reissue edition (February 1991)
ISBN: 0446391786

Rhythmic Decompression

Drums in the Ritual Chamber

by Noche Kandora

A danceable or otherwise compelling drum beat can be a superior ritual aid for a witch or a warlock.

Repetitive rhythms in general possess the ability to help us transcend our everyday existence and experience, both psychologically and physically. This is largely because such musical patterns can touch key buttons in the human brain. They also can engage us -- as both magicians and human beings -- on a primordial level and help stir us emotionally, a key for achieving successful magical workings.

“Dance of the Bacchantes,” Johann J.F. Langenhoeffel, Europe, 1798

But drumming in particular can be a crucial element in the ritual chamber since, when compared with other instrumental sounds, it more aptly compels us to move our bodies rhythmically to at least some degree, in many cases by expressing sensuality in the loin area. This shaking of the groove thing can help set the stage for the chief magical ingredient of sex -- whether you’re flying solo or enjoying one or more partners.

But the psychological and physiological effects of a persistent beat involve more than just strictly nookie. Trancelike states that can actually teeter

on ecstasy’s threshold can be induced by repetitive rhythms, a la Maurice Ravel’s “Bolero,” or the hypnotic sounds of Phillip Glass. These types of rhythmic strains -- whatever their genre -- help free the mind from its routine and ordinary mode of existence, explaining the role drum-based music plays in religious and military contexts.

The scientific reasoning behind this is that musical patterns -- particularly when they are kept by drums -- help synchronize the two sides of the human brain, which are otherwise roped off from one another while performing their own separate tasks; the right brain is in charge of creativity while the left side takes care of logic. Both halves usually march to the beat of their own separate drummers, so to speak, but they are inclined to fall in line under the influence of rhythmic sound, which engages the left brain with mathematics and the right brain with auditory discrimination.



“Dance of the Bacchantes,” Johann J.F. Langenhoeffel, Europe, 1798

This happy hemispheric marriage can spark feelings of boosted mental ability, euphoria and heightened creativity, thereby acting as a potent resource during Greater Magic because it can enhance the magician’s focus and fuel ritualistic psychodrama. Magicians can court this mental state even more by chanting rhythmically while viewing geomet-

ric figures. This particular combination assists in synchronization by employing the verbal abilities of one half of the brain, namely the left, and the visual sense of its right-side counterpart. One can facilitate the mental union even further with rhythmic movement such as dancing, since each part of the brain has a hand in the performance of bodily motor skills.

This de facto formula for achieving such a distinct state is based on one that dates back to pre-Christian times, when rhythmic dancing, music and chanting were chief ingredients during religious ceremonies, which had heavy sexual implications. Musically speaking, drums were at the center of the evolution of such ancient rituals. "The drum was the primary trance-inducing instrument in transition rites," Layne Redmond states in her book "When the Drummers Were Women: A Spiritual History of Rhythm."

Redmond traces the use of drumming to the origins of religious ceremonies conducted by the goddess cultures of ancient Mediterranean civilizations, whose rituals were led by women, the clergy of yesteryear. Such cultures associated the drum with fertility and human sexuality, hence the instrument's use by women as a primary tool during ancient rites. "An instigator of creation, the goddess manifested in sexual desire and union," Redmond writes. The drum that a female "priest" held "identified her with the primal rhythms of life apparent in the sex act."

Erotic drumming at the hands of priestesses was in fact prevalent centuries before Christ during Dionysian festivals, which revolved around sexual union with the fertility and wine god Dionysus. The cult priestesses were known as "maenads," or "mad women." Redmond writes that their "erotic longing for union with Dionysus found expression in wild, barefoot dances to the primordial music of flute and drums, their unrestrained hair flying wildly about their faces, snakes wrapped around their arms."

Sounds nearly like a scenario you may see unfold-

ing at a modern dance club, only both sexes can likely be seen indulging in such abandon. Still, the motives are somewhat similar, as are the beats that provide the backdrop. Perhaps it's due in part to the fact that such rhythms emerged from the same continental area -- namely Africa -- where drum-based music fueled the earliest religious ceremonies. Whether it be Jennifer Lopez, 50 Cent, Moby, Queens of the Stone Age or any other artist or band du jour that happens to be climbing the pop charts or making waves underground, there's a mutual lineage.

Jazz was the first modern American genre that evolved from primitive African beats, and because of its global roots, this form of music also is directly linked to African voodoo ceremonies. This is relatively significant when considering the fact that the jazz genre provided the very foundation of rock and roll and all of its subsequent sub-styles, including industrial, techno, house, trance and alternative, all of which nurture darker auditory ambiance and help energize the emotions, also crucial in successful magical workings.

Bolstering the tight connection between drum-based music and sex is the fact that the earliest days of jazz date back to the American brothels of New Orleans, where the music went hand in hand with sexual gratification. That complementary relationship or synergy was said to be apparent in observing how such syncopated swing pumped up brothel patrons. "On the physical level, the rhythms of jazz, like their parent sounds of Africa, literally forced the listeners to do something rhythmic with their limbs. The faster the tempo, the more emotional tension created," writes David Tame in "The Secret Power of Music: The Transformation of Self and Society Through Musical Energy."

Tame and other writers who have addressed the topic of drumming as an erotic elixir also mention the fact that such sounds wield a primordial appeal because man at his core is in large part a rhythmic being. Simply put, we walk, breathe, speak and have sex in rhythmic patterns. Redmond writes that these inclinations can be traced back to the

womb. “By the time we are born, we are already imprinted with the rhythms of the language, emotions, feelings and interactions around us,” she writes.

Perhaps this helps explain why man is so captivated by music with a heavy pulse. Pounding beats, as well as syncopated rhythms, clearly can spur human movement that can become very sensual in the loin area. Such rhythms can in fact lure bodily energy downward into the lower anatomical region, thereby boosting the level of sexual hormones in the bloodstream, Tame writes. Also noteworthy is the fact that rhythm wields strong influence over the heartbeat, which in turn impacts mood and emotion. Musical beats also have the capability of bringing the human pulse into conformity with the tempo.

That said, the intentions or mindset of the music’s creators and performers are of primary importance in terms of the types of effects compositions can have in places such as the ritual chamber. For example, songs sung or composed by so-called “born again” Christians would not exactly strike a lustful chord in listeners, even if the material were backed by catchy beats. Overall, the frame of mind of the performer or composer is what infuses the listener as far as mood is concerned.

“Surely the lowest common denominator which determines the precise nature of any musical work is the mental and emotional state of the composer and/or performer,” Tame writes. “It is the essence of this state which enters into us, tending to mold and shape our own consciousness into conformity with itself. Through music, portions of the consciousness of the musician become assimilated by the audience.”

Anton LaVey also seemed to touch on this phenomenon while addressing the importance of music as an emotional tonic in the ritual chamber in order to achieve complete evocation. “An evocation is an entire state of being, triggered by a key (music in this case), which in itself is but a distillation or capsule of the total evocation subsequently

attained,” Dr. LaVey writes. Highlighting how integral the ritual soundtrack can be, he also points out that “the entire body rhythm is helplessly taken up by the pattern of life associated with the musical selection.”

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Fond of Rituals

by Warlock AEnigma

In classic initiation rituals, the following three steps occur :

1 : separation

2 : transition

3 : incorporation

The uninitiated is first separated from his society or peer group, then goes through a period of transition, and then re-enters the society as a new person with a different status.

Coming out into s/m (or almost any other subculture) follows the same pattern. A person has an interest in s/m, but needs to dig and sometimes take risks to get in contact with other -and often more experienced- sadomasochists. Then comes a period in which the new sadomasochist explores his own likes and dislikes, his skills and talents, and where he enters his newfound group of like-minded people as one of them.

Unfortunately though, as with many other subcultures, the incorporation bit leaves much to be desired, as expanded upon by Priestess Magda Graham in her essay on s/m as the Last Great Taboo.

Most sadomasochists I have been in touch with are more ritualistic than most 'vanilla' people. Sir Steven was not exaggerating when he stated, in *L'Histoire d'O* : "We are fond of rituals". Apparently, we are. But are we also fond of magic ?

Dr. LaVey made the distinction between ceremony and ritual. The s/m community and people certainly do have their own ceremonies, from the slow removal of clothing before a session, to the well-known Roses Ceremony.

Ritual, as defined by Dr. LaVey and designed to have a specific magical outcome, is clearly not in widespread practice. A relatively high number of sadomasochists, both tops and bottoms, are spiritual, in the sense that they recognise seriously altered states can be achieved through s/m, and they attempt to explain it spiritually since the subjective experiences in those states sometimes appear to go beyond the physical body. The phenomenon commonly referred to as 'subspace' is a prime example of a trance state entered by the submissive party through s/m. There are other ways to enter it, but not all are that pleasant.

It is not uncommon to see sadomasochists associate with the New Age or Wiccan or Pagan movements in an attempt to find an explanation for the experiences encountered. It is also not uncommon for sadomasochists to seek out these altered states or trance states purely for their own sake.

A prolonged or uncomfortable bondage, a severe whipping, etc... become tools towards that state. As it is stated in one essay in *Leatherfolk* (reviewed elsewhere on this site) : "Among sane and experienced leatherfolk, pain is a path and not a destination". How true. But a path towards what, exactly ?

Aside from the cliché answers of personal growth and self-realisation, another dimension can be added for those so inclined. Like authentic shamans, Christian Flagellants, Modern Primitives, and doubtless others, extreme physical sensation can cause –or help– a subjective feeling of being detached from one’s own body. Pain is no longer your pain, but, simply, pain. At a certain point, the self is felt as being separate from the body and physical sensations. That is the moment which must be seized. As described in my article on Extended Sexual Orgasms, an intense orgasm can allow for both brain hemispheres to operate more in synch with each other. The same can happen in other trance states such as deep meditation or prayer - or during s/m play.

A link can be made here between authentic shamanism and s/m. A shaman’s travels into the spirit realms is being mirrored in the experiences reported by Fakir Musafar and other Modern Primitives when they indulge in what is now being called ‘body play’. It is also no coincidence that there is a large overlap of people who call themselves Modern Primitives and those who call themselves sadomasochists. Both are not identical, but there is a substantial overlap. Indeed, some even label themselves ‘leather shaman’, and specialise in incorporating the shamanic rites and trance states into s/m play.

Dr. LaVey suggested in his writings that the “adrenal and other emotionally induced energy” (The Satanic Bible, page 111) can be directed through ritual to make a desired change in reality manifest. This is what he called Greater Magic. Herr Doktor also suggested that an orgasm was desirable at the end of a ritual, as this ultimate release would aid greatly in making sure the desired result would manifest. Needless to say, a prolonging of this climax such as through ESO could perhaps affect the results of the ritual. However, other altered states which have basically the same effect on your brain can maybe also be of assistance.

Your brain does not know the difference between real and imagined events. Studies clearly

show that vividly imagining that you are training your muscles will actually increase your muscle strength, even when you do not physically lift a finger. Likewise, it is often said that the accomplished magician carries his ritual chamber around in his head. Remembering that your mind does not actually know the difference whether you are physically in your ritual chamber or not, working magic can become independent of your physical location or doings. All that is needed is the correct state of mind.

And that is, of course where it gets interesting. The deep focus felt during ritual is also felt by some submissives in bondage, or by tops taking control of their bottom’s sensations. The deep emotions called upon in the ritual chamber can also be called upon outside it - for example through intense role-play and psychodrama in an s/m scene, or even via the right touches and physical sensations administered. But while many people seek these experiences for their own sake, enjoying the emotional release and the deep sense of being ‘centered’, it all can be taken one step further. Accessing that feeling of detachment from the physical body, one can be more focused upon the emotional activity. When the body and the physical sensations are no longer a distraction, the emotionally induced energy can be given greater focus.

While we are looking for emotional release, why not use that release ? Shape the object or event of your desires, incorporate it into your s/m scene, or focus upon it during the climax of the scene. Shape everything in your mind if need be, and give it life through your own imagination and focused emotion. Then after the scene closes off, eat, drink, and make merry. All the necessary elements of Greater Magic can be given a place in s/m, although some forms of s/m play will naturally be more likely to assist than others.

When asked how magic works, I usually sum it up in three words :

Focus.

Aim.

Fire.

There is more to s/m than an aesthetic, and certainly more than being the will-less slave of your own desires. Altered states are entered into whenever one enters one's dungeon, not all that dissimilar from when one enters the ritual chamber. The attention on the part of a dominant is a powerful blend between the rational (keeping track of safety and guiding the experiences of your bottom) and the creative. The s/m dungeon is as much a place of intellectual decompression as the ritual chamber. The s/m scenes can be just as much psychodrama as a ritual or ceremony.

Just as a Satanic ceremony can mark the change in an individual, so can the Satanic ritual generate that desired change. Just as a ceremony or initiation period can mark the new status of an individual within society or groups, so too can the intense s/m scene induce personal change. But there is no need to stop there. S/m is sometimes called Sexual

Magic, and though the 'magic' here usually refers to the experienced altered states, there is no reason why reality cannot be re-shaped according to our desire from those states.

I often think fondly of the image sometimes presented of Dr. LaVey playing his wonderful music at his organ and keyboards, using the tunes as magical carrier waves for his own will, to exact change in the world as he desired.

An s/m scene is most often a private event, and the outside world is shut out as much as possible. Just like the magician in his hypothetical tower, a sadomasochist can work magic from the dark depths of his dungeon. And there really is no law which says that the magic needs to stay confined to that space.



"Lust Ritual" - Daniel Byrd - www.coffinrust.com

SM & Victorianism

by Priestess Magda Graham

If you could ask all Sadomasochists to list their three favourite fantasies, the majority would say that one of those three is Victorianism. As usual, I am writing mainly about Britain. I have encountered Victorian enthusiasts all over the world, but not a large enough number to draw any definite conclusions.

I know that generalizations can be dubious (though that's a generalization in itself) but may I first state my qualifications for expressing such an opinion. I have been a sexual submissive for as long as I can remember. (I use the term "sexual submissive" to emphasize that what one does in a sexual context bears no relation to what one does anywhere else.) Approximately ten years ago, I founded the Lady O Society, a support group for female masochists. This was recently closed because we had worked ourselves out of a job (fem/subs had ceased to need us) and because I became preoccupied with writing books. But it has given me plenty of experience on which to base my above assertion. One indication of this general interest is that, of my first four fiction-SM books published by www.bdsmbooks.com the best-seller is the one set in Victorian times.

It is human nature to look back to a Golden Age. Delusory, but, for us, the Victorian Age could be gold-plated, which presupposes base metal underneath. I call it the Pinchbeck Age. Pinchbeck was an alloy of copper and zinc used especially to imitate gold in jewellery; somehow I feel it epitomizes the Victorian Age, during which this fakery became extremely popular. The word pinchbeck is also defined as something counterfeit or spurious.

And yet it looks good.

Our interest is not solely because Victorians were preoccupied with corporal punishment and regarded it as the sole effective method of dealing with those who opposed anything, such as the current political/social situation. Flogging children, especially school-children, servants, convicts, lower military ranks, lunatics and, above all, wives, was the norm in Victorian England. Parliament passed a law that a man might not whip his wife with a rod of diameter larger than his thumb; this was allegedly to prevent the non-dom wife-beaters from using any implement that came to hand. Naturally the law could not be enforced because authorities are at a loss to deal with widespread activity.

To the unthinking, it was just violence to keep inferiors subdued. To real dominants, it was an enjoyable adjunct to maintaining their rule. In Victorian times, a servant dismissed without a reference (and therefore having no means of obtaining new employment) would likely starve. So the maids bent over for the butler, the footmen submitted to the housekeeper, the natives served the White Master, everyone knew their place and the British Empire flourished.

The Victorian age has a reputation for being hypocritical. Possibly the era before that, known as the Georgian age (in which Britain had a succession of unpopular kings called George), the early part of the 19th-century before drastic change and innovation started to happen, was more open-minded because they were more aware of their own weaknesses. This tolerance applied solely to the

rich; the only freedom that the poor ever had was freedom to starve. However, the day-to-day atmosphere was less relaxed in Victorian times and the phrase “not in front of the servants” became a byword. This did not mean that those who could afford their pleasures found it obligatory to forego any of them. The middle-classes’ fixated respectability, even covering the legs of furniture because legs are “indecent”, concealed a fascination with the erotic delights they could not afford. Proportionately more pornography was sold in Victorian times than in any other era, including the present day. Those who did not have the money to pay for it, dreamed. Those who could afford to do it, did it.

During Victorian times, a law was passed in Britain forbidding homosexuality (male homosexuality only). But there was not a “witch-hunt” -- Oscar Wilde only fell foul of the authorities because he was too blatant. (This in no way excuses the appalling treatment he suffered.) Female homosexuality was not banned; it was said that her ministers could not explain to Queen Victoria that women actually did such things. A more likely reason for this omission was the fact that Florence Nightingale was an aggressive lesbian and to put the heroine of the Crimea in prison was unthinkable.

The situation of women was generally not good but some of them managed to make the best of it. It was accepted amongst the upper classes (provided their inferiors did not find out about it) that, after a woman had produced two sons for her husband (an heir and a spare), she was free to seek happiness elsewhere. Fidelity was never expected of husbands. If they could afford to support mistresses, they did; the less affluent frequented brothels, of which there was a vast number, catering for a multitude of tastes. Dom, sub, tv, gay, fetish (we can hardly imagine everything that turned them on) and, very popular, pedophilia. Today’s greatest taboo aroused no strong feelings then; “age of consent” was nominally twelve but no-one fussed about that, especially when it involved the children of the lower classes. And, given the choice (which they were not), any pauper’s offspring would have

preferred being an aristocrat’s pampered plaything to working in a coal-mine or climbing chimneys to sweep soot. Children and/or virgins fetched high prices when sold by parents or brothel-keepers. Another reason for this popularity was the fact that sexually-transmitted diseases were rife and syphilis was a death-sentence, so a sexually-inexperienced partner was safer. Keeping a mistress was a status symbol because having exclusive -- he hoped -- rights over her minimised the risk of infection.

In the Middle Ages, the word “Mistress” meant the unattainable object of knightly love. By Victorian times, “Mistress” was “the-bit-on-the-side”. Fortunately the word “Master” was not similarly adapted, which leaves SM with almost exclusive usage of that forever most thrilling word.

Most Victorians had large families, whether or not they could support them. Giving birth was one of the most dangerous events in a woman’s life, but child-bearing and child-rearing kept her in order. Herbal contraceptives and abortifacients were not illegal (neither was opium) but such ancient wisdom had almost been lost and there were no chemical contraceptives. Surgically-induced abortion was illegal; it was expensive, performed in secrecy and unhygienic surroundings and having no facilities to deal with subsequent complications such as haemorrhage; not that legitimate doctors could do much about that, either. Non-disposable condoms made from animal membrane were ineffective and few men had reason to use them. Paternity-testing was unknown. A female servant who became pregnant was immediately dismissed, so that she and her child (in the unlikely event that it survived) usually starved.

Life in Victorian times, to a great extent, was only one step up from savagery and perhaps this goes some way towards explaining their puritanical obsessions. Life was cheap. Animal life was almost worthless, which demonstrates the spuriousness of their pretensions to enlightenment. Human life was cheap as well, and sometimes that doesn’t seem so bad -- a welcome relief from today’s po-

litical correctness which claims to value the unproductive and even the detrimental. Prison conditions were atrocious and a starving pauper could be imprisoned or transported for stealing a loaf of bread or poaching a rabbit from the Lord of the Manor's vast acreage (which generally comprised all the surrounding countryside). The sentence of transportation for life or for a specified number of years meant a voyage on a convict-ship (conditions almost identical to those of a slave-ship) to a penal colony, usually in Australia, where the convicts were treated no better than African slaves on American plantations. In fact their situation could be worse; a slave was at least a valuable item of merchandise. Convicts were of no value and there was a plentiful supply. At the same time, back in Britain, there were publicity-seeking politicians noisily campaigning for the abolition of slavery. The forces of "law and order" in Britain, such as they were, (something like a national police force only came gradually into being in mid/late 19th century) concentrated on rounding up lower-class felons who had been driven by desperation. They rarely caught upper-class criminals; those were the clever ones who knew they could get away with it (even the elementary detection device of fingerprinting was only introduced late in the 19th century). However, another reason for the comparatively low crime-rate was the fact that there were fewer prohibitions in those days.

For each area there was a "Justice of the Peace" (magistrate), usually the local Squire, the Lord of the Manor. Untrained law enforcement officers were appointed and paid by the Lord of the Manor or the local rate-payers, with all the vested interest that entailed.

Divorce was extremely uncommon, even for the wealthiest. It created unwelcome scandal. No woman, however miserable her situation, would initiate divorce proceedings because it would leave her destitute and forbidden to see her children. (Before the Married Women's Property Act in late Victorian times, everything which a woman had owned before marriage or which she received during marriage automatically became the prop-

erty of her husband; also he had sole legal custody of the children.)

So divorce (which usually required "evidence" of adultery) was not an option. For men, there were easier ways of getting rid of a tiresome or erring wife. The mortality rate from natural causes was alarmingly high; hygiene and anaesthetics were only rediscovered during Victorian times and slowly came into general use. (I say rediscovered because they were known to certain ancient civilisations.) A simple scratch when the lady was picking roses in the garden might lead to death. Or she could catch cold, turning to the almost-inevitably-fatal pneumonia. Death in childbirth, whether mother or baby or both, terminated a horrifyingly large proportion of pregnancies but no accurate estimate could be possible, as registration was haphazard. Surgical accidents might be the doctor's honest mistake; there was usually no way of proving otherwise. To the scientific knowledge at that time, many poisons were untraceable before or after death. No doubt some of these methods were also used to good effect on brutal husbands.

However, there was a more amusing way of disposing of an inconvenient wife or importunate mistress or even a rebellious daughter. She could be sent to take an exotic holiday in the West Indies. Perhaps she vanished during the voyage across the Atlantic, "lost overboard" in an era when ship-security was non-existent; or she disappeared shortly after her landing in such an uncivilised country. She could then be sold into slavery. There had been many years of interbreeding between Masters and slaves, rendered a necessity as well as an entertainment by British and other governments' efforts (with varying degrees of effectiveness) to prevent the transatlantic shipping of slaves. So a white skin was not unduly remarkable and brought a higher price than black. This may sound like one of Sado-masochism's most lurid fantasies but the practice was documented, albeit with only circumstantial evidence; there were no prosecutions for abduction. And, once an owner had bought an expensive white-skinned slave, he was not going to permit her ravings about being an English lady.

There was a simpler method in Britain for disposal of an inconvenient female by her next-of-kin (husband, father, brother, etc.). She could be committed to a lunatic asylum. All that the gentleman had to do was sign the documents and pay the doctor's fee, then she would be kept in the chains-and-straitjacket regime until she died. "Madness" was loosely interpreted and incurable; no-one could prove that they were sane. The only drawback to this method from the gentleman's point of view was that his female relative could not immediately be certified dead. So a more drastic method of disposal was required when there were questions of inheritance to be resolved.

How many "stately homes" in England were built or reconstructed during the Victorian age? The majority of them, if you count up. Victorian merchants, the nouveau-riche who made their money in vulgar trade, longed to become part of the aristocratic landed gentry. So they built "castles" in the countryside or they restored ancient edifices. And, referring to the owners of many of those new great houses (also some of the old ones), their wealth was directly or indirectly founded on the slave trade. Africa was a continent in torment and the (human) vultures gathered. Defeated tribes were bought from the warlords of other tribes of West Africa, bartered to the more sophisticated Europeans for anything handy, shipped to the Caribbean and the Southern States of America where they were forced to work; then cotton, sugar, rum, was exported to England; cheap tools, cloth, trivia, to Africa -- round and around and around the Great Triangle.

The worldwide slave trade was not abolished by vociferous do-gooders nor by slave rebellions nor even by the catastrophic bloodletting between the American States. It was abolished by the Industrial Revolution. Practically every long-lasting effect in this world takes place for economic reasons. When a quietly-throbbing machine, which only requires a squirt of oil and a rub-over with a rag, can do the work of twenty yelling-eating-fucking-shitting-rioting-lazing-drinking-sleeping-sulking-rebelling humans, what plantation-owner in his senses

would prefer the animate?

The Victorian world was not peaceful or refined; but it insisted on going on as if it was. And most of the people let it. Or couldn't help letting it.

Back in the Old Country, life continued as always. Wars only adversely affected the peasantry, who came back maimed or who didn't come back, and who noticed them? Commissions in the army and navy were only available for purchase, which maintained the rigid class-system. Most officers were careful to keep out of the line of fire so, providing they avoided diseases which might just as easily be caught at home, the gentlemen would return from campaigns with enhanced reputations, prestigious military titles and useful business contacts. The ladies lived in their houses, the gentlemen came home from business at night (or some nights), the servants toiled and the paupers starved. And a few thought: "what if?" But that was for long-forward in the future.

In the peaceful untroubled Victorian (and pre-Victorian) countryside, which is preserved for ever by the first few literary ladies who dared to have independent thoughts and have immortalised themselves (Brontës, Austen, Gaskell et al), there is the setting for our fantasies.

The country house.

The inviolate domain where the Lord and Master reigns supreme. Ladies obeyed their husbands, children obeyed their fathers, servants obeyed the superior servants, everything was in its place and everyone knew their place.

Let it remain forever, though its perfection probably rarely existed, the monument to our dreams. To write porn novels about the Victorian era, you do not need to do much historical research. To a certain extent, the less the better, because the readers are unlikely to be enthralled by the fascinating minutiae of Victorian life. All you have to know is servants' hierarchy (complicated, but you can simplify it), clothing (no zips), coal fires for heating,

gas lighting, horse-drawn carriages, no radio and no telephones.

Details regarding Victorian garments are easily available in books or on the Internet. Although modes of dress are a vital part of Victorian fantasies, I omit this section here because illustrations are indispensable. Only whores and actresses (a distinction was rarely made) used makeup. Ladies occasionally dared a touch of powder and very light rouge for lips and cheeks. Makeup was no longer manufactured from the dangerous lead-based material used in earlier centuries, but the unrefined ingredients clogged and blocked pores. Herbal infusions for skincare and basic medical remedies were homemade from the plants in one's own garden and some of the ingredients prescribed in the recipe books of the time would perturb a modern herbalist. There were few perfumes; lavender water and eau de cologne were acceptable for ladies. Exotic fragrances were imported from the East at prohibitive prices. Synthetic perfume manufacture began in the early 19th century. Deodorants, aftershave and hair shampoos did not exist. Soap was an abrasive chemical substance, composed of animal fat, such as lanolin, and lye, a strong alkali leached from wood-ashes. A gentleman was shaved by his valet using a cutthroat razor which was the only form of barbering equipment available. Masculine facial hair was fashionable but a clean-shaven man was making the statement that he could afford to employ a well-trained valet.

Regarding social customs: ladies did a lot of embroidery and tapestry-work. They did not knit because knitting produced useful things and was therefore a lower-class occupation. Painting, mostly in watercolour, was an acceptable interest, providing the work was not sold. Letter-writing was a frequent activity. Before the inauguration of the postal service in later Victorian times (the Penny Black must be the most famous postage stamp that ever existed), the practice was to have one's letter "franked" by a titled gentleman or magistrate (outer paper showing address also bore his signature/seal). With this official approval, the letter could be carried by the stagecoaches that plied be-

tween cities and towns. An unfranked letter had to be paid for by the recipient. The cost was based on the number of sheets, so, as an economy measure, a crisscrossing lines system of writing was developed. This meant that at least twice as much news could be contained on one sheet and also gave the recipient many hours diversion in attempting to decipher the near-illegibility of lines written vertically on top of lines written horizontally -- and sometimes diagonally as well. There were no envelopes and the folded sheets were fixed together with sealing-wax.

There were a few newspapers. These were almost always the sole preserve of the gentry because of their expense and because the gentry were usually the only literate members of the population. Just like today, newspapers varied from serious news (although the time then needed for delivery militated against up-to-date information) to the gutter-press that delighted in "exposing" and vilifying eccentrics and scientists (whose discoveries and theories contradicted orthodox religion).

The re-birth of science and the unfortunate involvement of spiritualism during the Victorian age is a topic of interest to Satanists, but this will have to be a separate article. Either I will have a go, or can someone better qualified deal with it? Meanwhile, here I am writing about living in Victorian times and about the modern fascination with recreating those times, whether for sexual or non-sexual motives.

In the early afternoons, ladies went visiting other ladies, mainly for the purpose of gossip. This routine was confusingly called "morning visits". It was a chance to show off their coaches and the expensive livery (uniform) of the coachmen and footmen who attended them. Regarding coaches, all you need to know is that they had wheels, very few springs, were drawn by horses and the only possible method of heating was a hot brick which had been kept on the kitchen range for some time in preparation for the journey (the range consisted of a coal and wood-burning fire which supplied the

heat for oven, hob, etc). The brick was wrapped in cloth and used as a footstool by the passenger. If an urgent journey had to be undertaken in winter, a smaller brick functioned as hand-warmer. Bricks were re-heated when the travellers stopped for refreshment at one of the inns situated alongside main routes. Naturally these luxuries were not available to the coachmen and servants who had to ride on the outside of the coach. There was a multitude of different types of coach but you probably do not need to know the difference between a brougham, a landau or anything else.

The telephone was invented in 1875 -- imagine a world without mobiles! This naturally makes the Victorian era a favourite with porn-writers because the bane of an author's life is a mobile phone; when so many plots hinge upon: "I couldn't call for help/couldn't warn her in time!"

In the Victorian age, an attempt was made to extend the privilege of literacy to the lower-classes but the charity-schools, grudgingly funded by taxpayers and rate-payers, could not afford to employ high-quality teachers. And then a law was passed that very young children could not be employed full-time. Employers naturally complained "the end of civilisation". It didn't happen. They merely had to pay a few pennies a week more for adult (over-eleven or over-twelve or however it subsequently got adjusted) workers.

Workhouses were the beginning of a social security system; the destitute were housed in squalor, fed minimally and forced to do repetitive and unproductive work. No doubt the workhouse-masters abused female (or male if they were so inclined) inmates, but a person so desperate that they entered the dreaded workhouse would, to say the least, not be fantasy material. The Victorian workhouse does feature in SM writings but the real thing did not have a high level of security and the incarceration of an upper-class person, juvenile or adult, would have created scandal.

Church-going was an aspect of Victorian society which cannot be ignored. It was a respectable social occasion, and, as always, discretion was strict-

ly maintained, especially by the minority who did not go to sing hymns and say prayers. In those instances, pews were comfortably-upholstered seats, refreshments were served, and business-talk (gentlemen) and gossip (ladies) provided a diversion whilst the pastor expounded on sin, hellfire and similar masochistic imaginings. But it is an unfortunate fact that the majority of people, even amongst the higher classes, were brainwashed into conformity regarding religious observance. However, it did not affect their behaviour during the rest of the week.

The gentry went to church on Sunday morning; their servants could only be spared to attend the Sunday evening service. To avoid offending the gentry by their presence, the lower-classes were usually only admitted to church on Sunday evenings. Religion was the way that a rigid grip could be maintained by the gentry on their inferiors. If the peasantry meekly accepted the privations of their life on Earth, they would receive their reward after death. They had to believe it because they had nothing else.

The phrase "above stairs" is used to define the gentry and the phrase "below stairs" means the servants. Victorian establishments were generally constructed on four, five or six floors. The kitchen, laundry room, servants' hall, the butler's sitting-room (known as the butler's pantry), the house-keeper's sitting-room, storerooms, etc, were usually on the sub-ground floor level, sometimes with a cellar below. The gentry occupied the ground floor and at least two floors above that. The servants' (unheated) bedrooms were on the top floor or attic, but they spent most of their time "below stairs". Reception rooms, the library, the Master's study and usually the dining-room were on the ground floor; the more private ladies' sitting-rooms, the drawing-room (short for withdrawing-room), the children's nursery and schoolroom were on the floor above the ground floor which the British call the first floor and I believe that the Americans (more logically) call the second floor. The bedrooms of the gentry were on the floor or floors above that. The location of servants' below-stairs abode and

distant attic bedrooms was almost invariable but the layout of gentry's rooms could be altered according to requirement and inclination.

It was a tradition that, after dinner, the ladies would withdraw (to the withdrawing-room), leaving the gentlemen to their brandy, port and cigars, still around the dining-table or having adjourned to the gentlemen's sitting-room called the smoking-room, which usually adjoined the dining-room. Ladies were not expected to drink alcohol, other than a moderate amount of wine, and no lady was ever seen smoking.

The only piped water-supply was in the servants' area of kitchen and laundry-room. Bathrooms did not exist. The water had to be heated on the range in the kitchen and carried upstairs to the gentry's bedrooms for their ablutions. (Fortunately for the servants, the gentry took baths only rarely; the washing of hands and face was considered sufficient in normal circumstances.) Large pottery containers were used and their thickness helped to keep the water hot during its long journey but added to the weight borne by servants who carried it up the stairs. The extremely hot water could be dangerous. Also meals had to be transported from the kitchen up the servants' staircase to the dining-room. In many houses there was installed an ingenious kind of lift or elevator (still used in some places and called a "dumb waiter"). There was at that time no electricity and it was operated by pulling ropes. This device got hot meals up to the dining-room more quickly. The lift was sometimes extended for water transportation to the gentry's bedrooms. This was not a benevolent wish to make life easier for the servants; it was motivated by practicalities. The quicker the transportation, the less heat-loss was incurred. Also a scalded servant was a nuisance and did not manage to work hard. The sanitation in Victorian times consisted of chamberpots which were carried downstairs by the servants and the contents emptied into the back-street cesspit. The servants were not permitted to tip it out of the bedroom window like used bath-water. I do not know whether the Victorian fashion for growing ivy and other creeping plants on hous-

es was to conceal the brown stains on outer walls. Not that servants would deliberately disobey, but they were sometimes forced to take "a shortcut" through sheer exhaustion. They did not seek to do things the easy way. The mindset of the vast majority of lower-class people is a very important part of Victorianism but far too complicated to explore here. Put simply, they unquestioningly accepted the fact that they were there to serve the Masters and Mistresses because they had been born into a lower class. And there could be no movement between classes; everyone knew their place.

By mid-Victorian times, most good-quality houses had a water-closet, but the inadequate water-supply with its lack of pressure and no real sewage system made it inadvisable to use the device. Towards the end of the Victorian era, improved public utilities and such inventions as the S-bend came into being.

In Victorian households, the servants' first task in the mornings was to clean out, re-lay and light the fires. Then they would do other cleaning before the early morning gong. The sounding of this gong was a tradition, announcing that the servants were about to come upstairs with hot water for washing and to assist the gentry in dressing. In Victorian times, the gong was the signal for the gentry to return to their own rooms to maintain discretion. "Not in front of the servants". For the same purpose, that gong was sounded before servants came upstairs in the late afternoon to assist the gentry in dressing for dinner. To maintain the atmosphere, procedures were followed as much as possible in the Victorian Re-enactment Society, although there was little housework to do. So there was plenty of time for all participants to enjoy themselves.

We posed as historical re-enactment enthusiasts; non-members never suspected any ulterior motive. We never got raided, which may be because of our fanatical security but was much more likely due to the simple fact that police would rather batter down the doors of council flats than London mansions. We were in friendly contact with a non-kinky Victorian Re-enactment Society to whom we occasionally referred unsuitable applicants;

they told us that they were sometimes asked if it was difficult to make up the numbers, as it seemed obvious that more people would wish to be Above Stairs than Below Stairs. Like many “obvious” facts, this is a misconception. Enthusiasts probably try both ways, but gentry is gentry in any age with different clothes and furniture, and this could get boring when one is being seriously historical and admitting no other diversions. Below Stairs is the sharp end where you learn the realities of the Victorian age, cleaning a carpet by scattering damp tealeaves and brushing them through it, mixing pungent chemicals in a cotton-wad to prevent moth depredations in Milady’s furs. Cleaning six fire-grates at six o’clock on a frosty winter’s morning, when the gentry came home from a party a couple of hours previously, does tend to sort the serious from the recreational. However, the Victorian era exerts such a spell that there was never a shortage of staff Below Stairs, even when the motivation was not sexual.

The early-morning routines were, for us (the kinky Victorian Re-enactment Society), rarely necessary (an ornamental fire in addition to the central heating was only a good idea in the depths of winter), although occasionally maids chose to do it. However, in our version of Victorian life, the maids and footmen usually spent the night in the gentry’s rooms, so early rising was not a general habit.

In the present-day, Victorian re-enactment societies exist for diverse reasons, varying from the purely historical to the kinky. The one which I knew was based in a large house on the outskirts of London and held weekend (or longer) parties. Although the house was equipped with modern conveniences such as central heating and hot water available on tap, the participants who played the servants were not allowed to use any labour-saving equipment in their work (though they had a warm shower when they got up, and threw their uniforms into the out-of-period washing-machine every night). The dishwasher was the kitchen-maid, though the comparatively modern invention of washing-up liquid was permitted for the sake of hygiene. After one attempt at cooking dinner on the kitchen-range, it

was agreed that authenticity in this respect was impractical.

They simplified the hierarchy of servants; there were butler and housekeeper and cook; first housemaid, second housemaid and perhaps third housemaid; first footman, second footman and perhaps third footman. Also there was a stillroom maid (cook’s assistant, who helped with the preparation of meals, especially breakfasts because upper servants were not expected to be early-risers) and a scullery-maid, who peeled potatoes, scrubbed floors and steps and washed dishes. There was a governess if any of the participants wished to pretend to be schoolchildren. The other staff essential to the Victorian era, such as seamstresses, laundresses, gardeners and coachman, were seldom required. Distinctions between, for instance, housemaid and parlourmaid, kitchen-maid and scullery-maid, were rarely considered.

Depending on the number of people involved, housemaids sometimes had to double as ladies’ maids and footmen as valets. Some gentlemen preferred to be served by a maid rather than by a valet, and some ladies preferred a valet rather than a maid. And there were some gentlemen who wished to be Victorian ladies (or maids). And there were ladies who participated as Victorian gentlemen (or footmen). Similarly, those who chose to be schoolchildren sometimes took on the role of the other sex.

One amusing tradition of the Victorian schoolroom which we had discovered was that any naughty child was awarded a black mark instead of having a summary correction administered. At the prescribed time of day, the number of black marks earned was totalled and suitable punishment awarded. These black marks were physically shown by a small circle of adhesive material stuck to the miscreant’s forehead, so that the “child” carried the humiliating indication of a thrashing to come. Originally we cut the black marks from insulating tape. The first problem occurred when someone was allergic to insulating tape. So we started using hypoallergenic medical sticking plaster, cut to the

appropriate round shape and coloured with a black greasepaint makeup pencil (in case anyone was allergic to ink). As the Victorian Re-enactment Society expanded, it acquired members of other ethnic origins, so a black mark was not noticeable and in some cases it had to become a pink mark. The original Victorians never had such problems!

The Victorian Re-enactment Society required a full-time administrator to deal with the logistics of the weekend or longer period; to ensure that all foodstuffs, drink, linen and other provisions had been ordered and were delivered; to ensure that the house was functioning correctly (one did not wish to have to call a plumber or electrician for emergencies during the session) and to deal with any other problem that cropped up. Such as the gale which brought down a tree on the conservatory one night. Such as taking telephone messages, if any of the participants received an urgent call. The strident ringing of a telephone would have disrupted the atmosphere, so the normal procedure, if the message was for one of the gentry, was to transcribe the information and send it via a servant. Maid curtsies and proffers silver salver (tray) containing carefully-folded piece of paper. It had to be folded, so that its contents were concealed from the servants. If the urgent call was for a Below-Stairs member, it was transmitted less formally.

Generally the administrator was the butler or housekeeper and their necessary work to ensure the day-to-day smooth running of the proceedings could prevent much participation in the activities. Similarly, the cook and her assistants spent some time preparing meals, but they were not so preoccupied and managed to have fun as well.

I lost contact with the Victorian Re-enactment Society some years ago, when the British “hunt-the-perv” hysteria forced them to move to Europe. Maybe they can come back some day.

SADE - O - RAMA

Lust's Look at the Inimitable* Marquis

*Well, If One Wants to Stay Out of Prison, That Is...

THE MARQUIS DE SADE : ONE HELL OF A FREE SPIRIT

by Shiva Rodriguez

Donatien Alphonse Francois, count de Sade (1740-1814), known to the world simply as the Marquis de Sade, is perhaps the most infamous author to ever grace the archives of French literature. His published works are heavily saturated with contempt towards all things religious and pious, describing unspeakable acts of sexual torture and cruelty in the most exquisite detail that scandalized Paris during the eighteenth century and continues to shock readers even to this present day.

Brought up in a time where prostitution and homosexuality ran rampant in Paris, Sade felt free to indulge many of his perverse fantasies while in the company of those who were unlikely to report his activities. However, he was also fond of speaking of such things in public, which earned him the disdain of powerful individuals and offered him no aid for clemency when he was eventually brought up on charges for abusing prostitutes or poisoning them with what he claimed were "aphrodisiacs". Brothel-keepers were often warned not to accept any patronage from Sade.

Many of Sade's most famous (or infamous, as the case may be) literary works were penned and published during his incarcerations at various prisons and asylums as a result of his misdeeds. However only a handful of his novels survive to-

day, the most well-known being "Justine", the story of a pious and virtuous girl who experiences a lifetime of horrific misfortune as a punishment for refusing to accept that her religion is a farce and her God is in fact an evil and cruel being.

While Sade's most inflammatory writings depicted his characters indulging in unspeakably vile and criminal acts ranging in everything from rape to even beyond murder, this is not to say that he wasn't a (very) outspoken advocate of issues that are now topics of debate even to this day, such as acceptance of homosexuality and the removal of religious influence in political matters. Unfortunately, many of Sade's intelligent and moving essays on such matters are often overshadowed by the sheer obscenity of his better-known works.



Sade's basic philosophy, despite the manner in which he presented it to his audience, was that Man as an animal is governed by his Nature, and therefore should act accordingly to enjoy a full life. Sade believed that mankind could not achieve the life that nature intended while shackled by the morals and social expectations that people insisted on imposing upon themselves. Sade's characters often indulge in lengthy discussions over this simple philosophy, denouncing the social structures and religious influences that surround them while validating their actions in speeches that often consume entire chapters.

Sade's last known manuscript, along with many other works, was destroyed by his eldest son after his death in 1814. Twenty years after Sade's death, the dictionary first recognized the

word “sadism”, a term used to describe finding enjoyment in acts of extreme cruelty, especially of a sexual nature. This is Sade’s crowning legacy, his name now linked with the very perverse pleasures he sought to indulge in during his lifetime.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON : GROWING UP IN THE HOUSE OF SADE

by Shiva Rodriguez

While Donatien is certainly the most famous (or infamous, as the case may be) of the Sade family, a less spotlighted fact about him is that he learned about the libertine lifestyle he embraced by watching his elders.

Perhaps the first known representative of the Sade family was Louis de Sade, who financed the construction of the bridge known as pont d’Avignon in France around 1177. Over 175 years later, his ancestor Hugues de Sade would pay to have the bridge repaired, and the coat of arms of the Sade family has remained on the bridge’s first arch to this day. The Sade family being one of the oldest in Provence, it is said that the family took the name from a small town in Languedoc on the banks of the Rhone called Saze. The family earned its wealth and nobility with its interests in the textile business, dealing in the manufacturing of hemp and silk cloth, as well as rope making, lumber, and other aspects of the industry.

It is hard to imagine that a family with such noble and productive origins would come to be known as one of the most scandalous in history.

Born in March of 1702, Jean-Baptiste Joseph Francois, Comte de Sade was born. The future father of the notorious Marquis was the first in the Sade family to leave the provincial land of his ancestors and make his mark in the Royal Court. Lured by visions of pretty women and a luxurious lifestyle that prospects in his home town did not offer, Jean-Baptiste set off for Paris. By age nineteen he

was very familiar with the inner workings of the court and all its scandals, and acquired a reputation as a witty writer who reported not only all the grand events, but also the interesting gossip. Well received by both men and women alike, he developed a great passion for the theatre and within a few months became known as a gentleman of talent, charm, as well as being rumored to being quite the libertine.

By age twenty-five, Jean-Baptiste enjoyed both the company of countless mistresses and the political protection of Monsieur le Duc, a prince of great power and influence. Bold with his ambitions and political allies, Jean-Baptiste often set his mind on bedding various high-ranking ladies of the court, whom he considered to be more of a challenge to seduce. Aside from the sheer thrill of convincing such a lady to share a bed with him, Jean-Baptiste also sought to use their prestigious influence and credentials to better his own position in court.

Perhaps one of his most audacious conquests was the courting of the princess of Hesse-Rheinfeld, who was the wife of his benefactor Monsieur le Duc. Because the princess was heavily guarded by her jealous husband, Jean-Baptiste knew that to win her heart, he must relocate himself to be closer to where she lived. To achieve this, he married the daughter of her lady-in-waiting, Marie-Eleonore de Maille de Carman. Through this marriage he gained residency within the fortress and eventually within the heart of the princess.

In June of 1740, Marie-Eleonore gave birth to a son, Donatien Alphonse Francois, who would grow up to be known as the notorious Marquis de Sade. Less than a year later, Jean-Baptiste achieved his ambition by obtaining an embassy, and the life of wealth and luxury that it promised. However, Donatien would spend his earliest years in the company of his mother, and then his grandmother, while his father was kept absent by both his duty as an officer and later imprisonment. Jean-Baptiste saw to it that his son would receive a fine education, enrolling him in a

large Parisian college at the age of eleven. It was here that Donatien first embraced his great love for theatre, just as his father had in his own youth. It was also during this time that Donatien would read from the same books that had shaped the libertine mindset of his father.

With the departure of his sorely neglected wife, Jean-Baptiste soon found himself playing the role of both parents to his cherished son. He watched his child closely as Donatien was ordered at age fifteen to serve in the army and using his influences to gain rank and attractive positions for his son. He also set about looking for candidates among the daughters of prestigious families for a wife for his son.

After many failed attempts with other families, he arranged for Donatien to marry Renee-Pelagie de Monreuil. However Donatien harbored a great hatred towards his absent mother, fueled by the actions of his father in regards to their marriage, and had already developed a loathing for the female gender. This ensured that his marriage to Renee-Pelagie would be turbulent at best.

After his son's wedding, Jean-Baptiste retired to a modest residence where he was visited regularly by Renee-Pelagie, but not by Donatien. The relationship between father and son had grown sour, as Jean-Baptiste began to see his son for a scoundrel and loathed what the boy had become. Donatien had no qualms about saddling his father with his own ever-present debts and misdeeds, such behaviour that eventually caught the unwanted attention of his powerful mother-in-law, Mme. de Montreuil, who would become his nemesis throughout the remainder of his life. This was enough for Donatien to attempt to reconcile with his father while further fueling his contempt for women in general.

A QUICK REFERENCE GUIDE TO THE WORKS OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE

by Shiva Rodriguez

JUSTINE

Sade's most famous work, *Justine* is the woeful story of a chaste, virtuous woman who is shown in the most graphic and vile ways that such virtue is rewarded only with suffering in the world outside convent walls. She is befriended by a man who appears at first to be sympathetic to her plight, but who makes his true agenda known once he has *Justine* in a position where escape is impossible.

Sade's philosophy about unleashing the beast that lies within all human beings is heavily emphasized, as is his belief that goodness and virtue can only lead to ill consequences and is punished with vice.

JULIETTE

A sort of sequel to *Justine*, *Juliette* is the story of the virtuous *Justine*'s sister, who embraces the libertine philosophy that her sister shies away from. Upon leaving the convent, *Juliette* makes the acquaintances of a few people who proceed to show her the ways of the wicked world, peppered with lengthy discussions in opposition of virtue, chastity, and all things religious.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM

Another of Sade's best-known works, *Philosophy In The Bedroom* is a short dialogue concerning a young virgin's introduction to the ways of sexual pleasure. Much of Sade's distaste for chastity and arguments for sexual liberation are highlighted in this piece.

Philosophy in the Bedroom is available for free download via

Supervert's Sade e-library.

http://supervert.com/elibrary/marquis_de_sade

120 DAYS OF SODOM

Often called the most depraved and perverted book ever penned by Sade, *120 Days of Sodom* is the tale of four powerful friends who bring their spouses, servants, and a hundred or so other unwilling guests to a secluded location for a four month retreat. In this experiment in debauchery, the four friends seek to experience all their perverse fantasies, while following a timetable to insure that everyone has ample time to enjoy the sexual tortures and horrific deaths in store for their victims.

Amidst the lewd and painfully detailed descriptions of their physical amusements are the philosophical gems presented by the friends as they engage in regular conversations and tell stories during their vacation.

120 days of Sodom is available for free download via

Supervert's Sade e-library.

http://supervert.com/elibrary/marquis_de_sade

INCEST

The disturbing story of a libertine aristocrat who decides that his daughter should be completely removed from all the moral scruples and regulations of polite society. As a manner of achieving the ultimate liberation, he takes her as his lover. The secret is revealed when the daughter rejects the advances of her suitor and voices her preference to remain in her father's care, thus raising the suspicions of her pious mother.

Hailed as being one of Sade's most well-executed works, *Incest* heavily capitalizes on dismissing the "happily ever after" fairy tales and plunging deep

into the hard, cold realities of consequence.

THE MISFORTUNES OF VIRTUE AND OTHER EARLY TALES

A collection of Sade's earliest works, including the famous "Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man", which has an exquisite argument for homosexuality and other acts that are often shunned in society. Being earlier writings, the tales told here are more focused on philosophy rather than describing acts of depravity. The main story, *The Misfortunes of Virtue*, is a foreshadowing of what Sade would later write in much more lurid detail in *Justine*.

LETTERS FROM PRISON

Not a fictional novel penned by the Marquis, but rather a collection of translated letters that were exchanged between Sade and his wife (as well as others) during his incarcerations. This collection also includes his personal memoirs, showing a very different side of Sade when he was not aiming to shock his readers with scenes of depravity.

MAGDA DISCUSSES THE MARQUIS

CoS Priestess Magda Graham's Observations On The Marquis— Comte De Sade,

Expanding on Notes from:

The Marquis de Sade

by Donald Thomas.

(Publisher Allison and Busby 1992)

Exhaustively-researched, well-written, objective, non-judgemental, yet there is a hint of sympathy

for this fascinating character. I checked with Amazon; this book is still available. If you want to know about the Marquis de Sade, this is the book. I am not an expert book-reviewer, and I have always considered de Sade an unlikeable character, despite my professional reasons for interest. I still think that I would not wish to meet him [and I am sure he would have disliked me]. But this book made me care. I want to acknowledge his proper place in history. That is how Mr Thomas's book gets you.

Mr Thomas also gives an overview of the various machinations of censorship to ban these works from then until now and it is on-going. Useful information there.

Reading this book punctuated by exclamations of "how could he be so stupid?" is probably not a good start. Well, I have already admitted that he is not my kind of person. But, whatever his faults and failings [and most of them were more-than-understandable in view of his persecuted life], he will be forever the symbol of defiance of censorship. Therefore we should honour him.

THE COMTE DE SADE

He was born a Marquis on 2 June 1740 in Paris; he later inherited the higher title of Comte. I wonder why that has never been acknowledged. At least I will acknowledge him.

He was born in the wrong time. Earlier, his would have been acceptable behaviour. We have all heard of "decadent" royal courts' frolics with whips and naked ladies-in-waiting. Later, he might have contacted kindred spirits who would have advised him what not to do. If the Count could have condescended to take note of their advice [he probably would not]. And that is it. A man of his time. He was born an aristocrat in an era when the aristocrat was a superior person. Aristos complacently accepted it, peasants acknowledged it and knew their place. Then the Revolution was brewing. Because he existed in that confused interim, he was condemned. Yet he lives forever, in his books and

in his name.

He was trying to find his way to what he wanted/needed in an age when they could not access all the careful advice that exists now for dominant Masters. Nowadays, if you have the slightest doubt of your slave's mental stability, ditch her! There are so many submissives queuing up if you are a competent Master. There are so many females who want to be female, who reject feminism's "females-are-superior" theology. I am of course referring to the present-day but human nature does not change in a couple of centuries. It did not apparently occur to the Comte de Sade to attempt to contact any submissive females, and how many aristocratic ladies were sighing for what might have been? The Comte de Sade believed that he had to pay a prostitute to take a whipping. Afterwards she complained. Not because he had not paid her; he had, generously. Not because he had not explained the requirements before concluding the deal; she admitted that he had. She complained because she was a subhuman. Nowadays we know how to avoid them. He had no means of knowing.

And how many times in past articles [such as "Victorianism"] have I said you must understand the way they thought then. It is different to the way we think in the present time. Now, try to get into the mindset of the period pre-Revolutionary France. He was an aristocrat and found it impossible to comprehend that he was not permitted to treat the peasantry any way he chose. In those days most aristocrats could literally get away with murder. The Comte de Sade never murdered anyone, though he was accused of attempted murder [the circumstances of that incident indicate that it was much more likely to have been an aphrodisiac that went wrong and this is no surprise, considering the ingredients of 18th century aphrodisiacs].

Because I am too involved with the concept of sado-masochism, I feared I could not deliver an objective review of this book. Because so many times he had done what we would have advised him not to do. We were not there to help him!

And then I found common cause with the Comte de Sade.

He spent many years in prison. I have multiple sclerosis and cannot get out of my wheelchair without help. His living-conditions were unimaginably worse than mine. Still I believe there must be a kind of parity. He could not do it in his body. I can no longer do it in my body. We both figured out how to do it in our minds.

I am not aspiring to literary equality. I write porn-novels, lots of whipping and fucking to amuse the readers. Because I have an extraordinarily tolerant publisher, I can, now and again, include a few paragraphs of “WHY?”

The Count was more interested in “why?” than “how to?”

WHY? The Satanic question, even if he did not consciously know that.

Trouble is, that does not produce a very entertaining novel. Show me anyone who has read through a whole de Sade book without skipping any parts. Can't find anyone? That does not surprise me.

Aline et Valcour. “The monster watched the execution of two Turks, four Europeans and the four Arab girls”. Ten executions and that's that? Without describing the screams, struggles, blood, guts, the executioners, the equipment, the crowds and, above all, the Master's reaction? Me the porn-writer recoils in horror from this literary sparsity. If I tried to get away with such laziness, there would be howls of protest. But I wanted an expert opinion. So I asked my publisher: “if you were offered a de Sade book by an unknown author without any de Sade charisma attached, would you accept it?”

He replied: “yes; the de Sade books are highly erotic if you cut through the forest to get at the trees.”

I would have liked to ask more, but I know he is extremely busy and one's publisher is definitely in The Top Three People In The World That You Do

Not Want To Upset.

De Sade's great misfortune was that he had the mother-in-law who single-handedly gave rise to the universal dread of the mother-in-law ever since.

“Impoverished aristocrat seeks wealthy bride. If you can afford to repair my castles, you can become a Countess.” He chose Renée-Pelagie de Montreuil, daughter of nouveau-riche bourgeoisie. Imagine Madame de Montreuil in the early years: “my son-in-law the Count”.

But then the Comte de Sade started creating scandal. The respectable Madame de Montreuil was horrified. Her wealth gave her access to the king. She persuaded him to issue lettres de cachet by which any of the king's subjects could be imprisoned without trial for an indefinite period [could be life]. In a damp unheated dungeon of Vincennes, rats his only companions, the years dragged on without any hope of release. I cannot think of anyone except an Occult Adept who would not have gone to pieces. The Comte de Sade did not go to pieces, apart from a few more-than-understandable wobbles. I am not saying he was an Adept. But he certainly had something.

His wife Renée did her best. A weak character, not very bright, but she stayed stubbornly loyal as long as her health allowed. When the rigours of his incarceration were slightly relaxed, she brought him books and other comforts.

And he still seemed like he wanted to propel himself into trouble. In those days, sodomy was a terrible crime; anyone found guilty, even a rape victim, was automatically sentenced to execution. The Comte de Sade's letters to his wife [which he knew would be read by prison officials] make it clear that they had enjoyed this form of intercourse. He refers to her “rose”. Was that a death-wish [even though he knew he would be bringing Renée with him]?

Nothing came of it. Then he started to write. He

had produced some items during the years of freedom; now he had nothing else to do.

The legend of his being in the Bastille and freed on the Fourteenth of July unfortunately has no basis in fact. That prisoner had been transferred before the most notorious prison was stormed and the French Revolution officially began. But he was released shortly afterwards, to abject poverty, and went to work for a Revolutionary Committee. They were delighted to recruit someone who could read and write [in pre-Revolutionary France, education was only available to aristocrats, so a few had to be excused guillotine].

The Revolutionary Committee was his only means of support, for himself and his companion, Constance.

Where did she come from? Well, she just happened. Dominant men attract submissive women and that has been a fact of life since before the first caveman stood up on his hind legs. [Constance was with him until his death in Charenton Lunatic Asylum in 1814.]

The Comte de Sade went on writing. He and Constance lived together through the Revolution and all that entailed. The winter when they could afford no heating, and the ink in his ink-well froze.

Then a new dictator arose. The Emperor Napoleon. Like all dictators, before and since, he forbade things. Maybe the peculiarly venomous campaign against the Comte de Sade was because, in the early years, Napoleon had worshipped the far-less-than-perfect Josephine de Beauharnais and therefore was hostile to a man who refused to exalt the female. Or maybe it was just Napoleon's government officials, doing what government officials always do. "We have to arrest lots of people to show that we're doing our job!" Writers, publishers, entertainers, are so much easier than real criminals, because they do not fight back. Not physically, that is.

Nothing has yet changed.

So the pornographer was arrested. This time his family arranged for him to be placed in an asylum. Much easier to speak of "my father in hospital" than "my father in prison".

He died there some years later. He was unable to make any great pronouncements on his deathbed. Despite having lived longer than most people of his time, he slipped away unexpectedly. Constance was at his bedside. His appointments the following day, one with his priest and the other with his teenage toygirl [the daughter of a worker at the asylum], had to be cancelled.

The question of the Comte de Sade and religion. I believe he really did not like it, he had the intelligence to see through it, but, because of the intolerable pressures of his existence, he had to go along with it.

The Comte de Sade had made extremely critical pronouncements on religion. Possibly in his later years he was sensible enough to decide that this was a war he could not win and therefore there was no point continuing it. I believe that boredom was a major factor in that decision. A priest received at least a rudimentary education. He was someone with whom the Comte de Sade could have a conversation. It is almost impossible for us to estimate how important that would have been to the Count in his captivity.

For most people, our nearest approach to understanding the restrictions he faced [and it is a very distant approach] is the stultifying tedium of a stay in hospital. Circumstances that are a world apart from the unimaginable horrors of the Comte de Sade's life. Yes, I mean that word "unimaginable". However, the regime of an invalid can give some of us the vaguest hint. Routine, restrictions, conformity. A visitor the highlight of one's day. Instead of a warm comfortable hospital, he had an unheated rat-infested dungeon and for years he was not permitted visitors. When conditions were slightly relaxed and he was allowed writing equipment, he never knew when his cell would be

searched and his writings confiscated. Even so, his prolific literary output in itself is an indication of the unremitting dreariness that he endured. He had nothing else to do.

Yet he came through it, and [albeit after his death] defeated censorship. From being banned and burned, his books have advanced to the status of classics.

Notable Films Inspired by The Marquis De Sade

JUSTINE (1969)

EUGENIE DE SADE (1970)

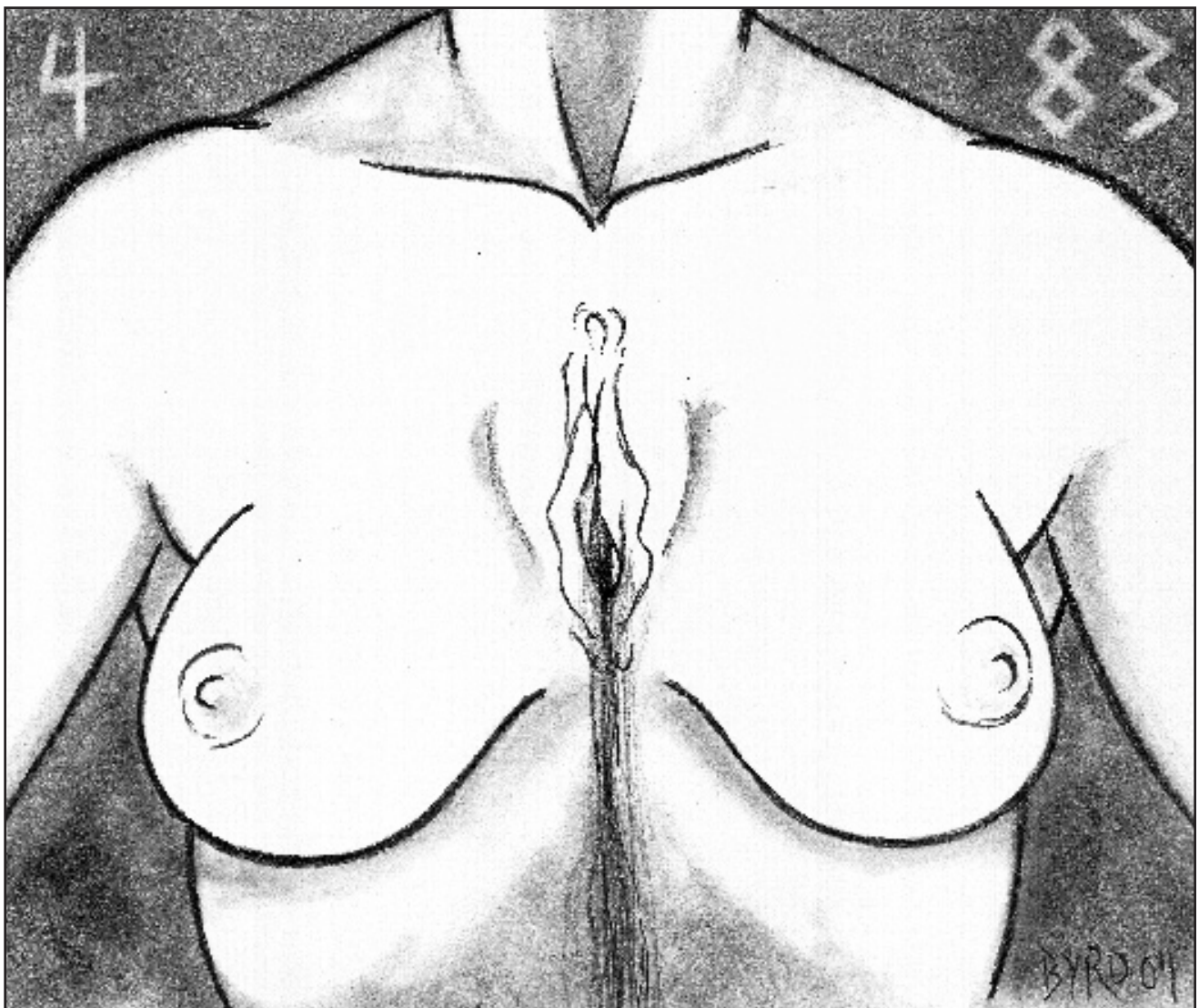
NIGHT TERRORS (1993)

MARQUIS DE SADE (1995)

DARK PRINCE : INTIMATE TALES OF
THE MARQUIS DE SADE (1996)

SALO (1975)

QUILLS (2000)



The Fashionistas

A 35mm Film by John Stagliano

Reviewed by Magister Svengali

“Sexual freedom is something we feel is very important as a necessary requisite in the Satanic Church. It is not the most important thing, but certainly is an elective. We feel a person should be free to indulge in all of the so-called fetishes and all of the so-called admirations that they would so desire, as long as they do not hurt anyone who does not deserve or wish to be hurt. I think it should be brought out that we not only condone and encourage what would be called all types of perversities and deviations because we feel that in a few short years it will be established that everyone is a sexual deviant, pervert, fetishist, or something or other, and the person who isn't is the exception rather than the rule.”

- Anton Szandor LaVey

“The Satanist is master of sex, rather than mastered by sex. If pornography fills his needs for the moment, he unashamedly buys some ‘choice items’ and guiltlessly peruses them at his leisure.”

- Anton Szandor LaVey

John Stagliano did not merely invent so-called “reality” porn; he has continued to re-define and improve the genre throughout his prolific career, both as a director and producer. Stagliano and associates revolutionized the hardcore porn industry in the 1990s by moving away from sloppy, weak-plot-driven, workaday porno, and into crisply filmed, passionate, prolonged-engagement scenarios focusing exclusively on the sexual actions and “assets” of the stars. Starting with “The Adventures of Buttman” (1989), through hundreds of films, including his most recent efforts, Stagliano shows hardcore the way it should be shown. Every Stagliano film features exceptionally good

looking, naturally well endowed actresses (no 80s-style implant-scarred skeletal cocaine addicts here) with strong erotic presence, sexual drive, and usually few or no boundaries. His films are vitalized by the fact the actresses and their henchmen cannot conceal their sincere, unhinged, creaming, throbbing, screaming, slobbering lust to engage in the acts filmed.

Everything I have seen from Stagliano's Evil Angel productions, even by other directors, excels in terms of actress sex appeal, sex acts portrayed, and production quality. Describing his business philosophy in a recent interview, Stagliano stated,

“I try to find directors capable of doing high-quality sophisticated porn. Not stupid porn intended to make money and just that. Something authentic and original when it comes to porn. We are all different. Jules Jordan sells more than Rocco in the US, but that’s because he’s young, American, and has taste for porn (he’s a huge fan)... That’s what I try to find. Nacho Vidal is not just an actor, but also a great porn-fan. That’s why he does it that good, because he understands porn. You need to know porn.”

Stagliano definitely understands porn. His films are made for people who love to fuck by people who love to fuck.

Known primarily as “Buttman” because that is his overriding personal obsession and the focus of most of his films; John Stagliano is to big asses what Russ Meyer is to big tits. The extent of the plot in a typical Buttman film usually consists of Buttman accidentally encountering extremely provocative females on the street and following them to their home or hotel room where they engage in prolonged hardcore sex with at least 1-2 guys after just enough tease and foreplay to drive everyone insane. “I don’t do anal” is not in the vocabulary of any actress in Stagliano’s films. Every scene is well filmed, paying direct attention to what matters: if an actress has a really nice ass, special attention is paid to her ass; if she’s got fantastic breasts, appropriate attention is paid to her breasts. The female sexual landscape is never eclipsed by careless prolonged shots of some slob’s hairy shoulder.

This precision simplicity and gratuitous cut-to-the-chase delivery of “the goods” spawned a legion of imitators, changing the face of porn in the process.

Thus it seemed incongruous to many that the maestro of no frills hardcore would indulge in a high production cost, glossy 35mm epic length film (4+ hours) with a fairly complex plot such as *THE FASHIONISTAS*. But porn reviewers have a shorter memory than music reviewers. Stagliano made a move in this direction once before, with

his excellent *FACESITTER* parts I & II. Although the plot to *FACESITTER* was nowhere near as complex and the sex nowhere near as hard as *THE FASHIONISTAS*, the production quality was similar.

THE FASHIONISTAS is Stagliano’s tour de force into the world of BDSM, and sets a new standard of pornographic quality for himself and everyone else in the business.

The film opens with a mainstream fashion show that is raided by Taylor St. Claire and her fetish fashion models. The mainstream models are treated harshly, their clothes are ripped off, and they are mildly slapped around, spanked and shoved off the runway. This is very amusing and reminds me of a scenario John Waters would dream up. It is also interesting to observe porn actresses in a “fashion model” context, in which we are accustomed to seeing human skeletons, confirming the theory that women who look a little chunky with their clothes on are in fact the ones who look the most scrumptious with their clothes off.

Taylor St. Claire is a visual feast: a tall, delicious, naturally busty brunette with fantastic eyes.

As the fetish models toss one of their victims from the runway, there is an intentionally obvious “subliminal” shot of a woman in a rubber mask, bound standing within a large three dimensional square frame rack, arms spread eagle to the back, breasts pulled taut by nipple clamps and chains pulling up and out to the front, and set of four chains clamped to her labia majora, pulling her wide open. This is significant. At this point we realize this is not an actual fashion show we are seeing, but a DVD as being viewed by “Antonio,” a European fashion designer, who’s clothing designs were the ones being torn from the models.

Antonio is played by massively equipped porn legend Rocco Siffredi, who puts the DVD on pause to admire the bondage rig. His imagination is captured. He resumes playing the DVD, which continues with the fetish models dominating the stage in

their latex attire, all now revealed to bear a big “F” logo - “F” for “Fashionista” - a fetish fashion design company looking to collaborate with Rocco for business purposes. The DVD is a sales pitch.

Rocco then encounters a woman outside his hotel room, played by luscious blonde Kate Frost, who has lost the key to her room. Kate is decked out in a rubber body suit, bending over collecting the spilled contents of her purse. The camera’s eye lingers over Kate’s exquisitely full and perfectly contoured ass. (This is definitely a “Buttman” production.) Taylor St. Claire shows up, in shades and hat so that Rocco does not recognize her from the DVD, and begins to scold Kate, slapping her face, grabbing her by the throat, shoving her against the wall and berating her. She asks Rocco’s forgiveness and shoves Kate into their hotel room. Rocco goes back into his room, where he can hear Kate receiving a vicious spanking from Taylor.

Climbing across the balcony outside, Rocco peeks in their back door to observe Taylor dishing out punishment to the unfortunate Kate. The camera pays appropriate attention to Taylor’s fantastic breasts swaying and spilling out of her low-cut top as she leans over to spank Kate. Taylor’s breasts are unleashed when Kate “accidentally” rips her dress in the struggle, which only inspires a more severe spanking. Taylor finally leaves Kate face down, kneeling on the floor with her big beautiful bright red ass exposed.

Rocco enters from the balcony to see if he can “comfort” poor Kate, who apologizes for Taylor’s behavior, saying “after all she is just a woman and can’t hit very hard” while spreading her ass provocatively. This immediately escalates into the first prolonged full-fuck sex blitz of the film, foreshadowing things to come later: spanking, foot sucking, verbal abuse, hardcore anal/vaginal penetration, and forced deep-throating with accompanying gagging, choking, drooling, watery eyes, runny mascara, hair pulling, spitting, and face-slapping. Beautiful blonde Kate Frost eats up the harsh treatment like a starving animal, rasping “don’t stop!” throughout the ordeal. If this sce-

nario is too hard for you, be advised you will not like the rest of the film, which gets much heavier, especially by disc 2.

After the melee, Rocco notices the “F” logo on Kate’s torn clothes. Taylor re-enters the room at this point and arranges a business meeting with Rocco.

The next scene brings Rocco and his male assistant, played by Manuel Ferrara, to meet their sales representative in the USA, played by the plush Caroline Pierce. “She is a bitch,” Rocco explains to his assistant. Caroline is NOT receptive to the idea of incorporating a “fetish slant” into their product line. She also insinuates Rocco and his assistant are gay, but you can tell it’s more because the idea turns her on than that she actually thinks they are gay. Caroline is a voluptuous fair skinned redhead. Her fate will impress us all later on in the film.

There is a brief scene at Fashionista headquarters, where Rocco meets with Taylor. Rocco expresses specific interest in the “subliminal” bondage clip on the promotional DVD. Rocco also meets Taylor’s staff for the first time, including Sharon Wild, Friday, and most importantly, Belladonna.

Belladonna is initially presented, to great effect, as “plain” as possible, kind of a gothy computer-nerd without makeup. If you have never seen Belladonna in action before, you will have no idea of the unhinged sexual dementia and contortionist feats she is capable of. Belladonna is really the central character of this film. Her character is set up in these initial scenes as Taylor’s submissive lover and employee. Belladonna is Taylor’s secret weapon in business, the source of all their fashion and business ideas. Belladonna is the most Satanic character in the film; because by the end, you realize she has pulled everyone’s strings; fulfilling her submissive sexual desires and business ambitions, while undoing her enemies in the process.

The next significant scene reveals hints of Bella’s full sexuality. Returning home from work, she puts on a pornographic SM video and starts to dance



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in front of a mirror next to her television, so the viewer can track on both. This sounds extremely contrived, but she really pulls it off well, giving the impression that she is dancing for her own arousal in front of the mirror, which makes more sense when you realize she is the subject of the Bondage/SM activity on her TV screen. This is a very sexy scene. Bella transforms from a dorky computer nerd into a smoldering sexual creature who is fully aroused by wallowing in her own carnality.

Among several physical acts that will have to be re-defined as a result of Belladonna's performances in this film is "arch your back." She can almost touch her ass with the back of her head. (Other Belladonna-redefined physical acts include "writhe" and "blowjob.") If Stagliano continues talent scouting down this path, there may come a day when sex is fully accepted as an Olympic sport.

At this point Taylor quietly enters the room and observes Bella's performance from a distance. The next scene establishes the nature of their relationship as Taylor dominates Bella in a series of well-shot twists and turns. Bella is subjected to verbal abuse, face slapping, smothering by Taylor's ass and magnificent breasts, four-finger vaginal insertion, various toys, including the anal insertion of the largest glass dildo I have ever seen. Everything is just peachy until Taylor notices on the TV screen the very scene that Rocco seemed so interested in from their DVD. Realizing it is Bella behind the mask, and that she designed the DVD for Rocco, Taylor takes a scolding, pretentious, condescending attitude toward Bella, explaining to her that she could never have anything to offer someone like Rocco. You can tell by the look in Bella's eyes that this is the beginning of the end for Taylor.

In the next scenes Rocco visits the Fashionista headquarters to begin collaborating on their projects. There is a significant scene where he really interacts with Belladonna for the first time and notices the collection of Easter Eggs on her desk (the significance of this will be apparent later.)

As the day ends, Taylor flirts a little with Rocco and asks him to help her lock up. She exits the room ahead of him. Leaving the office, Rocco passes an open door and has to do a double-take on the scene inside: Sharon Wild is bending over with her ass toward the door, wearing a thin, flesh colored rubber maid's outfit. Next to her is Friday, on her knees with her hands behind her back, mouth open provocatively. Friday is also wearing a thin white rubber maid's outfit and white rubber mask that reveals her eyes and mouth with her hair protruding from the top of her head in a ponytail. Friday has large fake breasts, the only fake breasts in the whole film as far as I could tell, but they are good looking fakes. Needless to say another prolonged hardcore fetish scenario unfolds with Rocco running Friday and Sharon through the paces; forced deepthroating, face and breast slapping, choking, spitting, spanking, verbal command and abuse, as well as straight-up penetration of all penetrable venues. Sharon Wild excels at aggravated oral sex.

After many permutations of Rocco, Friday, and Sharon Wild fornicating ("in tandem" as Warren Oates would say), Taylor enters the scene and aggressively dominates Rocco; grabbing him by the throat, slapping him around, and throwing him to the ground where Friday pins him down while Taylor smothers him with her breasts and Sharon continues her ambitious oral sex project. Finally the submissive blondes, Sharon and Friday, leave. Taylor and Rocco move into other positions and Rocco regains dominance. Once again, Taylor's exquisite breasts are showcased throughout the rough and lengthy exchange.

It is interesting to note in relation to this scene that Taylor St. Claire is a professional dominatrix outside of films. I mention this only because this is the only scene in the film where an actress seems to be acting out sex rather than succumbing to it. Taylor runs through the action seamlessly, and passionately, but you can tell from her lack of total abandon that she is a little out of her element in the submissive role. This could only be noticed in

a film of this quality, where every actress throws herself into the sex with such absolute total abandon to the degree that even the slightest reservation stands out in relief. But Taylor still delivers an outstanding photogenic performance, and her tits are just spectacular.

Following the usual “aufspitzen” finale, Disc 1 ends.

Disc 2 opens with Belladonna working on another DVD presentation for Rocco. She makes a phone call; apparently arranging some clandestine liaison with two guys, and then leaves. The scene immediately cuts to her returning to her home desk after an implied time lapse, looking a little disheveled, and resumes her editing project with a cassette from her camcorder. I mention this scene only because it indicates she is doing “something” to another promotional DVD.

After a couple minor plot scenes we return to a nicely lit scenario of Belladonna giving Taylor a massage at home in bed. Taylor brags about her experience dominating Rocco and how much he loved it, while Belladonna is secretly rolling her eyes in contempt. Taylor mentions that she is inviting Rocco to the BDSM club for a fashion show, and she wants to set up another chance to dominate him, but can’t think of how to structure the scenario. She asks Belladonna to come up with ideas for her because, she says, Belladonna is good about thinking up “weird things.”

The film abruptly cuts to an amusing mock TV Newsbreak about women mugging businessmen. After the news scenario unfolds, the camera cuts to Rocco watching it on his Television - the Newsbreak is actually the Fashionista promotional tape Belladonna put together. Rocco calls Taylor at home to tell her how much he loves it. She mentions Belladonna is there, and Rocco sends his regards, referring to her as “the Easter Egg girl” because of the Easter Egg collection he noticed on her desk. After he hangs up he sits looking at the DVD menu on the screen thinking “Easter Egg” - he pushes the selector button until one of the odd

graphics is outlined. He has found a secret “Easter Egg” feature on the DVD and hits “enter.” This takes him to a graphic Fetish menu with a chapter each for: Feet, Pussy, Ass, Tits, Mouth or Blowjob. Rocco views each chapter in sequence, which takes us to each scene in first person perspective.

The scenes that follow will either give you nightmares for the rest of your life or send you running out to buy a rubber mask for your girlfriend.

The Fetish Chapters feature begins with Belladonna in her four-quarter bondage rack with a cloth over her head. The cloth is pulled back to reveal her tight black rubber mask, with her hair protruding from the top in a ponytail, simple eyeholes, and a hole for her mouth. The mask is so tight you can tell her face is scrunched inside, causing her already full “cocksucker” lips to protrude suggestively. She is clothed only in a scanty rubber something or other that vaguely forces her breasts out, and leather shackles on her wrists and ankles.

Fetish Chapter One is entitled “Feet.” In this scene Belladonna is laid on her back with her feet raised, to be sucked, beaten with a riding crop, toes spread and fingered, and subjected to all manner of frotage by two henchmen in bondage attire.

Fetish Chapter Two is entitled “Pussy.” In this scene Bella is again on her back with her legs spread and a large glass buttplug in place, while her two henchmen manhandle her genitalia, pin her wide open with clothespins, etc.

Fetish Chapter Three is entitled “Ass.” In this scene Bella is subjected to several unusual toys being introduced into her ass and mouth by the two masked assistants.

Fetish Chapter Four is entitled “Tits.” In this scene Bella’s breasts, held up and out by the tightly fitting rubber something, are fondled, pinched, clamped, bitten, and otherwise manhandled by the two leather gimps.

Fetish Chapter Five is entitled “Mouth.” This is

one of the most provocative scenes in the entire film, and one that makes apparent the whole logic of the rubber mask. Bella's succulent protruding lips are fondled, tugged, and pulled. Her mouth is opened and fingered. Small plastic clothespins are then attached to her lips and used to spread them open. This is the most provocatively I have ever seen a mouth treated as if it were a sex organ. Her lips and mouth are fondled and probed in a prolonged manner usually reserved for the cunt. This is a logical prelude to the drama of the next chapter.

Fetish Chapter Six is entitled "Blowjob." This is really one of the most stunning hardcore scenes of the entire film. Belladonna's performance in this scene should result in the invention of new terminology to describe the act of fellatio. Stagliano has described Belladonna as "a woman with the most incredible sexual abilities I have ever seen." This is no small compliment considering Stagliano has worked intensively with nearly every big-name porn star of the last 20 years. The reason for his praise is apparent in this and later scenes of the film, as Belladonna literally bends over backwards to violently engulf the largest of cocks fully into the depths of her throat. Only someone who truly enjoys sex this hard could perform this convincingly. As she moves back and forth between the two cocks, thick strings of saliva run from her swollen lips to both cocks, down the rubber mask, to hang and drip slowly from her slightly bound breasts. This is a hard, prolonged, and relentless scene. Very intense stuff. The simple cinematography is outstanding, a model of porn artistry.

The Fetish Chapters end with Bella in the bondage cage, chains taut from the frame, one clipped to each nipple, four clipped to her pussy lips, spreading her wide open, one around each wrist, arms spread, a large gem-shaped buttplug inserted, and a spreader bar attached to her ankles. The very attractive blonde Star Chandler enters and subjects Belladonna to various torments in this position.

Since Rocco's unstated definition of true love is a woman's ability to take the full length of his cock down her throat, Belladonna's performance cap-

tures his undivided attention.

Next the film cuts to Rocco and Manuel in a limo arriving at "The Crevice Club," where Taylor has arranged the Fashionista show. Rocco sends Manuel with the limousine to collect Caroline Pierce and bring her to see the show. The sultry Chelsea Blue greets Rocco at the door. In the background there is a cameo appearance by John Stagliano as he sits on a couch fondling a woman's ass. Once inside, Rocco makes eye contact with Belladonna from across the room, but is intercepted by Taylor, who looks just absolutely phenomenal in another low cut latex dress, partially unzipped to barely contain her prodigious and very bouncy breasts.

Manuel collects Caroline, who looks incredible with her fair skin and long red hair, in a low cut black dress. Caroline is a total bitch in the limo, working overtime to insinuate that Manuel is Rocco's little fuckboy. They arrive at the club, joining Rocco and Taylor at a table, where Caroline continues to be snotty to everyone about nearly everything.

They all watch as the evening's entertainment begins on stage. The first act is some guy and a brunette doing a very lame dance routine. Their act is mercifully brief, followed by a very attractive longhaired brunette with shapely hips and ass being dominated, whipped, spanked, and paddled by a dominant guy in a full-face leather gimp mask. Both Caroline and Taylor are squirmy in their seats watching the show.

A black girl and a white girl in really stupid looking costumes stand by while the Fashionista show comes on stage. The camera pans back to the table, where Caroline is still being a ginch and Taylor's cleavage is still being hypnotic. Taylor leaves the table to conspire with Chelsea Blue.

Now Belladonna is wheeled out onstage, nude except for her black rubber mask, shackled and spread in her bondage cage. Rocco is taken aback. Transfixed, he goes and stands right by the stage to see everything up close. This is when he realizes

the bondage girl from the DVD that he has been dreaming about is actually Belladonna. In more watershed action, Belladonna redefines “writhing.” The scene gets even better as her henchman clamps her breasts taut and forces her to deepthroat a large translucent violet dildo, which she does adeptly with all consequent gagging and drooling. After she is wheeled offstage, thick strings of saliva hanging from her smacking lips like some kind of deranged animal, Rocco returns to sit with Manuel and Caroline.

Caroline notices someone going into a red door at the back of the room and insists Rocco and Manuel go with her to see what is inside. They enter a private backroom, painted black, in which several couples are engaging in various BDSM scenarios. This is one of my favorite scenes in the film. Since Caroline has been such a bitch throughout the film, a kind of angry sexual tension builds as Rocco guides her around the room to observe the various scenarios unfolding. She is a little drunk and acts slightly turned on, so you know she is going to be treated roughly by the time things are over. Caroline is at first fascinated by a bound male slave being abused by his Mistress, then Rocco takes Caroline by her arm and ushers her over to a female slave tied down with her ass in the air receiving a flogging from her master. Caroline is perplexed and excited at the same time as Rocco pulls her dress up, revealing her large well-shaped ass, and dragging her head down by her hair to make her ass more accessible to the flogging. Caroline’s voluptuous, fleshy ass was made for this type of scene. Her fair-skinned ample cheeks jiggle provocatively and grow redder with every lash.

Rocco pulls Caroline away from the flogging and over to the voluptuous fair-skinned redhead Tricia Devereaux (Stagliano’s wife in real life and co-producer of this film), bound spread eagle on a St. Andrew’s cross, being subjected to the violet wand. Devereaux’s Master applies the wand to Caroline’s inner thighs and nipples. Rocco then drags her to the corner where a weirdly bedecked African American submissive is choking herself on the sizeable member of a guy in a full-face

black leather mask. Caroline is in awe of the size of the cock and at the quantity saliva involved in the transaction. Caroline cannot resist the urge to nearly touch, then lightly put her mouth on the giant implement. Rocco grabs her roughly by her hair, pulling her back, and then pushes her face down, slowly forcing the repeated impalement of her throat as he spansks and talks dirty to her. Caroline’s pleasure is evident as her eyes roll intensely back into her skull.

Rocco passes Caroline off to Manuel, who continues the spanking and hair pulling, dragging her into another room and shoving her against a slut bench. Here the two guys continue to bully and spank Caroline who definitely enjoys her predicament. Rocco wraps rope around her neck and in her mouth, forcing her head down in front of his zipper while Manuel continues the spanking. She starts begging for Rocco to bring out his erection. Rocco exploits her desperation by trying to cajole her into buying their new line of clothing before he will fulfill her demands. She resists, so he leaves her to Manuel in disgust. Manuel proceeds to subject Caroline to the entire spectrum of hardcore indulgences that you would expect from the film by this point. Caroline is a passionate trooper and performs brilliantly in this prolonged segment.

Caroline Pierce’s performance in this film is a solid example of what makes superior porn. Caroline is physically not a “hottie” in the textbook pornstar sense of the term, but what she brings to the bench is a palpable simmering nastiness. The nuances of her facial expressions as she initially moves around the room observing the sex, effectively convey the slow buildup of sexual tension. By the time she plunges into action, it is as if she has absolutely no choice, she is overwhelmed by her desires. This can only be achieved by someone who is sincerely into what they are doing in front of the camera. The best acting is not acting.

The scene shifts back to Rocco reemerging from the backroom into the club, where he stops to admire Chelsea and Gia dancing in a cage. Taylor approaches as Rocco antagonizes Gia’s ass through

the bars of the cage. As Belladonna secretly watches from a balcony above, Taylor and Chelsea begin to dominate Rocco, then drag him to a back room where they can have their way with him in privacy with equipment.

Once in the back room, Rocco is slapped around and abused by the trio. This scenario involves quite a bit of smothering in Taylor's breasts and ass, and Chelsea's ass. They put clothespins on Rocco's nipples and continue treating him like a little punk by blindfolding him, tying him down in a sitting position with his arms spread, and smothering him with their big asses some more before they leave the room, abandoning him sitting bound and blindfolded with his compass dramatically pointing north. Rocco sits alone in the room, saying "what the fuck?"

Peering from around the corner as Chelsea, Gia, and Taylor leave, Belladonna tiptoes down the hall and sneaks into the room where Rocco sits in frustration. She observes him for a moment before she starts grinding her ass in his face, and limberly bending down between her spread legs to simultaneously deep-throat Rocco's massive implement. Still blindfolded and surprised by the girl taking the full package without pause, Rocco says something that implies he still thinks it's Tyler, although you would think he would be able to identify her from having his face crammed in her ass so many times. At this point, Bella removes his blindfold. Rocco is pleased and excited that it is Bella, but thinks she is part of Taylor's sex game with him. Bella explains that she has to go before Taylor returns, but neither of them can resist feeling the perfect fit of her throat and his cock again. This is a very impressive exchange.

The camera cuts to Taylor walking down the hall returning to the room. This is brief, and not intentionally a "scene," but the vision of Taylor walking down the hall with her perfect large breasts nearly jiggling out of her low cut dress will leave all breast fetishists wearing the arrows off the pause, rewind, and slow-motion buttons of their DVD remote control. This fleeting scene is unrivaled,

to the best of my knowledge (and trust me, I notice these things), even by the memorable scene of bountiful Lisa Marie jiggling down the alley wearing her Vampira costume in Tim Burton's *ED WOOD*. Really, Taylor is a vision of jaw-dropping pneumatic excellence.

Caught in the very act, Belladonna is grabbed by her hair, slapped and scolded by Taylor, who is caught entirely by surprise when she is hit back and told to "fuck off." This results in an angry, teary, confrontational scene in which all the secrets of Belladonna being the real creative force behind Fashionista designs is revealed. Taylor also realizes she has been set up when she remembers Belladonna gave her the plan for dominating Rocco and leaving him alone long enough for Bella to sneak in and make the connection. As Rocco says to Taylor, "The game is over."

By the end of this scene Taylor looks absolutely ravishing, her full breasts are spilling out of her low-cut latex dress, her hair is down and disheveled, and her dark mascara is running from the tears.

This brings us to my only complaint about the film; that this confrontation was not turned into a full on dominance/revenge scenario with Rocco and Bella vs. Taylor, involving her submission, forced deep-throating, face and breast slapping, severe breast bondage/torture, etc. Although Taylor has some very good scenes in the film, including one mildly submissive one, it is a shame that she was not used more extensively in the submissive context, especially with those incredible breasts. It is a compliment to the film when the only criticism is that there is not more of what it already offers. I guess you can only fit so much into one four-hour porn film, so I'll forgive Mr. Stagliano this time around. But please, John, next time bring back Taylor and put her through the wringer but good.

Finally, Bella and Rocco are left alone to consummate their mutual lust. Both on the same page, no time is wasted on sentimental chitchat or puppy dog kisses. Rocco grabs Bella by the hair, brings

her to her knees, and buries his massive erection into the depths of her eager throat, basically holding her in place while he grinds into her mouth. This is without a doubt the hardest, and most blistering full-length sex scene in the entire film. The buildup to this point is very effective. Rocco and Bella go at it with a fury and sense of release you would expect by this point in the context of the story. By the standards of the film, this scene is fairly straightforward. There is no rubber, whips, chains, or clothespins, but these are not missed. There is spanking, hardcore anal/vaginal penetration, choking, spitting, and slapping. What really makes this scene exceptional is the relentless bout of passionate forced deep-throating by the intrepid Belladonna, who is a vision of traumatic beauty by the end of this scene, with her disheveled hair and spit and semen smeared mascara.

The film closes after the literal climax of this prolonged violent sexual communion.

In closing, reviewer's Heterosexual bias notwithstanding, it should be noted that Rocco Siffredi's cock is the primary weapon of mass destruction throughout this film, and I do not use that term lightly. If Rocco's erect penis were thrown from a highway overpass it could easily result in a shattered windshield, possibly even dead passengers, in any car so unfortunate as to be passing below. Not as huge as John Holmes perhaps, but a formidable weapon nonetheless. Rocco's genitalia is a force to be reckoned with, and is testimony to the sexual fortitude of every woman who has ever sustained the length and girth of it down her throat or up her ass at full velocity.

Overall, on the scale of hardcore pornography, I would rate the sex in this film 20 out of a possible 10. There is no soft sex in this film. On a BDSM hardness scale, I would rate *The Fashionistas* 8 out of a possible 10. Although there are some heavy scenes, there are still reservations, and untouched territory. Some of the restraints are uncertain legality. Co-producer Tricia Devereaux stated in an interview that, "It is very grey, what's legal and what's not. We tried to be responsible, but not in-

hibited. We made sure we did not have male to female penetration while anyone was restrained in any way. And no one in the film is portrayed as not enjoying what's happening."

There are many facets of BDSM left unexplored in *The Fashionistas*: There is no penetration of bound subjects, no caning, no really heavy welts, no needle or knife play, no menstrual blood play, no real asphyxia, hanging, dunking, or heavy strangulation. Themes I'm sure we would all like to see captured in a film of this quality. No matter, I'm sure Mr. Stagliano has a more films left in him, sex-hating Christians in places of power not withstanding.

This being said, *The Fashionistas* is still the best hardcore/BDSM film I have ever seen. Not the hardest BDSM, but definitely the best in terms of overall quality and the variety of acts portrayed in one film. Due to the intensity, charisma, and sincerity of the performers, every fetish and fixation is portrayed in it's best light. No one is pretending to like anything. This type of passion is contagious. For this reason *The Fashionistas* is ideal viewing for couples already into harder sex and looking for new ideas: You may find yourselves discovering fetishes you never knew you had because they were never presented so well.

MORE ON THE FASHIONISTAS:

Company: Evil Angel
<http://www.evilangel.com/>

Director: John Stagliano

Cast:

Belladonna, Taylor St. Claire, Caroline Pierce, Kate Frost, Sharon Wild, Friday, Monique, Chelsea Blue, Gia, Star Chandler, Tricia Devereaux, Mistress Kiva, Della K. Cherry; Rocco Siffredi, Manuel Ferrera, Billy Glide, Mark Ashley, Brandon Iron, David Land, Mike, Mark Catawia;

Casee, Kyla Love, Emma, Shyla Stylez, Suz E Q, Raven, Nicole Woodard, Bleu, Phoenix Griffin, Paula, Ms. September, Nadja Lee, Lydia Lynn, Vixen Sweet, Scott Histop, Johnson Steele, Johnny Smoke, Kane Jamie Riley, Jim Malibu, James Dalton Beach, Sami (Non-Sex Roles)

Running Time: 276 Min.

Awards:

2004 AVN Award Winner:

Best DVD

Best Renting Movie of the Year

2003 AVN Award Winner:

Best Film

Best Director - Film: John Stagliano

Best Actress - Film: Taylor St. Claire

Best Supporting Actress - Film: Belladonna

Best Tease Performance: Belladonna

Best All-Girl Sex Scene - Film: The Fashionistas

Best Anal Sex Scene - Film: Kate Frost & Rocco Siffredi

Best Oral Sex Scene - Film: Belladonna & Rocco Siffredi

Best Group Sex Scene - Film: Friday, Taylor St. Claire, Sharon Wild & Rocco Siffredi

Best Editing - Film: Tricia Devereaux & John Stagliano

Links:

<http://www.evilangel.com/>

<http://www.buttman.com/>

<http://www.belladonnaxxx.com/>

<http://www.taylorstclair.com/>

<http://www.katefrost.com/>

Hojo-Jitsu

Samurai Tying Arts

A Two Volume Instructional Video Series

Presented by Magister Svengali
from the Fetish Perspective by Magister Svengali

The intricate Japanese Rope Bondage, aka Kinbatu, aka Nawa Shibari, seen in various Fetish and Bondage publications has its roots in a lesser-known subsystem of classical Japanese bujutsu (martial arts) called Hojo-Jitsu.

Information on Hojo-jitsu is scarce. The following information is found in Don F. Draeger's Classical Bujutsu. The Martial Arts and Ways of Japan, Volume 1. (p.94-95):

"In yoroi kumi-uchi, as well as other forms of grappling, the victor did not necessarily wish to kill his victim. Under certain circumstances it was desirable to take the foe alive. Thus, closely allied to close-quarter grappling methods were systems of tying and adversary so the he could not escape."

Methods of binding an enemy did not consist solely of wrapping layers of cord around the victim in a haphazard fashion, however secure those methods might be. In the compartmentalized social structure of protofeudal and feudal Japan, great care was taken to apply certain patterns of

binding to each social class. But recognition of the victim's social status was a minor reason for this custom. The costumes, tools, weapons, personal habits, and skills of each social class differed, and these factors played a decisive role in the manner in which different people were tied. The noble, the warrior, the farmer, the merchant, the artisan, the monk and the beggar were each tied in a different way. Anatomical differences between male and female also led the warriors to devise different methods of binding men and women.

Hojo-jutsu, or cord-tying art, comprises all methods used to tie and immobilize a victim by means of cord after the victim has been subdued by some combative means. The warrior was trained to develop *te no uchi*, the finesse of hand that alone can guarantee efficient tying. Simply trussing the victim securely was not the only requirement of hojo-jutsu. Tying had to be done quickly, often while the victim was still struggling to escape. Thus hojo-jutsu operated as an important secondary system within the bujutsu, fully dependent upon the warrior's skill in capturing and controlling his foe by grappling methods. The special cord used in

hojo-jutsu was normally carried by all warriors as part of their battle equipment. But often a field expedient was used when the warrior found himself with nothing more than his sageo, the short length of cord attached to the scabbard of his odachi, with which to bind an enemy. Properly trained, the warrior could still immobilize his victim with amazing efficiency.

Few classical combative traditions ignored the study of hojo-jutsu. Historically speaking, the Takenouchi Ryu was the first to formalize methods of tying.”

TAPE I: HOJO JITSU, SAMURAI TYING ARTS.

This video series is titled in opening: HOJO JITSU, the tying arts of the Samurai. Yoshida-Han No Yanagi Ryu: Willow Style Tying Arts of the Yanagi Family as taught by D.J. Angier.

The video opens with pans of impressive classical Japanese artwork depicting different positions of bound subjects, snippets from instruction in methods of cord carry, concealment, and knot tying, as well as subjects in various modes of rope bondage, some quite elaborate.

The narration begins with a brief outline of the development of Japanese martial arts to the 16th century Samurai. Among the various martial skills of the Samurai was Hojojitsu, especially used in restraining hostages and prisoners. Detailed in this segment are the various powers of the Shogunates, and the divisions of people under their charge involved in military, intelligence, and police actions. The various styles of martial arts were developed in this time and context.

Hojojitsu was especially the province of the local “police.” Among the common weapons they carried were swords, iron fans, jute, and Hojojitsu cords. Cords were concealed in the sleeves, or beneath the outer kimono roped across the shoulders similar to some shoulder holsters now used for firearms. There were various other methods and

places to carry and conceal the cords demonstrated in the video.

Also introduced is the Kusari, or weighted chain, that was also used to trip and bind opponents. Also carried was a spiked rod and other devices that would tangle and intentionally twist the flowing kimonos, intentionally binding the subject with their own robes.

Various artwork is then demonstrated, showing the various police weapons and how they were carried and used.

After opening to the west, the class systems were abolished and different methods of policing were implemented. Hojojitsu practitioners turned their skills to various arts and crafts.

Various styles of traditional Japanese dress are demonstrated, including armor, none of which have buttons or buckles, but are held in place by elaborate cords, tied with precision. More 19th century prints are exhibited.

The instructional segment of the video begins with “Basic Cord Handling.” Hojojitsu cords came in various sizes and colors. Some had hooks, weights, or various rings attached.

Then detailed instructions follow:

- Different methods of wrapping cord into a bundle for convenient carry and deployment.
- Methods of using cord in conjunction with a heavy spiked ring worn on the middle finger.
- Places of carry inside the kimono sleeves, etc.
- Methods demonstrated of using the rope from within your sleeve when grabbing another’s arm, slipping the rope out over your arm and onto theirs. Methods of using the cord from cross-shoulder wearing position, showing one-handed slipknot techniques when forced to keep the opponent restrained with the other hand.

- Various “Handcuff” style knots and loops are demonstrated, including very efficient methods of tying and using them with one hand.
- Three-loop style binds are demonstrated; two for wrists, one for throat, torso, or feet.
- Four-loop methods are demonstrated, which accommodate any combination of wrists, ankles, and throat.
- At this stage the person can be hogtied and secured to a post, suspended, etc.
- Methods of braiding the rope to make knots and bondage stronger.
- More methods to tie someone to a pole or tree.
- “Stack” tie, both hands behind back, is demonstrated.
- Method of weaving loose ends into a “chain” for greater strength and control.
- Practicing on mannequins, or small dolls, are demonstrated.
- Variations of the Stack Tie are demonstrated.
- Frontal stack ties demonstrated.
- Weaving chains to accommodate multiple prisoners mentioned.
- Frontal Rope tie under crotch to back loop for torso control via groin.
- More variations of frontal and back Stack ties looping around the neck, controlling via pressure on the neck by the chain from the back.
- Variations of stack ties, around neck, and through crotch. Again exerting control via the “chain.”
- Same combinations applied to subject in a kneeling position.
- Handcuffing subject on his stomach after take-down, looping rope around neck, through elbows, cuffing the wrists.
- Sword stuck in ground near neck. If subject resists; push his neck against the blade!
- Same methods resulting in symmetrical “hog-tie” from wrists to neck, then down to one ankle. Subject on stomach.
- Different wrist cuffing techniques demonstrated.
- Weaves cuffs from wrists to elbows, to upper arms. Arms bound tightly behind subject.
- The same with rope around neck, coming back down to wrists.
- More variations with rope through crotch, up front, and looping around throat again.
- “Spiral” cuffs, over the shoulders, looping and binding upper arms tight to torso. (Extreme pressure to lungs and brachial arteries.)
- Elaborations on the same to include wrists to rear in stack tie, then neck.
- More elaborate variations on the above, with one wrist bound in rear, one in front.

End of Tape I.

Tape II: ADVANCED HOJO JITSU.

This tape begins with an introductory lecture which emphasizes the scarcity of knowledge of Hojo Jitsu in different Jujitsu styles. It is explained how different methods of tying were used on various subjects according to their social status in feudal Japan. Modern techniques and equipment such as handcuffs have rendered Hojojitsu passé to many. Reasons given for sharing and propagating this material via videotapes. Dangers of Hojojitsu indicated, advocating practice on dummies.

The tape continues with a review of the basic methods from tape 1. This segment is somewhat redundant and seems more like filler to insure a 60 minute tape.

Tape 2 contains the following demonstrations not

on tape 1:

- Variations of the rear stack tie over the shoulders.
- Variations of the rear stack tie over the biceps and chest.
- Variations of the rear stack tie over the neck, biceps, and shoulders.
- Variations on the front stack tie around the neck, through the groin, over the biceps and chest.
- The center tie: around the neck, back under the biceps, down the back to a variation on the rear stack tie.
- Rear stack tie to “diamond” tie; looped under the biceps, around the neck, and back to wrists.
- Continuation of the diamond tie, called the “kite” tie.
- More extensions of the diamond tie, to strengthen the basic structure.
- Double diamond tie to the rear.
- Elaborate variation on the front handcuff tie, through crotch to rear around neck and biceps.
- Demonstrations of escapes from modern handcuffs, as argument for using Hojojitsu in conjunction with modern handcuffs.
- Cord looping through handcuff chain from rear over the front of the shoulders, and back of neck, back to handcuffs.
- Elaboration of the same, only crossing cord in front of throat, and back to handcuffs.
- Frontal handcuffed wrists bound closely to torso.
- Diamond tie in conjunction with rear handcuffed position.
- Extension of diamond tie, looping around the

eyes holding the head back, resulting in loss of balance.

- Variation of above, only looping around the open mouth instead of eyes.
- Variation of above, only looping around both eyes and open mouth.
- From front handcuffs, through crotch, around torso.
- Prisoner with one arm in sling or cast – one handcuff: cord around bicep of injured arm, around front of torso, pinning injured arm and wrist across chest to opposite bicep, back to cuffs in rear.

One of my jujitsu instructors was fond of saying “there are no complicated techniques, just simple techniques in combination.” That captures the essence and value of the information contained on these videotapes. They contain enough basic information, which with the slightest ingenuity will produce infinite possible combinations. This is definitely material you can teach yourself at home with the assistance of a willing partner or even a dummy. With slight modification, most ties can be elaborated into other forms of breast or genital bondage.

This tape set provides the building blocks that, in conjunction with any good basic bondage manual, such as *Screw the Roses*, *Send Me the Thorns*, or *Wiseman’s SM101*, and any solid manual on knots and rope work, will put you in the position to comprehend and practice more advanced forms of Japanese bondage.

These tapes are a valuable addition to the reference library of any serious rope-bondage practitioner or collector.

Safety: In any consideration of these practices, it is worth quoting the ten rules of safe bondage from *Screw the Roses*, *Send Me the Thorns*:

1. Be skilled at every bondage you undertake.

2. Bondage should be snug, not tight. Make sure your fingers can slip between the cords and flesh.
3. Determine how long each bondage can be endured safely by watching the clock. Begin within 15-20 minute durations before working up to longer periods.
4. Never let anyone you do not know or fully trust tie you up.
5. Negotiate the bondages that will take place. Clearly define limits.
6. Agree on the safe word.
7. Never cross pulse points with direct pressure from cords.
8. Never use cords across the front of the throat.
9. Keep a heavy pair of scissors or a knife at hand to cut the bondage in an emergency.
10. Always keep a close watch over the bound person. Check constantly for numbness, discoloration, and cold skin as indications that circulation is cut off.

As in any kind of bondage, safety should be foremost. Both parties should be aware of the areas of human anatomy most vulnerable to constriction:

Neck & Throat

1. Trachea
2. Carotid Arteries
3. Internal Jugulars
4. External Jugulars
5. Cervical Vertebrae

Armpits

1. Brachial Vein & Artery

Inner Bicep Area

1. Medial Cutaneous Nerve of Arm
2. Medial Cutaneous Nerve of Forearm
3. Cephic Vein
4. Basilic Vein
5. Brachial Artery

Hock of Elbow

1. Posterior Cutaneous Nerve of Forearm
2. Lateral Cutaneous Nerve of Forearm

Inside of Wrist

1. Radial Nerve
2. Radial Artery
3. Median Nerve
4. Median Artery
5. Dorsal Branch of Ulnar Nerve

Inner Thighs

1. Femoral Artery
2. Femoral Vein
3. Great Saphenous Vein
4. Back of Knee
5. Nerves and Arteries

Basically anywhere you can feel a pulse is a vital circulation point, so make sure bondage is loose and does not constrict these areas.

Hojo Jitsu, Samurai Tying Arts, Videos I & II can be purchased from:

<http://www.bugei.com/>

Hojo Jitsu presents a historical overview and an excellent introduction to the tying arts of the samurai warriors of feudal Japan. The ties are presented clearly and accurately including instruction and demonstration on wrapping and carrying the hojo cord. The knots are both effective and decorative, showing respect for subject and skill in the art. Knowledge of hojo jitsu is essential to anyone seeking to fully understand samurai fighting arts. This is first time this art has been shown outside of Japan. 60 minutes.

Hojo Jitsu Volume 2 continues and reviews the techniques and skills of the first hojo tape including field expedient ties for military and law enforcement use. 60 minutes.

Sources:

Classical Bujutsu. The Martial Arts and Ways of Japan: Volume 1. Draeger, Don F. Weatherhill, 1973.

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns. The Romance and Sexual Sorcery of Sadomasochism. Miller, Phillip and Devon, Molly. Mystic Rose Books, 1994.

S/M in Print

As Reviewed in Lust

The Master's Manual **A Handbook of Erotic Dominance**

By Jack Rinella
Daedalus Publishing Company, 1994
ISBN 1-8819430-3-8

Reviewed by AEnigma

Contrary to the book's title, it is not really a manual. Rather, it is a collection of columns from Rinella's years of freelance writing for various publications. As a result, most chapters are between three to five pages apiece and lack an in-depth treatment of any of the covered subjects.

This being said, I was a bit disappointed at first when I read *The Master's Manual*. However, when one puts aside the expectation of a how-to book, it quickly becomes clear that Rinella's writings are not without value. Keeping in mind that the 199-page book was first published in 1994, and that the author had been writing for quite a while by that time, it becomes clear that what he wrote must have been rather unique when it first appeared. These days, however, it is a nice addition to a collection of other books on leather sexuality, but I would not call it a primer.

Throughout the chapters, Rinella writes first and foremost from extensive personal experience. The perspective of a seasoned leatherman shows in his writing on clothespins, first times, safety, power, equality, and more. Contrary to a lot of other books on the market, Rinella has a look at larger toys and

the playroom itself, as well, rather than just the standard whips, ropes and clamps.

He does cover a wide variety of aspects of sado-masochism, and my main regret in this book is that it does not delve any deeper into many of these. One can only write so much in a column, whereas a book would allow the author to write more extensively on select subjects. It is a pity that this book is little more than a collection of columns.

Despite the misleading title, *The Master's Manual* is worth having a look at. Just be sure to expect a collection of musings and experiences, rather than a definitive handbook for erotic dominance.

The Correct Sadist

By Terence Sellers
(Brighton : Temple Press Ltd., 1990)

Reviewed by Donna Black

At once both fact and fiction, this slim black volume is something of an oddity. Terence Sellers, it appears, is a woman and a dominatrix at that. This is her tale told in a combination of sadomasochism, the occult, and philosophy. Parts one and three are seemingly autobiographical telling of her rise and descent as a Mistress. Part two is a sometimes shocking series of ways to deal with a masochist, yet it is far from being just another 'how-to' book.

In the beginning the Mistress tells of her journey

towards sadism. A precocious child taught by nuns she delights in hearing stories about the suffering of the saints, but imitating their pain quickly disappoints her. In her teens she comes to loathe people and humanity for their weaknesses, and in her self-imposed solitude she finds an inner strength comparable to megalomania. "I styled myself a Lucifer..." she says. Realising that morality is meaningless she follows her impulse to degrade and abuse others, eventually choosing to become a professional sadist.

Part Two begins with seven points for the 'Basic Etiquette for the Slave' and ranges from the obvious such as "the slave will at all times address the Superior as 'Mistress' or 'Master'" to the not so obvious "he may never present himself at full height but remains on his knees or belly". Following this is the 'Preparation of the Slave' which contains instructions on how to administer an enema. Apparently this can contain ice-cold water, urine, or wine (for instant drunkenness); "Drano is not recommended, though it is certainly appropriate."

Various chapters follow covering subjects such as torture, bondage, and fetishism including many master/slave dialogues such as 'dialogue between prison warder and prisoner' or 'coprophagi and urinology: filth dialogue'. Every sadomasochistic fantasy is catered for from those involving exposure and abandonment to how to deal with a transvestite coprophage. I was glad to see in the 'Fantasies of Bestialisation' that this is never to be actualised. She says, "Often a slave will desire to have sexual contact with a dog. This is a hideous degradation for the animal, and such molestation I revolt against so exceedingly I would not countenance it in my presence at all."

Generally a humourless book written by a deadly serious author, only one bit made me smile. "The Prostitute wears Cleopatra eye make-up, very slut-tish...sleazy blouse, see-through panties, fishnet hose – all the trappings of her degraded status. Keep in mind the young Whore is a middle-aged man..."

The whole of Section Two is dedicated to the

female sadist and her male masochists, which couldn't be further from my own personal tastes. But if you can't get enough of anal dildo rape or penis torture then this would be a most titillating book for you!

Section Three is entitled 'Tourniquet'. After a life of violence and sadism the Mistress struggles with the philosophies of will and freedom. Her identity crisis leads her to wonder who is really in control. One evening she has a new victim, a male who asks to have razor blades used on his body in any way the Mistress desires. She says, "It was a point of honour for me to investigate this facet of my sadism." What follows involves a tightly-bound penis and is not for the squeamish. This masochist also enjoys the fantasy of being tied up and robbed of his money (actually the Mistress' fee). But one evening as she thrusts her hand into his trouser pocket she feels a sharp pain and realises that he has swapped the cash for a razor blade. This causes a profound depression in the Mistress as she wrestles with reality and illusion in the world of sadomasochism.

The gorgeously evocative, artistic and decadent use of words in this book culminates in a mysterious finale involving Notre Dame Cathedral, the splitting of Self, and the imagery of the Tarot. Indeed, the five illustrations throughout are provided by Genesis P. Orridge and are sadomasochistic depictions of Aleister Crowley's Thoth Tarot.

Published in 1983 by Temple Press Ltd their founding principles are rooted in publishing 'Occulture' and in TOPY (Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth). 'The Correct Sadist' appears to be no longer in print however there are copies out there for those who wish to search for them.

SENSUOUS MAGIC: A Guide for Adventurous Couples

Pat Califia

Masquerade Books, NY 1993

ISBN1-56333-610-3

Reviewed by AEnigma

Every now and then, I am contacted by people who are becoming interested in sadomasochism, or who find the concept intriguing without yet knowing what s/m really is or can be. If it appears to me that these people are actually interested in violence or abuse instead of a loving exploration of their inner selves (and/or that of their partners) or a safe indulgence in this still largely taboo area of sexuality, I usually make it clear that what they are looking for is not something I would advocate. If, however, they seem to have a sincere interest in s/m, the first book I advise them to read is *Sensuous Magic* by Pat Califia (www.patcalifia.com).

Sensuous Magic is subtitled : “A guide for adventurous couples”, and is exactly that. It is clear, well written and stylish without beating around the bush. Far from attempting to shock or lecture like some other authors out there, Califia non-judgmentally writes about various forms of ‘alternative’ sexuality, providing the reader with options and opportunities to explore themselves and their partners, not forgetting to stress safety and communication.

The first chapter, entitled “Myths, motives, and demystification”, announces that this is a book for people who love each other. And, in case one’s erotic partner is not one’s romantic partner as well, it is also a book for people who respect one another’s autonomy, who like and trust each other. It is, in my opinion, an interesting read for everybody - including singles.

Setting off with some explanation of what s/m is (safe, sane and consensual) and is not (violence, rape, degradation), some examples of what s/m can be are given through short paragraphs of fiction, which are then elaborated upon.

Once the proper tone is set, Chapter Two deals

with communication and negotiation. It cannot be stressed enough that honest and unambiguous communication is of the utmost importance. Your partner cannot be expected to guess or “just know” what you like - you have to communicate it to him or her beforehand. Likewise, it is very important that one also communicates what one does not like, and what one is unsure or curious about. Safewords and checklists are discussed, as well as the psychology of an s/m scene.

The following chapters cover various possibilities in s/m play : bondage, pleasure and stress, corporal punishment and corporal rewards, and more. They provide explanations of what each is, giving tips as well as drawing attention to details that could be important. Several types of bondage and whips are discussed, always starting out with some paragraphs on how to indulge safely. A lot of mistakes that novices tend to make are mentioned, including the use of silk scarves, which, although popularized by erotic soft-porn films, can generally actually easily cut the skin and damage nerves (to quote Califia : “You might as well use wire”).

Chapter 6 then, deals entirely with plain old vanilla sex in an s/m context. As not every s/m scene necessarily involves sex (sex can actually often disrupt the flow of the scene), Califia now takes a closer look at the act of penetration. The chapter starts off with safe sex precautions of course, and goes on to talk about vaginal penetration, while oral sex and anal play tips are given and even handballing (fisting) and female ejaculation are discussed.

An appendix then is dedicated to slave contracts, as the fantasy of being owned completely and under contract is common, but not always as easy to carry out in real life as it appears to be in *Venus in Furs* (by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, from whose name the term Masochism was derived). A nice glossary of terms (from Age Play to Zippers) is provided in the Appendix to clarify much of the terminology which abounds in the scene, and a list of clubs, classes, support groups and political activist groups is provided in the Resources section.

The only thing this book lacks in some chapters, is pictures. It could do with some pictures or drawings of how to safely bind someone for example, but then of course this book is a rather general overview. Pat Califia intended to write a basic introduction to s/m for novices, and those who have become interested by some or all aspects of it are likely to want to read more on those aspects. How-to books specifically on bondage are not that hard to come by, and the lack of visuals in *Sensuous Magic* is really more than made up for by Califia's magnificent writing style.

All in all this 268-page book is a very informative read, and a good start for people who would like to learn more about s/m. As many people, and especially younger people, can be a bit anxious about making their first appearance at a play party by a reputable organization, this book can clarify a lot in advance. It is also perfectly capable of stimulating interested couples into trying s/m safely without ever having to go out and talk to anybody else about it...

Leatherfolk : Radical Sex, People, Politics and Practice

By Mark Thompson (editor).

Published by Alyson Publications, Inc, Boston.

ISBN 1-55583-187-7

Reviewed by AEnigma

This is the best book I am aware of on the history of s/m and leather culture. It is a collection of essays written by various men and women who were present at the opening (and closing) of the first leather bars, the first and most notorious fisting clubs, and the first Black Leather Wings meeting.

Certainly a central theme throughout this book is the inception and public rise of leather culture, but also leather spirituality. Sadly enough, several contributors to this book have since passed away, more than one due to AIDS.

The value of this book lies not only in the fact that

it is exquisitely written, but it also deals with a variety of topics of real interest to leatherfolk. Scott Tucker explores the origin and direction of his own and others' s/m feelings, and on page 8 already he sums up about half of what this book deals with : "Among sane and experienced leatherfolk, pain is a path and not a destination".

Tina Cortillo celebrates her sadomasochistic soul, not hesitating to describe what it was like for an s/m dyke of color to come out of the closet, and the prejudice she had to deal with when negotiating -as a black woman- scenes that featured herself as slave. Along the same lines, Arnie Kantrowitz writes an article exploring s/m and swastika toys as seen from his own Jewish background.

Geoff Mains contributed an essay called "The view from a sling", glorifying and attempting to explain the ecstatic and almost transcendental feeling of being fisted, while Gayle Rubin remembers The Catacombs, San Francisco's legendary fisting club.

Other essays certainly of interest, are Samuel M. Steward's recollections of what it was like to take part in Dr. Alfred Kinsey's study on sadomasochism, Robert H. Hopcke's take on "s/m and the psychology of gay male initiation", Pat Califia's disgust at seeing leather tops consistently put their own needs aside to satisfy the desires of demanding bottoms, and Jack Fritscher's remembrance of gay artist Chuck Arnett.

Leatherfolk is divided in four parts, dealing, in order, with leatherfolk as a tribe, the leather scene from the 1940's through the 1990's, s/m politics, and the connection between spirit and flesh. This last part contains essays on leatherspace, the spiritual aspects of bondage, and interviews with Purusha the Androgyne and Fakir Musafar.

Although the essays in this book are written almost exclusively by homosexual men and women, anybody with an interest in the roots of leather culture will find something of value in it. There is not one essay in this book that I did not like or that I found

boring - from learning why it is sadomasochists tend to wear leather, to what the theme song of leather clubs used to be.

Leatherfolk not only looks at the past, but it also attempts to look at the future. Sadomasochism is slowly becoming more publicly accepted, even though governments are not yet following suit.

When I first read this book more than a decade ago, and I was still exploring what s/m actually was, I found it one of the most valuable books I had up to then read on the subject. While re-reading it for this review, I realised that it still is. This book lets us hear the voices of the pioneers of leather culture, and how different it was in the 1940's compared to now. "Coming out" as a sadomasochist now is certainly a lot easier, and it is most definitely a lot easier to meet others of like mind.

Leatherfolk is, most of all, a tribute to the people who made the life of sadomasochists now a lot easier. A very worthwhile read.

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns: The Romance and Sexual Sorcery of

Sadomasochism

Written by Philip Miller and Molly Devon
Mystic Rose Books, 1995

Reviewed by Shiva Rodriguez and AEnigma

This book came highly recommended to me by my husband, who thought it was high time that I learned to play well with others... or at least get an idea about what "normal people" consider sadism to be all about.

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns was written by an S&M lifestyle couple who have two things that I enjoy in writers: the ability to clearly state their thoughts and a slightly wicked sense of humor directed at people they find unfit to wield a paddle. Between the two of them, this book goes into a lot of detail about all the basics without sounding too much like a preachy seminar, and is chocked full

of illustrations and humorous comics to drive their points home.

This book also has a great glossary for understanding the various terms and lingo used within the S&M scene. It is full of handy little tips like how to tie different knots, where to find equipment, and even how to go about finding partners. It also covers the psychological and emotional aspects of this type of play, from both ends of the whip.

Although the S&M scene is not my glass of wine, I did find the book to be both entertaining and informative. I imagine those who are well-versed in the subject would find it juvenile, but for a beginner it is a fantastic introductory book into the world of sadomasochism.

- Shiva Rodriguez

Screw The Roses, Send Me The Thorns is generally one of the first books on the subject that s/m newbies get their hands on. It is readily available, and sells copies worldwide. Chances are, if somebody has a fairly recent how-to book on s/m in their library, it will be this one.

For people who are interested in the subject but unsure on how to actually proceed when trying to work s/m into their bedroom, this book is great. As Shiva states, it is written with a sense of humor throughout, and makes for pretty light reading on a not-so-light subject.

Where *Sensuous Magic* by Pat Califia gives one an idea of what s/m is, *Screw the Roses...* gives one an idea on how to go about doing it. This includes some basic knots, drawings showing where one can safely hit one's submissive, which implements leave which type of marks on the body, what the ideal height is for candle wax to drip onto the bottom from, how long a nipple clamp can stay on without doing long-term damage, etc..

The authors themselves apparently have a preference for bondage, and it seems this facet of the s/m diamond receives most of their attention, although many more facets are shown. Additionally, Philip

admits that he is a toy-whore, and indeed all sorts of toys and whips are introduced, each with their own pro and cons.

In all, this book certainly provides a good overview on how to get started if s/m is your thing. Chances are good that some aspects of s/m will appeal more than others, in which case it may be a good idea to seek out more specialized literature dealing with your particular kinks. But as a broad and practical overview, this book is certainly worth reading.

- AEnigma

SM101: A Realistic Introduction

Jay Wiseman

Greenery Press, 1998

ISBN: 0963976389

Reviewed by Jack Malebranche

I have to admit that my interest in BDSM has always been largely aesthetic. Leather, latex, spiky things and things to beat people with. What's not to love? I can certainly identify both dominant and submissive tendencies in my own psyche and sexuality - but these tendencies have never really been "explored" beyond what I would call the spontaneous and informal "Basic Instinct" level. So, in a broad sense, SM101 was written for me.

Author Jay Wiseman makes his intentions quite clear (at some length) in his "Preliminaries" chapter. SM101 was written as a primer - an academic introduction to both the everyday practice of sado-masochism and the BDSM "community"; providing: "a level of knowledge about equal to that contained in an introductory college class". In this, I think, he succeeds. If you're looking for a book full of romantic, titillating, analytical or in-depth psychological material, SM101 is not for you. The book itself is as sparsely and un-inspiringly illustrated as any textbook I've ever seen, but the writing is highly personable. About half way through the introduction, despite the lip service paid to some "group hug" thinking which seemed some-

what out of place in a community of people who like to beat each other, I decided that I really liked Mr. Wiseman - at least enough to read the rest of his book.

SM101 seems to have two primary agendas.

Firstly, Mr. Wiseman is a former paramedic and med school student, so there is an almost overwhelming focus on safety. However, given the subject matter - this seems warranted. I found his practical, candid approach to ensuring safety and dealing with potential safety and health issues to be both useful and enlightening. His stern warnings regarding things like "breath control play" seem well-researched and responsible. I was impressed by the wide range of health issues covered; many of the advisories would be useful even for those not participating in SM play per se.

Secondly, SM101 is insistent about SM etiquette - from the practical advice regarding how to prepare for and "negotiate" a successful play session, to SM social conventions (i.e. - what he considers acceptable and unacceptable behaviors within the SM community itself). Let it be said that apparently the S in SM does not stand for spontaneity.

One area that seems to be lacking is the coverage of technique. This, at times, seems to be a bit too clinical. And I would have liked to see much more. However, a 101 course in any discipline is hardly going to teach expert technique - so perhaps Mr. Wiseman was saving all of that for more advanced texts.

Overall, this seems like SM101 would be a useful reference book for anyone interested in exploring SM. I confess that I bought it years ago on a whim - but while flipping through it for this review, I became engrossed in its contents and damn near read it cover-to-cover a second time.

SlaveCraft -

Roadmaps for Erotic Servitude

By Guy Baldwin & a grateful slave

Published by Daedalus Publishing, Los Angeles
(2002)

ISBN 1-8819431-4-3

EAN 9781881943143

Reviewed by AEnigma

SlaveCraft is a book on erotic slavery. While this is falls under the s/m flag, the book only touches on other aspects of s/m relationships, focusing mostly on a slave's desire for humility and obedience, and how to maintain that mindset in times of stress or doubt, with lots of experiences and examples from the author's personal life.

It is, basically, a book by a slave (under the guidance of a more experienced author, Guy Baldwin) on how to be a slave. More specifically, it offers the perspective and experiences of one slave, in the hopes that it may help others with likeminded feelings and desires. Its target audience is that of lifestyle slaves, with a desire to live in a 24/7 master/slave relationship.

Like so many books on this subject, it is in essence a collection of essays, strung together in a coherent form and with a clear build-up in the structure. Unlike some of those other books though, in SlaveCraft it is done right, it works, and enough editing was done to allow the reader to forget that these writings were originally not as related to each other as they are now.

After the acknowledgements and forewords and caveats, the author first sheds some light on the call to slavery, and then attempts to dispel some of the myths surrounding slavery. One of those myths going around in the s/m community, and that the author sheds an interesting light on, is the myth that "master knows best" how a slave should deal with his feelings and desire to surrender. In fact, master does not know best – another slave knows best, and it is another more experienced slave who will be best suited to guide the newer slave along

his path. After all, the best way to train a puppy is to pair it with an older dog. A master may teach the slave what master likes best, but it is only another slave who can truly relate to the slave's needs and desires, and who can perhaps offer the best insight into the slave's own psyche.

The following chapters each highlight one aspect of slavery the authors deem important: the principles of identity, obedience, transparency and humility. And lastly, in the final chapters, some insights are offered on how to deal with fear and how to process pain. These chapters contain some interesting tips for s/m-minded people who may benefit from learning new ways to deal with physical pain, but some of these techniques can certainly also be found in other books on the subject of sadomasochism, rather than full-time erotic slavery. While physical pain is not necessarily part of a master/slave relationship, the chapter is included because sadomasochistic practices quite simply often do enter into the equation.

Rumours abound that Guy Baldwin actually wrote this book entirely, the grateful slave supposedly being a less known and not-so-often shown submissive aspect of this Old Guard dominant.

The introduction and afterword by Patrick Califia, M.A., serve as a useful counterpoint to the main text, providing nuance and balance to the slave's observations. The 35-page afterword is aptly titled "MasterCraft: a Dialogue with Guy Baldwin's Slavecraft," and analyzes just about every aspect of SlaveCraft in-depth, with comments from the master perspective.

This book is most interesting, and I can recommend it to people who are into erotic slavery. It can be perfectly used by those who seek only master/slave role play occasionally, but the book was written for a master/slave lifestyle audience, and it shows. It is this target audience that I suspect will get the most out of the book in terms of practical use.

A Fetish for Phlebotomy

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

From notorious lust-murderers to the relatively harmless vampire fantasists, the practice of phlebotomy for means of sexual arousal has been viewed in society with both horror and fascination.

Phlebotomy fetishes, also known as bloodletting, refer to the act of cutting or slicing open a vein for sexual arousal. Picquerism goes a step further by repeatedly stabbing another person as a means of obtaining sexual gratification. These activities are most commonly found today in vampirism (blood-drinking) fetishes or sadomasochism practices.

The origins of these bloody fetishes remain unclear, but historical accounts clearly link it with some of the most brutal men and women who ever lived. In the torture chambers throughout Europe and Asia, genitals were a favorite target for executions and “freelance torturers” to tear, pierce, burn, or otherwise maim. The three reasons for this being the sensitivity of the organs, the value attached to them by their owners, and (in many cases) the perverse pleasure felt by the torturer by the act of mutilating them.

Even further back in history, we find the Maenads, who were female followers of the Roman god Bacchus. Also known as Bacchae, these women would go into wild frenzies of intoxication, engaging in violent sex and bloodletting.

In more modern times, phlebotomy and related practices have found popularity, particularly

among young adults, in the guise of vampirism. While one might assume that the connection between bloodletting and sexual gratification lies solely in the romantic appeal of the seductive vampires of popular fiction, physiological study offers us another explanation.

The practice of people who make small cuts into their own skin, generally explaining their actions as being a form of stress relief, has some merit due to the endorphins released by the brain during the act of self-mutilation. Often these “cutters” report the practice to be addictive, although many also suffer from depression.

These endorphins are also produced in the brain during activities such as sex, lending to the euphoric feelings of the experience. It isn’t hard to see how the two are related, in the right state of mind the act of being cut producing a similar endorphin rush as one might experience sexually.

On the other end of the razor we find those with sadistic tendencies, the individuals who find sexual gratification in the act of inflicting the cuts rather than the endorphin-induced sensations of the one who is bleeding.

Sadism, which covers a very wide range of acts of cruelty and inflicting pain, has just as many theories and explanations surrounding it as to why some individuals experience sexual pleasure at the suffering (feigned or otherwise) of others.

For some, the act of slicing or stabbing (penetrating) is the source of the arousal, whereas for others the blood itself that flows forth is the object fetish and the phlebotomy acts merely as a means to obtain sight of it.

Throughout history and even in modern times we find assorted groups and cults who practice phlebotomy in blood rituals and sexual activities in a social setting. The most widely recognized of these being the practitioners of physical vampirism, some elaborately setting the stage for the fantasy with all the trappings of Count Dracula or his more contemporary successors. We also find scatterings of groups that incorporate the sexual energy of phlebotomy-related acts in a more ritualized atmosphere.

The practice, like most sexually oriented activities, has become more of a health concern with the development of HIV, AIDS, and other blood-related diseases. Many practitioners report to take certain precautions while engaging in their fetish, by way of sterilizing instruments, screening new partners, or practicing monogamy or stay within a circle of fluid-partners when it comes to those with whom they share blood.

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Necrophilia

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez

The gentleman enters the cold, sterile room, illuminated only by the reflection of the hallway lights as they bounce off the steel gurney in the center of the room. He stops, pausing his own breathing as he listens carefully for any other signs of life in the building. He is alone, alone at last to admire the object of beauty that lies still upon the metal frame. She is a lovely creature, delicate, pale, and apparently lifeless. He advances towards her, brushing aside the crisp white linen to expose her pallid, naked body. He looks at her, admires her, and caresses her as his excitement grows. Should she open her eyes, all would be lost...

So sets the stage for the necrophilia fantasy.

Necrophilia is defined as being an obsessive fascination with death or corpses, but is more widely acknowledged as being an attraction to, or having sexual relations with the dead.

The practice of necrophilia has a long and rich history, perhaps as old as civilization itself. Necrophilia was practiced in some ancient cultures as a spiritual means of communicating with the dead, while others employed it as an attempt to revive the recently departed. The evidence of necrophilia practices can be found in the artifacts of the Moche civilization of South America, where pottery de-

picting skeletal figures engaged in coitus with living humans are among the ruins. Even in ancient Egypt, there is record of the treatment of the bodies of young women that were set out to rot for a few days before being delivered to embalmers. This practice was born from the need to discourage the men performing the funerary customs from having sexual interest in their charges.



photos courtesy Siren Productions

Even in more modern times there are strong links to necrophilia in some religious and spiritual practices. Sex and death are closely associated in Shivaite and Kali-worship sects in India, some of the Tantric rituals among practitioners reportedly involving masturbation with human bones or among the ashes of cremation grounds. There is also some mention of intense necrophilia activities described in the notorious “black rituals” of Tantra, however fictional those accounts may be.

There are hints (if not blatant references) of necrophilia in works of literature from around the world. A classic example from Greek mythology tells of the hero Achilles having a passionate encounter with the Amazon queen Penthisilea shortly after running her through with a spear.

One of the best-known accounts of fictional suggested necrophilia occurs in William Faulkner’s A

Rose for Emily where a woman keeps her dead lover in her home. Postwar novel *The Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs features a scenario involving sex immediately after a fatal hanging. And of course, few authors have dug so deeply into the subject of necrophilia in their fictions than the Marquis de Sade.

The idea of having sex with a corpse is strongly viewed as taboo in polite society, although in many countries (including the USA) there are no federal laws in place to prohibit the practice. Although it is often considered to be a “victimless crime” that is technically no different than merely masturbating with an inanimate object, necrophiles are generally prosecuted on other claims for the benefit of the relatives of the deceased. One of the best documented cases in recent times being mortician Karen Greenlee, who’d engaged in sexual acts with up to forty deceased young men. She was eventually caught when she stole a corpse and charged with interfering with a burial. Only spending eleven days in a California jail, she was fined \$255 and given two years probation. Afterwards the mother of Greenlee’s dead lover sued and received over \$100,000 for general and punitive damages on the grounds that the incident had scarred her psychologically.

The act of necrophilia itself is as varied as any other sexual fetish when it comes to the likes and dislikes of a practicing necrophile. While some, such as Greenlee, are particularly drawn to the bodies of attractive, freshly deceased young men, there have been just as many cases of necrophiles with a taste for corpses that have had time to ripen. Some find gratification simply by viewing the object of their lust, while others feel compelled to perform acts of oral sex or the more conventional forms of coitus on the corpse.

The physical relations with a corpse does not come without its hazards to health, a thought which perhaps makes people more squeamish about the subject rather than just the act itself. Many of the bacteria found in a living person may still linger around within the body of a dead one, meaning

it would be possible to contract HIV, hepatitis, or even the common cold from a fresh cadaver. Aforementioned Karen Greenlee reported in an interview that she stopped seeking out the bodies of young men when the AIDS epidemic struck.

The bacteria that arrives post-mortem that is responsible for the stench and decay can be visibly unappealing, but not necessarily hazardous in its early stages. It is observed that more health risks come more from the insects that tend feed upon or nest in decaying flesh rather than the body itself. However, corpses kept in cold storage are considered relatively safer than those left out in room temperature.

Embalmed bodies generally being more accessible to modern-day necrophiles, who must consider the effects of the various fluids used in the process if in contact with living tissue. In the embalming process, blood and waste is drained from the veins and organs and replaced with preservative chemicals. Very few cases (if any) have been reported of serious chemical burns or other ailments resulting from intercourse with the embalmed dead, most likely due to human beings having a closed circulatory system.

While many would assume that a necrophile would be easy to spot in society, many cases prove otherwise.

A mid-nineteenth century necrophile known as Sergeant Bertrand was a wonderful example of this. A soldier in the French army, he was just twenty-five at the time of his arrest and described as being both a handsome and intelligent man who had no trouble in finding the companionship of the ladies. He was also a necrosadist who took as much pleasure in mutilating the cadavers as he did having sexual relations with them.

A more socially forgivable form of necrophilia is in the realm of fantasy role-playing. These scenarios often require one partner to feign death while the other engages in sexual contact with the “body”. The ideal pairing for such a scene would be between two different types of necrophilia fantasists:



photos courtesy Siren Productions

The individual who desires to caress the dead, and the person who dreams of being made love to while being dead.

The practice of somnophilia (having sex with a sleeping partner) in its extreme form (known as “sleepy sex”) is also considered along the same lines as fantasy necrophilia. A female is almost always put in the passive role, voluntarily being hypnotized, drugged, or chloroformed to the point of unconsciousness before sex.

Necrophilia role-playing is by no means restricted to the perspective of initiating sex with the dead. More common among female necro-fantasists is the idea of being made love to while dead, or being murdered during or immediately before coitus. Such a practitioner strives to remain perfectly limp and apparently lifeless throughout the encounter, the goal being to achieve orgasm inwardly rather than showing any outward physical response.

Other forms of necro-fantasy and fetish include the practices of engaging in sex while near or in a place of the dead. Such fetishists are commonly found lurking in cemeteries after hours or looking to gain access to caskets or other contraptions of the dead. To be fair, it is important to distinguish between the thrill-seekers who engage in such activities purely for novelty from the true necro-

Love is never
having to say...
...anything.

fantasists who derive pleasure primarily from the locations associated with death.

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Perverse Crimes in History by R.E.L. Masters & Eduard Lea. 1963 The Julian Press.

Apocalypse Culture by Adam Parfrey. 1990 Feral House.

Related Websites:

Rob's Necrophilia Fantasy -
<http://www.burknet.com/robsfantasy>

An excellent website for necrophilia research and necro-fantasists. Site includes legal information, interviews and case studies of necrophiles, some fantastic essays on the psychology of necro-related paraphiles, and even a message board and chat room.

Westgate Necromatic
<http://www.westgatenecromatic.com>

She Is Close

by Rey A. Gonzalez

And then she was gone.

Her memory remained and to this he clung tightly in the days passing. It was all he could do, really. Remember. Remember that things were once beautiful and lovely, once passionate and warm. He remembered everything he could and wrote it in a notebook

Some nights as he fell into a deep sleep, he'd whisper her name: the syllables slid on his lips and lingered like the taste of cranberry. He'd wake in the night to his empty bed and then try to sleep again. When often times he could not, he'd wander the house, room to room as if she was hidden in the house and simply needed to be found. Never before had he realized how lonely his footsteps fell on the hardwood floor.

After a few months passed and a lake of tears wept, he found her memory was not what it used to be. It was not her love, grace, or devotion that evaded him. It was her being; simply her all. He'd read the notebook a thousand times over and a thousand times again, gazed at the photos that were spared, only to feel hopeless and lost all over again. But he held tight to his precious flakes of memory he had of her and he always remembered to set a place in his heart for her. The last word past his lips every night was always, 'Shannon'.

One night, not being able to sleep, he went to the

room she used to use to paint the paintings that hung on every wall of the house. In the room, only an easel and a stool with paints on it stood. The walls were bare, the floor was too, except of course, beneath the easel where paint had dripped mercilessly before. A single light bulb hung from a cord at the middle of the ceiling like a spotlight on the canvas. He picked up her brush and breathed in deep, a tear fell from his eye. The paint smelled like her, the way she did when she came to bed every night.

And this is what he thought about: the night with her, the smell of her paints on her skin and her hair.

In this blur of emotion, he started to paint. He'd never been much of an artist, but this painting was meant for no one else. It was his and his alone, like his memory of her. He painted like he'd seen her paint when she would let him stand in the doorway while creating. That's what she called it: creating.

So he created her lips with paint, the color of candy. He created her hair dark, but not quite black. Her skin the colors of peach flesh. And then her eyes with the sparkle of stars within them appeared. The colors held him until he cried and howled for her. It seemed too real to see her the way he remembered. To smell her scent in the air.

There in the room, he slept for the night and he dreamt of her. He dreamt her face on the canvas was real, her lips breathing in life. And she spoke

to him in his dream, while in his dream, he slept. She smiled her beautiful smile and closed her beautiful eyes. She reached out of the canvas to his body and softly whispered the words, "Can you find me?"

He awoke abruptly to the sound of his own tears. He could not forgive himself for staying asleep in his own dream. She was close, so close, but now so far away.

And maybe she wasn't. He remembered what the dream of her had said – "Can you find me?" Like the sound of someone pleading softly. Not a question, a plea.

He packed a suitcase with clothes for a week and turned off all the lights in the house. The perishable food, he left on the doorstep along with a note: "Free to anyone." All the appliances were disconnected. All the doors locked.

He sat that night, in the dark, in her favorite chair, with his eyes closed and hands on the armrests. The wood felt alive with power, channeling its secrets through his skin. It was the rocking chair she would relax in before going to bed with the smell of paints on her skin. This was her place. With his eyes closed, every creak of the wooden chair sounded like she was there. He breathed in the smell of the fireplace and the chair's oak wood then smiled in the darkness. "This is her," he said to himself. "She's close."

He left the notebook beneath her easel. Just in case.

As he was about to leave, he flipped the porch light on. Just in case.

He started up the car and waited for the engine to warm up. He noticed the clouds overhead, dark and heavy with rain. In the night sky, they looked beautiful and mysterious with every flash of lightning. He began to feel cold and alone. The wind blew over the car and through the trees outside. It blew through the leaves and made long howling

noises.

Just beyond the edge of the driveway, close to the tall oak tree was the spot he had proposed to her in the rain and she had said 'yes.' He focused on the patch of grass until it was like watching that part of his life played before him. It started to rain, just like it did that night, when in the torrent he had bent down on both knees and slid the wet band on her soft finger. He had no way of knowing if she cried at that moment while the rain showered down on them or if her cheeks had turned strawberry simply because of the cold, but no feeling since had quite matched the overpowering love he felt that night beside that oak tree, underneath the floodgates of Heaven. How deep and not alone he felt.

A warm feeling brushed his cheek and he whispered, "This is the only way. This is right."

He drove away from the town that night with no map or plan or intentions to return. His only sense of direction being every hundred miles or so when he would stop and sit by the side of the road, eyes closed. There he would hear the sound of a bird chirp, brook babble, or even an engine roll by. Each sound brought a memory of her to life, like intangible triggers.

When he couldn't smell or hear anything, he'd keep on driving. But almost every stop, he would and he would whisper. "I'm closer. I feel you, Shannon."

The car broke down a few weeks later and he simply carried on with his quest, leaving the car to a group of teenagers in a town a few miles into Alabama. It was of more use to them anyhow. The people gave him odd looks as he walked out through town, a bushy faced shell of what he had once been. It was impossible to tell if he was really smiling underneath all those whiskers.

But he walked and he walked and he walked some more until his boot heels wore down and his feet bled. He never accepted rides and he never slept in beds. Every so many miles he'd still stop and see if he could remember. Different sights made him

remember better and brought her face clearer and purer.

Until one day in the desert, he'd stop to think of what he'd come to know:

Her hair was the color of the night sky, just before the sun came up.

Her skin was the color of an apple when you cut it open.

Her smell was closer to the blossoms that grew by a lake he once knew.

Her touch was like every warm wind that passed through a fire and over him on cold nights.

She was the road.

He followed her feeling for several years until he was old and weathered by the country. He'd traveled the land, alone but not really. He never felt truly alone anymore.

He laid himself down in a meadow one night away from the road where he could be alone. The wind blew over his body like her touch. The wind was her touch. Through his wrinkled eyes, he could see stars that danced blue through a break in the clouds. They gleamed like diamonds and after a moment, he realized they were her eyes.

And there he slept. He dreamt of her one last time, not on the painting canvas, but laying next to him in that very meadow where he lay. She wore a sun dress the color of lemonade and she wore no shoes. In his dream, she held his hand and he realized he was young again. Together, they watched the stars shine through the clouds and held each other close, the way she would have wanted to. He felt a wetness on his face that he took for teardrops. She smiled and kissed his forehead.

He never woke up to feel the rain on his body. The wind passed him up and the forest eventually swallowed him whole the way it can. His body gone,

but his spirit eternally safe. For he had found her within himself, and together forever they lay in his meadow, together inseparable. Not by time. Not by distance. Not by death.

Spectrophilia

Intercourse with Ghosts & Spirits or Arousal from Images in Mirrors

by Warlock A Enigma



Photo by Siren Productions

Certainly one of the more uncommon paraphilias is spectrophilia : intercourse with ghosts or spirits, or arousal from images in mirrors.

The term immediately conjures up images of a scene from the movie *Ghostbusters*, where Raymond Stantz is lying helpless on his back in bed with a female ghost hovering over him. Instead of attacking him, however, we see shots of his pants being unzipped by unseen hands, and his belt being unbuckled. The next shot is of his face only,

but it speaks volumes of the pleasures being administered by this fleshless entity.

Less sexual and more erotic are the scenes from *Ghost*, where Patrick Swayze, after dying, tries to reassure his former girlfriend that he still loves her from across the veil of death. This tale of romance and longing sits in sharp contrast with for example Anne Rice's book *The Witching Hour*, where a family ghost has intercourse with generations of female witches, granting them riches and protection in return. The scene where Rowan Mayfair is being held up in midair by the spirit while he enters her, is a prime example of female receptiveness to ecstasy – unbound by the earth and hanging in midair while raw pleasures are being given to her. She is unable to resist.

One of the attractions in spectrophilia is this very state of fleshless bliss. It is rarely the thought of having sex with a person who passed away which is found arousing, but rather the suggestions of gentle touches, and being felt and stimulated by unseen hands and other noncorporeal body parts. From what I was able to unearth, it seems women are more prone to spectrophilia than men, though it occurs in both sexes.

Is it the feeling of guilt imposed upon people for dreaming of being touched by another person that makes them dream of, and eroticize, a less fleshly

contact ? Certainly if carnal indulgences with other humans are generally considered a sin by the Catholic Church, then perhaps intimate communion with a spirit being would be more acceptable? Not so, apparently.

As recently as the late nineteenth century, a French priest, Abbé Boullan, was excommunicated by the Catholic Church on accounts of 'performing Satanic masses and spectrophilia'. Apparently, his writings and teachings included attaining salvation through sexual congress with arch-angels and other entities. J.K.Huysmans, who became of a follower of Abbé Boullan, based the character Dr. Johannes from his novel *La Bas* on the Abbé. So while there is a Catholic tradition of treating ghosts and arch-angels as real, engaging in sexual congress with them is anathema.

But Catholicism is not the only religion where spirits (Holy or otherwise) are considered a reality. In Finnish Shamanistic rites, the shaman-to-be is to travel to the spirit world, where he will encounter a male or female spirit who will seduce him and have sex with him. It is this very act which confirms his vocation and marks the acceptance of the new Shaman.

These acts are not exclusive to tradition or religion, nor is sex with ghosts always consensual. In 1994, a woman in Blackpool called a priest, two psychics, and a Mormon missionary to help banish a ghost that regularly sexually attacked her. The attacks had begun earlier that year, when the woman felt something climbing into her bed and hearing a voice saying it was going to make love to her - after which she felt a sensation "like tiny needles trying to pierce my skin". Curiously, she discovered that placing an ioniser in her bedroom kept the ghost out of it, though the entity seemed only to move from room to room then, rather than go away completely.

Around the same time, a couple from Kent were plagued with a ghost who displayed some form of anger whenever the couple became intimate with each other. Whenever they attempted intimacy, the ghost would groan and bang on the walls. Un-



Photo by Siren Productions

able to rid themselves of the entity, their solution was to set up a tent in the back yard. It appears the ghost in question merely wanted peace and quiet in the house, and hated the noise the children made - causing it to prevent the couple from attempting to have any more.

Arousal from mirror images is perhaps the easier of the two forms of spectrophilia to indulge in. As in lovemaking with ghosts, it is the intangible aspect which is found arousing. A living but untouchable fantasy, a reflection of what is there, the attraction of an alluring non-presence, arousal by proxy. More so than eye-to-eye encounters, the encounter in the mirror remains an untouchable fantasy while at the same time it is undeniably present.

While many people feel arousal from watching themselves copulate in a mirror (with mirrors positioned over the bed for just this purpose), for this type of spectrophile the arousal comes from seeing stimulating images in mirrors, without necessarily being physically stimulated while seeing them. An attractive woman who is only seen in the mirror when passing by can be more stimulating than seeing the woman directly. For the spectrophile, the suggestion of the woman in question is more powerful than her physical presence could be. Whereas ghost-lovers would describe the whispers and soft (or not so soft) caresses of the spirit as an integral part of the philia, the arousal by mirror image is purely visual.

For those seeking sexual union with a ghost, however, the only solution is to seek out haunted mansions and hope for the best, or try to coerce the ghost into experiencing the pleasures of the flesh again. There is hope, apparently. With some luck, death need not necessarily be “the great abstinence”.

- Special thanks to Pippin for translating a Swedish text on the Abbé Boullan.



“Self Pleasure” - Daniel Byrd - www.coffinrust.com

Hierophilia

by Rev. Shiva Rodriguez



Photo by Garith Pettibone

Hierophilia is defined as having a sexual attraction or fetish for religious objects or people who get off on having sex or masturbating while in a religious setting. People might think that this type of fetish is an act of deliberate blasphemy, complete with visions of Linda Blair ramming a crucifix into herself while mocking a priest.

However, the majority of those who reportedly practice hierophilia are in fact deeply devoted to their religion.

Theories as to why a person may develop this unusual fetish go to both biological and psychological levels. Frequent church-goers are often subjecting themselves to a very highly-charged atmosphere (such as a religious revival) that tends to get emotions running high among the congregation. These joyous emotions can often manifest themselves

into sexual arousal, especially if the members of the congregation have very close bonds to one another.

On the other hand, even the Hellfire-and-brimstone sermons can spark a sexual arousal response. While the preacher may be gravely warning his followers about the punishments of sin and the end of the world, the part of nature that urges us to mate in times of impending disaster to insure our species (or at least, our own genes) survives may begin to kick in.

In either of the abovementioned scenarios it is not difficult for one to make the connection between religious settings and sexual arousal. Over a period of time a hierophiliac becomes conditioned to respond to religious icons or locations with feelings of sexual excitement, or even begin to associate the act of sex itself as a religious experience. Since this fetish is much more common among the religious than in atheists, it sometimes becomes a double-edged sword, particularly within religions that regard any type of non-reproductive sexual behavior as being deviant. The hierophiliac derives sexual pleasure from the objects or in the places of his religion, yet at the same time is overwhelmed with the guilt that such behavior is sinful and he must be a horrible person for having such evil thoughts. In this sense, it becomes a masochistic fetish of biblical proportions.

Of course, not all of the religions throughout history have been quite so staunch about sex in

general.

In some past religions (and a few that still exist today), hierophiliac behavior was actually encouraged within its numbers, and even viewed as a good way to keep the patrons coming back. A well-known example of this are the Priestesses of Ishtar, who would be regarded as being the embodiment of their Goddess and be worshipped in sexual practice by male patrons in the temple.



Photo by Garith Pettibone

Practically all non-monotheistic religions have at least one fertility deity, and a good many of them come complete with erotic symbols and sexual rites to serve their purpose in the human life cycle. In these cases, sex and religion goes hand in hand to get the devotees in the proper mood to expand their numbers or ensure a good crop, and in some cases, to attempt to raise the dead.

The other side of this fetish are the people who dabble in hierophiliac activity either for the naughty novelty of it, or as a sexual means of expressing a disdain for religion. Hierophilia themes often find their way into fantasy play with priest collars, rosaries, religious icon sex toys, and Catholic school girl costuming. However, the religious imagery is usually not something that is loved and surrendered to, but rather the representation of what is naive and wholesome and is to be punished or otherwise corrupted.



“When Can Man 2” - Daniel Byrd - www.coffinrust.com

The Homosexual Catholics

Some Cocksuckers Just Can't Take a Hint

by Rev. Jack Malebranche

Today, even many pious Christians are preaching that it is 'OK to be Gay'.

There are a wide variety of Christian churches that have begun to acquiesce to the wills of parishioners who are increasingly uncomfortable with the tar and feather treatment that Christian churches have traditionally doled out to anyone who pursues sexual relations with one of the same sex. Admittedly, it is rather difficult to reconcile the saccharine 'God is Love' message of many modern Christian denominations with the old school condemnations that deliver a batch of otherwise healthy and often quite neighborly individuals unto a lake of fire for all eternity. It seems a little ridiculous and reeks of pointless prejudices in an age of unprecedented tolerance for religious, social and racial minorities. 'Love the Sinner, Hate the Sin' is transparently whitewashed homophobia; even old world hate wrapped in the new world language of love leaves a cruddy film on that Good Guy Badge. Further, there's a pipe dream amongst pushy gay activists and liberals everywhere that homosexuals **MUST** be accepted by everyone, everywhere, at all times and with absolutely no exceptions.

While explaining away Biblical passages* and rationalizing the suspicious omission of God's love for happy faithful homosexual couples** is tricky business, it is not impossible if you work within a nebulous belief system. After reading transcripts of sermons from the patently ridicu-

lous WeHoChurch (<http://www.wehochurch.com>) and looking into the lovey-dovey mission of the The West Hollywood Presbyterian Church (<http://www.wehopres.org/>) it is easy to see how the gay Christians make sense of it all. If you toss away any part of the Bible that seems irrelevant or pooh-pooh any passage that makes you uncomfortable, if you ignore 2,000 years of Christian teaching as convenience demands, if you distill the Bible and millennia of Judeo-Christian tradition into a group-hugging 12-step program where Jesus is just, like, this laid back hippie dude who wants you to 'do good' and 'feel the love'—well, in that case, homosexuality and Christianity go together like chocolate and peanut butter.

Constructing an argument that disputes the compatibility of Christianity and homosexuality in the context of feel-good Protestantism is a thankless, unsatisfying and ultimately Sisyphean task. There are countless constantly morphing variants of Protestant Christianity; each Christian even seemingly has his own fluid interpretation of Christ's 'message'. Ultimately, the object of this game is not consistency, but cozy acceptance in a society that more or less pays lip service to Christianity out of habit—so any convoluted rationalization will suffice, so long as it gets the gay child of God to the end of Jesus' rainbow.

However, there is one Christian church that takes itself and the consistency of its message very seriously. The original recipe—The Holy Roman

Catholic Church.

For nearly two thousand years, The Holy See has stood firmly against sexual acts and even thoughts that are inconsistent with its infallible understanding of Natural Law and the Divinely intended finality of sex. Further, The Catholic Church has a long and colorful history of gleefully encouraging the torture and murder of homosexuals, suspected homosexuals, heretics, ‘lustful’ women and people who gave good Christians licentious looks. Why, the office of the Bishop of Rome even inspired a charming nickname for a torture device, The Pope’s Pear, which Church officials once daintily slipped into the vaginas, anuses or throats of the sinful and gently unscrewed until the sinner’s innards were painfully and fatally mutilated. Keeping all of this in mind, the existence of persistently practicing homosexual Catholics is impressive in its absurdity.

And yet, they exist. Perhaps less surprisingly, they are loud and proud.

One group of self-described ‘gay Catholic advocates’ is The Rainbow Sash Movement (<http://www.rainbowsashmovement.org/ms.html>). Members of The Rainbow Sash Movement wear a (you guessed it) rainbow sash to Mass in an attempt to royally piss off the priests who will often deny the activists Communion when they attempt to receive the sacrament. Their intent is to confront the mean old Catholic Church in front of the laity and God and bring about a ‘conversion of heart around issues of human sexuality’. It is more likely that they briefly ruin everyone’s Jesus buzz, and inspire a little prurient gossip among Churchgoing ladies.

Another slightly more realistic and infinitely better presented organization is DignityUSA (<http://www.dignityusa.org>), which has existed in one form or other since 1969. DignityUSA’s leaders, some of whom are former priests, clearly respect The Church enough to work in a civil manner to change it slowly. However, it is important to note that due to a letter approved by His Holiness, Pope John Paul II, groups which seek to change Church

teaching regarding homosexuality are forbidden from organizing on Church property and from receiving any pastoral assistance from the Church. (“Letter...”).

Both of these groups, and many less religiously active homosexuals who still in some way or other consider themselves to be Catholics since baptism, patiently await this miraculous ‘change of heart’ with regards to homosexual persons. Each seeks some sort of Papal validation, some change in thinking from the Holy See that would allow for or eventually equate (presumably monogamous) sexually active homosexual relationships with holy sacramental bliss that married heterosexuals enjoy. Yet, as recently as 2003, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger decisively concluded that “The Church teaches that respect for homosexual persons cannot lead in any way to approval of homosexual behaviour or to legal recognition of homosexual unions” (“Considerations...”). Politicians have even been issued threats (veiled as encouragement to do right) from the Vatican insisting that they adhere to the proscribed Catholic viewpoints on issues including those directly pertaining to homosexuals. (“Doctrinal...”) And yet the homosexual Catholics persist with a hopeless zeal that only those enamored of martyrs could possess. Perhaps herein lies their most convincing adherence to the spirit if not the complete doctrine of the Catholic faith. Homosexual Catholics are perhaps Christianity’s perfect masochists. God love them. They’re the boot-loving spaniels that take a kicking and keep on licking

It may be tempting to give both the gay Catholics and the Vatican the benefit of the doubt. Many old institutions ferociously fight through the eleventh hour, even when change seems inevitable. Many of the churches that now accept homosexuality, even those that ordain openly homosexual priests and bishops, fought tooth and nail against homosexuality but were eventually won over. What makes the Catholic Church any different? Why can’t the Catholic Church simply change? To understand the futility of the homosexual Catholic’s position, it is necessary to understand some of the Catholic

Church's fundamental teachings on the subject of sexuality.

Firstly, it is important to note that the Catholic Church considers itself infallible. ("Infallibility...") It is crucial to understand this supposed infallibility, because, when one does, one can imagine the amazing leaps of reason necessary to maintain the notion of infallibility—upon which the Church's authority rests—while simultaneously expressing a dramatic 'change of heart'. To embrace sexually active homosexuals as equal to or even healthy in comparison to the sexually active married heterosexual couple, after hundreds if not thousands of years of outright condemnation and doctrine emphatically referring to homosexual acts 'fundamentally disordered', would require a radical, 180 degree shift in reasoning that would more or less amount to 'we were wrong'. In the latter half of the 20th Century, the Catholic Church has made its views on homosexuality unmistakably clear. They have very recently stated that certain individuals seem predisposed to homosexual desire, and that "Christians who are homosexual are called, as all of us are, to a chaste life." (Letter...). The only way for the Catholic Church to suddenly congratulate homosexuals on their 'intrinsically disordered' unmarried (since marriage is out of the question entirely) sexual relationships and maintain their position of infallibility would be for The Church to say, in effect, "we were just kidding."

To be fair, the One True Church of Christ has built in some room for flexibility or even brazen equivocation with ridiculously convoluted language such as that which follows:

"As regards matter, only doctrines of faith and morals, and facts so intimately connected with these as to require infallible determination, fall under the scope of infallible ecclesiastical teaching. These doctrines or facts need not necessarily be revealed; it is enough if the revealed deposit cannot

be adequately and effectively guarded and explained, unless they are infallibly determined." (Infallibility...)

It is also important to note that the entire Catholic understanding of human sexuality and nature itself draws heavily on the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* (Aquinas...).

"Now just as the preservation of the bodily nature of one individual is a true good, so, too, is the preservation of the nature of the human species a very great good. And just as the use of food is directed to the preservation of life in the individual, so is the use of venereal acts directed to the preservation of the whole human race. Hence Augustine says (*De Bono Conjug.* xvi): "What food is to a man's well being, such is sexual intercourse to the welfare of the whole human race." Wherefore just as the use of food can be without sin, if it be taken in due manner and order, as required for the welfare of the body, so also the use of venereal acts can be without sin, provided they be performed in due manner and order, in keeping with the end of human procreation." (Aquinas...)

Throughout all of the documents cited in this article, there is specific talk of the final end of human sexuality, and, in Catholic philosophy, it is procreation. A unitive function of sex between married heterosexuals is acknowledged, but only if genital acts remain open to the possibility of sex's final end, which is procreation. This is more or less why the Catholic Church frowns on birth control. She (as the Church likes to be called sometimes) has long maintained that all sexual behavior must be enacted with respect for the finality of the sexual act. No matter how overpopulated the world may become, no matter how short the food supply, no matter how disastrous the easily avoided consequences to reproductive sexual acts may be, the infallible Catholic Church will maintain that birth control, masturbation and unnatural acts are disordered because they do not acknowledge the Church's understanding of divinely inspired natu-

ral law. In other words, your genitals are not toys. They are for making babies. Period.

This is, in fact, the short Catholic argument against homosexuality. Sex is not necessarily to be enjoyed. It's not a matter of individual preference, but rather, of service to God. The phrases 'self mastery' and 'self giving' are frequently used in conjunction with any genital acts, and it is said that one cannot give of oneself unless one has mastered one's own passions. (You can't give what you do not possess control over). The Vatican and, ostensibly, God, both see sex as a selfless act of mutual giving to each other and God, not an act for enjoyment or pleasure. It puts an entirely different complexion on the expressions "giving it to her", and "giving it up". Sex is not about the individual, it's about God and selflessness, so it stands to reason that if one is uninterested in giving sexually in the way that God designed you to give, one should abstain from insulting God by ignoring his wishes and doing things to suit oneself.

Imagine that God is your grandmother who has just served you spaghetti. It is expected and obvious that you should eat your dinner and please your grandmother. You clean your plate first because you love her and you do not want to offend her, but if you also enjoy it, then that is OK. Homosexuality, to the Catholic way of thinking, is like taking the spaghetti and smearing it all over yourself as you laugh maniacally and snort like a pig. It's not the same, and grandma will be annoyed.

This understanding of the long established Catholic teaching on sexuality should really be enough to quash any lingering hopes for homosexuals. After all, even masturbation is not acceptable because it does not offer the possibility of procreation.

"Whatever the force of certain arguments of a biological and philosophical nature, which have sometimes been used by theologians, in fact both the Magisterium of the Church-- in the course of a constant tradition-- and the moral sense of the faithful have declared without hesitation that masturbation

is an intrinsically and seriously disordered act.[19] The main reason is that, whatever the motive for acting this way, the deliberate use of the sexual faculty outside normal conjugal relations essentially contradicts the finality of the faculty. For it lacks the sexual relationship called for by the moral order, namely the relationship which realizes "the full sense of mutual self-giving and human procreation in the context of true love." All deliberate exercise of sexuality must be reserved to this regular relationship." (Seper...)

All deliberate exercise of sexuality must be reserved to this regular relationship (i.e., heterosexual conjugal relations). The question to be put to homosexual Catholics who seek the Church's acceptance (and if you don't, why both calling yourself Catholic at all?) is that, if one is not supposed to be using the genitals in any way that could not theoretically result in female pregnancy, how exactly do you expect the Catholic Church to justify any homosexual sex at all--where no women or two women are present? The simple answer is that the Catholic Church would have to recant not just its traditional teachings on homosexuality, but its teachings on sexuality on a whole. If marital sex with the possibility of procreation were not the only sacred use of the sexual faculty, then how would the Church explain its position on birth control, masturbation, fornication & pornography? (Again, we must keep in mind the fact that the Catholic Church considers itself infallible.)

Finally, let us return to Aquinas, a man who helped to codify Catholic theology over 700 years ago, for some thoughts on homosexuality ('The sin against nature'...quaintly lumped in with bestiality according to tradition):

"...wherever there occurs a special kind of deformity whereby the venereal act is rendered unbecoming, there is a determinate species of lust. This may occur in two ways: First, through being contrary to right reason, and this is common to all lustful vices;

secondly, because, in addition, it is contrary to the natural order of the venereal act as becoming to the human race: and this is called “the unnatural vice.” This may happen in several ways. First, by procuring pollution, without any copulation, for the sake of venereal pleasure: this pertains to the sin of “uncleanness” which some call “effeminacy.” Secondly, by copulation with a thing of undue species, and this is called “bestiality.” Thirdly, by copulation with an undue sex, male with male, or female with female, as the Apostle states (Rm. 1:27): and this is called the “vice of sodomy.” Fourthly, by not observing the natural manner of copulation, either as to undue means, or as to other monstrous and bestial manners of copulation...

...The lustful man intends not human generation but venereal pleasures. It is possible to have this without those acts from which human generation follows: and it is that which is sought in the unnatural vice.” (Aquinas...<<http://www.newadvent.org/summa/315411.htm>>)

700 or so odd years later, one of the Pope’s right hand men, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, presented the following:

“It is only in the marital relationship that the use of the sexual faculty can be morally good. A person engaging in homosexual behaviour therefore acts immorally...

... when they engage in homosexual activity they confirm within themselves a disordered sexual inclination which is essentially self-indulgent.” (“Considerations...”)

The consistency that the Church has maintained over the centuries is remarkable. Things are as they should be. Intellectually, the Catholic Church is more or less a closed circle, based on a consistent series of beliefs. It doesn’t necessarily have to make sense in the context of facts or contem-

porary perceptions; it only has to make sense in relationship to itself. If it were to change fundamental parts of its teachings over the centuries (its basic understanding of human sexuality are unmistakably fundamental), the integrity of the entire Catholic belief system would be irreparably damaged. By radically changing Catholicism to please contemporary tastes, the Vatican would do it a great disservice. There are a wide variety of Protestant sects to choose from, all of which have some beef or other with traditional Catholicism. Some of these sects accept homosexuals, all are Christians in some understanding of the word. If you are a homosexual who still clings to the fallacy of Biblical truth, to the myths of Christ and Jehovah, strengthen one of these more liberal Catholic ‘spin-off’ sects and help to build a Christian world that is not hostile to homosexuals. But the Catholic Church has made its case. It has consistently stated over the centuries that homogenital acts are immoral and disordered. If you do not believe this way, take your ‘faith’ elsewhere. Start your own Church. Do not ask that the Church become something it is not, and has never really been.

Daniel Helminiak, for DignityUSA, states the following as the crux of his reasoning for the homosexual Catholic movement:

“... the Catholic Church also teaches solemnly that people are obliged to form their conscience carefully and responsibly and to follow it as the bottom line in every moral decision....” (Helminiak...)

Well, Mr. Helminiak, that sounds an awful lot like ‘Do what thou wilt.’. Ultimately, either you respect the authority of the infallible Catholic Church, or you don’t. If you do, you know full well that you are still welcome in the Catholic Church, so long as you work with a sincere heart to live a life of chastity and self-denial. In pastoral care, you can struggle against your own natural desires and be absolved of your sins through sincere confession. And yet, you and other homosexual Catholics have basically stated, that you really don’t think this is a reasonable solution to the question of homosexu-

ality.

Catholicism cannot survive in the light of reason. It thrives only in the cloistered halls of its own creation, in its sovereign city-state, and in the hearts of those who truly believe in the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. If the Catholic Church is right, allow it to succeed on its own merits. If it is wrong, if its teachings no longer make sense in the context of contemporary experience, allow it to wither and die. The Catholic Church has championed Natural Law; now it must succumb to the laws of nature.

Hail Satan!

Jack Malebranche
May 2004/XXXIX AS

Editor's Note

This piece was published online before Cardinal Josef Alois Ratzinger was elected Pope and became Pope Benedict XVI.

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* ‘God said that abomination thing but he really didn’t mean it, or at any rate it didn’t apply to the kind of homosexuality we practice today, or times were different then, or he just meant temple prostitutes, or he was having an off day when he divinely inspired that, or...’ The most convincing, most concise description of the arguments against Biblical condemnation of homosexuality can be found at the Church of Hope’s web site, here:

<http://www.cathedralofhope.com/homosexuality/index.php>

** For a deity who is supposed to be omnipotent, forgetting to mention something that would result in millennia of rampant torture, suffering, suicide, murder and general un-fuzzy feelings seems like a rather glaring omission if pain and suffering was not his intent in the first place. Perhaps God just loved homos so much that he wanted them to hurry on up to Heaven by any means necessary.

Editor’s Note

This piece was published online before Cardinal Josef Alois Ratzinger was elected Pope and became Pope Benedict XVI.

Selfish Hedonism - HELL YEAH!

On The Remarkably Accurate Remarks Of Dr. Alan Keyes by Rev. Jack Malebranche

“In a homosexual relationship, there is nothing implied except the self-fulfillment, contentment and satisfaction of the parties involved in the relationship,” said Keyes, who holds a Ph.D from Harvard University. “That means it is a self-centered, self-fulfilling, selfish relationship that seeks to use the organs intended for procreation for purposes of pleasure. The word pleasure in Greek is hedone and we get the word hedonism from that word.”

- Dr. Alan Keyes, as quoted in The Chicago Sun Times, September 2, 2004

U.S. Senate candidate Alan Keyes was recently caught in a deliciously simple trap devised by homosexual interviewer Michelangelo Signorile. While delivering what seems to be his standard position on homosexuality, he was baited by Signorile: “So Mary Cheney (lesbian daughter of Vice President Dick Cheney) is a selfish hedonist?” Demonstrating an admirable consistency, Keyes replied, “Of course she is.” And the big, pink bear trap snapped. During the Republican National Convention, a Republican nominee matter-of-factly confirmed that the Vice-President’s daughter was a selfish hedonist.

Oh, they hemmed. And they hawed.

Democrats and Republicans alike were taken aback, utterly disgusted--at the very least by Dr. Keyes’ marked lack of tact. Certainly, this is not the kind of thing we say, even if we think it. It’s a base, below the belt and insensitive insult...or is it?

“In a homosexual relationship, there is nothing implied except the self-fulfillment,

contentment and satisfaction of the parties involved in the relationship.”

Precisely, Dr. Keyes. Non-procreative sex is sex for the sake of pleasure itself. The homosexual claims sovereignty over his flesh, and serves the self by using his own sexual faculties for his own personal pleasure. He exploits nature’s procreative tools for personal enjoyment, and serves not nature, mankind or God in doing so. No amount of patriotism, community service, empathy, philanthropy or good intentions will change the fact that, sexually speaking, homosexuals are ‘selfish hedonists’.

Although there is no doubt that Keyes believes a ‘selfish hedonist’ is a perfectly loathsome creature, his very own definition makes selfish hedonism sound quite practical, even attractive. After all, what would one want from an interpersonal relationship (sexual or otherwise) but ‘self-fulfillment, contentment and satisfaction of the parties involved’? What enviable quality is missing?

To the hardcore Christian, Keyes, that missing quality is SERVICE.

Christian theocrats like Dr. Keyes believe even a man's body is not his own, but rather the body is merely another tool that must be used to serve Jehovah. Theologically speaking, sex is simply a duty that one performs to please God, master of all masters. In a telling essay entitled "Masters of The Dream", Keyes once linked Christianity with the history of slavery in America:

The ethical tenets of Christianity provided the ideal basis for this alternative moral understanding. It was accordingly no accident that, however much the enslavers tried to pervert Christianity into a dogma of mindless obedience to authority, blacks themselves perceived and developed its revolutionary antislavery implications. First in songs, then in sermons, and finally, in public speeches and tracts, they made the point that if all men belong to God, none can legitimately be owned by another.

Keyes, a black American, champions Christianity in a way that would surely please the white masters who diligently imparted the faith to his ancestors by way of the whip. In Keyes' estimation, slavery to men is bad, but slavery to God is good. Slavery to God is freedom.

Ridiculous euphemism aside, slavery is slavery.

The hedonist rejects the nobility of servitude; he acts not to please God, but to please himself.

Politicians and the electorate alike openly frown upon 'selfish hedonism' in any form. Yet, where would they be without it?

Selfish hedonism is the lifeblood of capitalism. Each man works fundamentally for himself, and his goal is to profit from his endeavors, so that he can purchase goods and services that please or sustain him and/or his immediate family. If men purchased only what they needed to properly serve God and survive, the U.S. economy (and world economy by association) would collapse overnight.

Selfish hedonism keeps oil wells in Texas pumping, keeps Microsoft and Cadillac in business, and it surely built the temple to capitalism that was destroyed by terrorists in 2001. Selfish hedonism as it is relevant here (in the dreaded sexual sense) is a multi-billion dollar industry made up of everyone from strippers to nightclub owners to those ever-entrepreneurial pornographers. Selfish hedonism is not an American invention, but it has become about as American as apple pie. It's the primary motivator that delivers wealth and prosperity to the American people. Yet to be called a selfish hedonist outright is a terrible insult? It seems as if anyone running for public office should sing the praises of selfish hedonism, the very thing that indirectly pays their checks!

Even in a nominally secular, fundamentally hedonistic society, the servile notions spread by Christianity are so pervasive and deeply imbedded that people across the political spectrum, even avowed homosexuals themselves, balk at the idea of being called out as the selfish hedonists that they plainly are. It is believed by virtually all that serving the self is essentially undesirable, while serving the group, mankind, the state, nature or God is noble and praiseworthy. The enduring influence of slave creeds has transformed servitude from a despicable circumstance to a deeply revered vocation!

Selfish hedonism is freedom from service, the freedom of the individual to seek out that which enriches life and avoid that which makes one unhappy. It is essential to America, capitalism and the enjoyment of this life. It is anathema to those who prefer an ascetic life and an eternity of servitude. Selfish hedonism is the natural state of man; service is the natural state of slaves.

So homosexuals, Americans...

When someone calls you a selfish hedonist, exclaim proudly and without reservation:

"HELL YEAH!"

**Jack Malebranche
October 2004 C.E./XXXIX A.S.**

The Carnal Sutra

An Advisory Column by
Rev. Shiva Rodriguez



Photo by Daark

The Carnal Sutra was Lust's regular advice column, featuring Rev. Shiva Rodriguez. While Shiva is by no means a medical professional, she brought her own experiences, insightful observations and a no-bullshit, Satanic approach to the sex advice genre.

Her column's intro read:

While your parents may have explained the "birds and the bees," and your friends may have discussed the acts of sexual pleasure with a bit more detail, there are just some questions that are often left unasked and unanswered.

I encourage those questions.

Well, the questions certainly flowed in. Some were serious, some weren't. She sifted through a mix of pranksters and oddballs in addition to some folks with serious questions, and she chose the questions that were worth answering--or that were simply the most "entertaining." *The Carnal Sutra* was one of Lust's most popular components, and it is presented here in its entirety.

This archive of Shiva's column begins with "The Quickies." Each installment of *The Carnal Sutra* included a "quickie" - a story, an observation or even a rant. Shiva's humorous stories - and let me tell ya, she's got a million of 'em - were some of the best presented in Lust. Her pithy observations are words to the wise from a true Satanic Witch.

- Jack Malebranche

The Quickies

12/2003

WHAT CUMS AROUND, GOES AROUND...

All this talk of cum-guzzling reminded me about this little incident I had.

After my first taste of a man's sexual fluids, I decided that semen would not become a part of my regular diet. I'm never shy when it comes to letting a lover know that discharging in my mouth will result in severe punishment, as one poor fellow learned about ten years ago...

On the brink of orgasm, Mr. X conveniently forgot to distance himself from me during a session of oral sex, the result being that I got a mouthful of sperm that I would be damned if I was going to ingest. Instead I hurried excused myself from the room, heading in the general direction of the bathroom. He figured he got off lightly when I returned a few minutes later and just scolded him.

What he didn't know was that I'd made a brief pit-stop at the kitchen and promptly deposited his semen into the ice cube tray. Later on that evening, I was delighted to see he'd consumed about half of his beverage before noticing a milky substance leaking out of the ice. When questioned, I responded with a smile... "So, does it taste good to you?"

02/2004

I once shared a house with a fellow who frequently brought his girlfriend over to spend the night. It was on one such night that I awoke to him frantically knocking on my door, asking to borrow a magnet. I told him to grab one off the fridge.

A few minutes later he knocked again, this time a bit more desperately. He really needed to borrow my magnet-wand, which is an extension magnet I use to retrieve any sewing pins that have fallen

into the carpet. It seems his girlfriend lost something and a plain kitchen magnet was unable to retrieve the metal object. So I told him I'd bring it to him as soon as I found my sewing basket.

After rummaging through my room and locating the magnet-wand, I just walked into his room fully prepared to fish an earring out from behind a dresser or something like that. What I wasn't expecting was to be greeted by a lady wearing nothing but a very red face.

As it turns out, they'd been experimenting with a product called Ben-wa Balls, which are tiny metal balls that are inserted into the vagina as a masturbatory aid.

You can guess what they needed the long-handled magnet for.

04/2004

THE WASCALLY WABBIT

There is a style of vibrator, known as a "rabbit". The idea behind these things is to have multiple-stimulation thing going on. The classic design for a rabbit is a traditional phallic shaped vibrating dong, with a smaller nub at the base with long soft plastic "ears" that vibrate to tickle the clitoris. I personally know of at least three women who swear by them, so it seemed like just the type of product I'd give a day in court just to see what all the hype was about.

While shopping for one, I found that the names of the things are really amusing. The Scwooy Wabbit, The Squirmy Purple Dragon, and The Impulse Dancing Teddy Bear Vibe just to name a few. What isn't so amusing is the price tag on the suckers, which average around fifty dollars for a nice one. Of course, you can find a cheaper, no frills version for about \$20. The most expensive one I saw came in for just under \$200. I'm sorry, but for \$195.99 plus tax, it'd better be able to bring me flowers and make dinner reservations.

I finally settled on one of those mid-range models

that are available in a color I could live with. The Pearl Diver, which has a traditional rabbit stimulator and a translucent purple shaft that is filled with these plastic “pearls” that are supposed to move around and add to the sensation while you’re using it. Basically it looks like an adult-oriented gumball machine.

So I get this purple monstrosity home and feed it some batteries. Like with any sex partner, I wanted to see how this thing behaved before going to bed with it. So I slowly turned on the first controller, which operated the rotating shaft.

It wasn’t completely soundless, but it had a low murmuring hum to it. (A big plus when one has roommates.) The little pearls inside the shaft started moving around like cells on some film you’d see in biology class. Okay, so far so good.

Then I turned on the other part of the device, the ones that controlled the ears. All of a sudden, two harmless looking blades of plastic buzzed to life, whipping around like an edger. Realizing that it was only on low speed, I thought I’ll bet I can shred lettuce with this thing!

So I’m in the kitchen watching in utter horror as these two cute little rabbit ears are doing a serious number on a wedge of lettuce I put in its path. This was the point where I decided that this highly-recommended vibrator is not getting anywhere near my clitoris. I’m guessing that sales must be skyrocketing in those parts of the world where female circumcision is still very much en vogue.

So back in the box it went, and it remained untouched in my closet until one of my friends complained about her rabbit dying. Adult stores don’t look too fondly about refunding things like that, even if you can provide them with physical proof that it’s hazardous to your sex life.

06/2004

IT’S ABOUT TRUST, STUPID (RANT)

Normally I’d post an amusing little sex story here,

but that last question from Mr. Web-Cam has compelled me to pull out my soapbox on the subject of trust in the bedroom.

Granted, quite a few of us have naughty little fantasies that we’re pretty sure our sex partners would have a less than favorable reaction to if we told them about it. It’s perfectly understandable to keep such thoughts to yourself if you think your regular sex partner would have you committed for asking them to change your dirty diapers or arrested for wielding a razor during foreplay. Some people pay good money for the pleasure of realizing their unusual fantasies with someone who won’t use it against them in court.

But many of us just sit back, relax, and jack off while letting our minds play out our erotic fantasies while our significant others are not around. There’s nothing wrong with spending a little quality time with yourself, and no need to confess anything.

But for those who are determined to see their fantasies come true, particularly if they require the participation of the aforementioned partner, communication is essential. Forcing a partner into something, with or without their knowledge, is something I find to be despicable. Especially if that partner is someone you consider near and dear...like a spouse.

Sexual relationships are built on a foundation of trust, whether partners realize it or not. We trust our sex partners will not hurt us unless we want them to, we trust they won’t tie us up and proceed to rob our homes, we trust they will not advertise any intimate secrets we share with them, we trust they won’t point and laugh when they see us naked, and we trust they will pull out before they come.

If you can’t share your desires with your regular partner and you absolutely must practice them, then at least have enough respect for them to go elsewhere to indulge yourself.

02/2005

Just a tip for the ladies and gentlemen out there who love their toys: sliding a condom over a vibrator or dildo does help in a pinch when it comes to safe sex with your artificial lovers.

Yup, for a small investment (or even no cost if you know of a generous clinic) you can have hassle-free, quality time with yourself without worrying about what might be lurking in all those ridges and crevices you might have missed while cleaning your toys. Many brands of condoms come with their own lubricant, and the larger sizes can stretch over most unusual shapes. When you're done, just strip it off and toss it away.

A word of warning though: you may want to be discreet about disposing of condoms if you have a significant other who might happen across them. One lady I know had a Hell of a time explaining the presence of used condoms to her husband after he spotted one under her nightstand.

04/2005

"THE CATCH-ALL ANSWER"

Over the last year, I have received numerous questions in regard to whether certain sexual practices and lifestyles are OK to be practiced by Satanists. Rather than clutter my column with a long list of short answers, I've decided to just address this general issue once and for all.

Some of the questions involved practices that most certainly fall under the category of criminal felony. The simple answer to whether or not Satanism condones such activities is NO. See the Eleven Satanic Rules of the Earth for further explanation. Satanism does not look favorably upon criminal activity.

Now, I realize that there are some rather silly and downright archaic laws in regards to sex in various different regions. It has only been a short time since sodomy became legal, and nowadays being a homosexual is no longer considered a capital offense in American states. In some places, S&M

practices are still unlawful and certainly punishable offenses. I've even read that somewhere in the States it is illegal to fondle the naughty bits of a doll or mannequin, even in the privacy of one's own home. In a certain town in Virginia, it's a crime to have sex with the lights on.

Granted, many of these old laws against harmless sexual practices are no longer enforced by a legal system that has better things to do than to make sure all women are wearing full corsets under T-shirts. But there are rules on the records that are frequently enforced, such as laws against prostitution, indecent exposure, and moral conduct.

A Satanist will always carefully consider the consequences of his or her own actions before acting upon a desire, sexual or otherwise. Much like a gambler who takes weekend trips to Atlantic City, if your favorite harmless vice is considered unlawful in one area, chances are it is perfectly acceptable somewhere else. Adult entertainment establishments are a perfect example of this. In some cities the dancers must wear full bikinis and dance at least 2 feet away from patrons, while in neighboring cities such performers are completely nude and practically dance in the laps of their customers.

Many questions I've received dealt with sexual practices that are in fact perfectly legal, but are otherwise frowned upon by the general public. Questions such as "Is it okay for a Satanist to be a cross-dresser?" Or a foot fetishist, into bondage, a swinger, etc.

First of all, Satanism is one of the most openly diverse religions I've ever known of when it comes to legal sexual orientation and proclivities. After all, it's not about what other people might think, but rather what a Satanist personally enjoys. If running around your house covered in marshmallow fluff while your companion chases you with a fly-swatter is what gets you off, by all means indulge in it.

I understand that there may be genuine concerns

when it comes to a full-fledged lifestyle rather than just the occasional fetish activity. It's true that most other religions tend to ostracize transsexuals, homosexuals, swingers, viewers of pornography, and anyone else outside the bounds of what their scriptures dictate for relationships and sexuality. Satanism proudly stands apart from such chaste-minded religions, recognizing that sexuality is just another element of a pleasurable human existence and certainly nothing to be ashamed of.

Just as you have every right to behave in accordance with your nature or desires (provided of course that they are legal), other people do have the right to their own opinions about it. I cannot say that every individual Satanist approves of any particular sexual lifestyle, but I can say that the religion itself has no qualms about homosexuality, cross-dressing, swinging, etc.

Of course, one has only to look through the pages of this Web site to discover that.

06/2005

TIPS FOR FINDING THE FREAKS

On the subject of finding your own kind in sexual deviance, I wasn't kidding when I said there were get-together groups for every fetish imaginable. In my research for articles, I often run across plenty of them and most are very pleased to answer questions. Yes, I've made quite a few rather interesting friends along the way.

Since it's just not polite to just walk up to some stranger you're attracted to and ask if the person is into your brand of kinky, people who have these interests will often form groups or clubs to attract other likeminded individuals.

Unfortunately, there are some scumbags out there who are out to make a fast buck at the expense of a lonely fetishist who probably won't press charges. Be cautious of any "private club" that promises weekly parties or guarantees hookups for a hefty up-front (and non-refundable) membership fee. Many of them are either flat-out scams or glorified

prostitution rings. Ask for references or check out their company with the Better Business Bureau before you hand over your money.

One of the safest methods is to put a personal advertisement in a publication or Web site group that caters to fetishes. Always use a PO box or e-mail address for respondents. (Some classified sections even have their own answering services to protect their customers' privacy.) When meeting potential playmates, always arrange for the first several dates in a very public place until you get to know them better and can decide if you want the relationship to go further. Trust your instincts, especially if you feel there's something wrong with your new friend.

Nowadays, there are conventions for almost anything, and a little searching on the Internet might uncover a gold mine of places to go and people to see for your favorite fetish. Alternative lifestyles also are increasing in popularity, many with national organizations that hold events and meet-and-greets, as well.

08/2005

LIGHTEN UP ABOUT THE PORN, LADIES!

One of the questions this month touched on an issue that I've heard time and time again during my research into relationships: women fretting over their men viewing pornography.

In fact, some women I've spoken with consider catching their husbands with a Playboy as being grounds for divorce.

Ladies, lighten up. Your men aren't going to go running off with the Penthouse Pet of the Month just because he's seen her photo in a naughty magazine. Guys tend to like seeing beautiful naked women and they are going to fantasize about various women whether they have photos of them or not.

A lot of women view finding a man's pornogra-

phy stash as being evidence that he's been (gasp!) masturbating. Well congratulations Ms. Sherlock, you're probably right on the money about that. But it's nothing to get all worked up about. Men tend to be more visually-geared than women when it comes to sex.

Allowing your mate to enjoy a little quality time with himself utilizing those magazines is not going to damage your relationship. Most guys do realise that although Miss September's double-D boobs and shaved snatch may be exciting to think about, she'd probably never make the grade for a relationship that their wives or girlfriends did.

Besides, how many women get lusty-eyed over Brad Pitt or Johnny Depp and secretly want to find one of those fellows under their Christmas trees?

Personally, I think that women got awfully shorted when it comes to visual pornography. Do you know how difficult it can be to find sexually appealing males in a porn that doesn't involve them doing things to other men?

12/2005 FINDING FETISHISTS

Almost every month, I get a letter for this column from someone asking me to help them find other people who are interested in the various fetishes that I write about. While it is true that doing research on these various practices has put me in contact with some rather interesting people, I have absolutely no desire to play cupid and match people up with mates into their brand of deviance.

And so, dear readers, I will tell you the secret of how I manage to stumble into all sorts of strange sexual worlds. It's not very difficult at all, and most people are more than willing to talk to you (among other things) just because they are pleased to share the experiences that they find so exhilarating.

First of all, people in various fetish scenes rarely look like the models photographed for magazines and Web sites depicting various fetishes. The

downside to this is that if you have a very specific physical appearance, ideal as to the people you'd like to engage in these activities with, you're likely to be disappointed. The upside to this is that you don't have to look like a supermodel or all-star athlete either. So don't let a few extra pounds stop you from looking. Many of these fetishists are just happy to have someone whom they can relate to, especially in the more off-the-wall activities. Believe me, I've been personally invited to countless parties and events by people who had no earthly idea what I looked like (or what gender I am, for that matter.)

There are three methods I use for tracking down a group or special interest forum for any particular fetish. The first is simply using a search engine on the Internet. If you're not sure what exactly your fetish of choice is called, punch in "fetish list" on any major search engine and you will get a zillion different lists as a result. Find the name of your particular fetish, and then do a search on that. You might have to wade through a lot of essays and articles, but good ones will list names and links to various organizations for people interested in that fetish. Often, just a friendly inquiry to the webmaster of a fetish site can yield a ton of unpublished leads.

The second method is to order fetish magazines and look over the ads. Some groups advertise, and some individuals have classified ads as well. There's money to be made in the match-making business, so you might have to shell out a few bucks in order to get the information you want, but it's worth it if you find a reliable source.

For that matter, placing an ad yourself may be worth the fee, so long as you're upfront and honest about yourself and what you're looking for. Don't be tempted to misrepresent your appearance when selling yourself just to get more responses. Trust me, nothing pisses off fetish-finders more than to be greeted by a 5-foot-2 bald guy when they were told to expect a 6-foot "Fabio-type." If you're uncomfortable about the way you look, don't mention your appearance at all and focus on your more

positive attributes.

The third method is to get dressed up and go out to a social event that caters to various fetishes. Many large cities may have occasional “fetish shows,” and some have regular nightclubs that cater to specific types of people. Your friendly neighborhood adult store will probably have information on any local fetish scenes that care to advertise.

Of course, I’m sure there are other ways to find people to share your brand of kinky, but these are the tried-and-true methods that I’ve seen work well over the years.

IMPORTANT NOTE: As with everything in life, it is important to know the risks. I shouldn’t have to tell anyone that using common sense and taking simple safety measures can be the difference between having a fabulous time and winding up as a violated corpse in a dumpster. Therefore, I always suggest that when meeting someone for the first time (especially when sex is the prime incentive), arrange to meet for coffee in a very public place, ask lots of questions and pay careful attention to your “gut feelings” if something is bothering you about the individual. Always let someone you trust know where you are when going out on any kind of “blind date.”

07/2006

BIG LOVE OR BIG HYPE?

Recently HBO launched its new series “Big Love” with a plot that focuses on a man who keeps three different wives. The show has brought polygamy into the spotlight, and I’ve been receiving a lot of e-mails asking for my thoughts on both the show and the hype that has been surrounding the issue considering that I myself have a multi-partner relationship.

Some polyamorists* I know are absolutely thrilled about the attention that the show has been getting, convinced that it will act as a stepping stone to make the general public better aware about how multi-spouse families operate and help the efforts to legalize polygamy/polyandry in the United

States. And it is true that the subject has come up for discussion within the general public. I myself recently had a piece published in response to some misinformation in a local newspaper about the legalities of multi-spouse situations and the type of people involved in them.

I’ve been seeing a lot of that lately, people associating polygamy as strictly a Mormon ideal and harping about how it is nothing more than the exploitation of poor, insecure women. Because “Big Love” has characters deeply rooted in a vague religion that heavily hints at Mormonism, it sets this idea even more solidly in American minds. It probably doesn’t help that some other religions that many Americans are wary of (such as Islam and Satanism) also have no problem with multi-partner relationships.

So in my opinion, “Big Love” will do for the poly community about as much as “The Birdcage” can do for the gay rights movement. Both stories may have a deeper message, but the general public probably won’t get past the stereotypes to find it.

As far as my opinion about the show itself, quite frankly I’m getting bored with it. While I found the first few episodes amusing and could certainly relate to the competition between the spouses and all the dilemmas that can only spawn from a multi-spouse marital arrangement, I find the direction the show is taking its plot to be far too reminiscent of other HBO series... right down to the involvement of what has been dubbed as the “Mormon Mafia”. I don’t see the show as being an accurate portrayal of typical modern poly situations no matter what the general public might think. After all, how many people do you know who can financially support three fully-equipped middle-class households complete with at least two kids per spouse?

* Polyamorists being people who have multi-partner relationships but are not in violation of the law because they are not married to more than one spouse although they may treat all their partners

as if they were spouses. Polygamy or polyandry itself is illegal in the USA as it is the act of actually entering government marriage contracts with more than one person at a time.

The Q/A

Dear Shiva,

For as long as I can remember, I have been having this strange fantasy which I am unable to really indulge in. I love giving my partner a good massage, and raking her back with my nails - not just for the acts themselves but also because they bring me closer to my real fantasy. What I actually imagine while massaging or raking her back, is that I am peeling off her skin. I find the idea of skinning my partner extremely arousing, but for obvious reasons I cannot -and will not- really indulge in this fantasy. I love my partner very much, and certainly would do nothing to harm her, but quite often when we are making love this idea of peeling off her skin is in the back of my mind.

I found I have been able to indulge in this fantasy somewhat by slowly peeling her sunburn, which I found very stimulating, in the dimly lit intimacy of our bedroom, but this can only be done in the summer and on the condition that she has spent too much time in the sun without sun block. Do you know how I can indulge in this fantasy more often without actually doing my partner, whom I love dearly, any harm ? I certainly am no criminal or psychopath, but this one odd (and arousing !) fantasy keeps tugging at me. Can you help ?

Ah, the wonderful world of simulated sadism...this is the stuff movie magic is made out of. There are actually several different ways you can literally get a feel for this fantasy of yours without doing your partner any harm.

The easiest way is by using liquid latex, which is poured or painted on the body and takes a rubber-like form as it dries that acts as a second skin. You can control the thickness of this simulated epidermis, anywhere from a thin sunburn peel to digging your fingernails in to tear off thick strips of "flesh".

There are several brands of latex that are available commercially for fetish use, although they can be a bit costly. They come in fun colors, even glow-in-the-dark varieties, which might come in handy as an artistic body painting ploy if you don't want your lover to know what you're really fantasizing about. Or, if you visit a theatrical supply store, you can find liquid latex in a variety of flesh tone colors. However if you go this route, do not get "slush latex" which is primarily used for mask-making and is very likely to leave chemical burns if applied directly to the skin. Ask the salesperson for cosmetic grade latex.

A drawback to latex is that it tends to adhere very well to body hair, which can turn the experience into a very painful one not unlike beauty salon waxing. If your lover has a fair amount of back hair, I highly suggest shaving beforehand, or applying a thin layer of petroleum jelly to the skin before painting on the latex.

When using latex, always do a small skin patch test first before breaking out the industrial paintbrush. Latex has been known to irritate sensitive skin, although some fetish brands claim to be non-allergenic. Dab a little on the inside of the wrist and let it dry. If your lover experiences any uncomfortable burning or itching (it's normal to experience slight itching as the latex tightens the skin while it dries), or develops a rash when the latex is removed, it is probably not a good idea to spread it on her back.

But fear not, there is an alternative to latex, although it does take a little bit more prep work. By mixing two or three teaspoons of warm water with a package of unflavored gelatin, you get a thick paste that when dry has a soft, skin-like consistency that can be used just like the aforementioned

latex. Gelatin is the base for many peel-off facial mask recipes, so stir in a spoonful of honey to the mixture and you can give your lover a fine skin treatment while acting out your twisted little fantasies at the same time!

If your lover is the understanding sort, you can enhance the flesh-like appearance of the gelatin mixture by lightly patting it with powder makeup (such as the type in compacts) that adheres to gelatin extremely well.

Related Links:

<http://www.liquid-latex.com>

A wonderful informational site about using liquid latex for fetish use. This site features Liquid Latex Body Cosmetic, a product I have personally tested. There are a lot of colors and styles to choose from here.

Dear Shiva,

Is it true that swallowing semen can give you diseases?

Swallowing semen in itself is relatively low in risk to health, given that the acids in the stomach are strong enough to destroy many disease virus and bacteria, including HIV. Semen is basically made up of sperm, fructose, water, protein, vitamins, and enzymes, nothing which a stomach lining couldn't handle. Don't get too excited about those ingredients though, the nutritional content is minimal at best.

The real risk is usually associated with how the semen got down your throat in the first place. Contrary to popular belief, oral sex is anything but a safe alternative to coitus. It is entirely possible to catch such diseases as syphilis, gonorrhea, AIDS, and even genital warts by putting an unsheathed penis in your mouth, regardless of if it ejaculates or not. The risks increase greatly if there are any sores or cracks inside the mouth, such as cold sores or recent dental procedures.

Even if you are monogamous with recent clean bills of health, there is always a chance that you could be infected by any type of unprotected sex. The only sure-fire way I know of to be certain that the semen you swallow is 100% disease-free is to boil it first.

Even if you are monogamous with recent clean bills of health, there is always a chance that you could be infected by any type of unprotected sex. The only sure-fire way I know of to be certain that the semen you swallow is 100% disease-free is to boil it first.

Dear Shiva,

My partner and I get very aroused by having anal sex then licking each others assholes and lastly making out. There is nothing else that feels as great as being licked in your ass hole. The taste of making out after is arousing because the taste of my partners saliva is amazing. Are there any dangers in health of doing those acts?

Hepatitis comes readily to mind. Seriously, every sexual act contains some degree of risk, and mouth-to-fecal contact is pretty high up there on the health concern list. This includes activities such as rimming, anilingus, or even kissing after one partner has performed one of the aforementioned activities.

The infection known as Hepatitis A is the more common of the two Hepatitis strains that seem to be widespread among those who practice oral-anal sex. This strain is generally the result of contact with fecal matter. Hepatitis B, on the other hand, is transmitted in a similar manner as the AIDS virus through mixing of bodily fluids such as blood and feces.

While both strains of Hepatitis are highly infectious, there are vaccinations available as a preventative measure. If tossing the salad is your game, I strongly suggest consulting a doctor about these

vaccinations.

Aside from Hepatitis, there is also a risk of contracting other bacterial or even parasite-related infections from exposure or ingestion of fecal matter.

When it comes to anal-mouth contact, the recipient is at risk, though not nearly to the degree as the partner with the active tongue. While the most obvious preventative measure would be to make sure the rectum is squeaky clean before licking it, this is not a sure-fire solution. Some people find that giving an enema about three hours prior to engaging in these activities help clean the area of fecal residue, others suggest using a strong anti-bacterial mouthwash immediately after rimming.

While both those suggestions are certainly worth taking under advisement, the best protection you can use is a latex barrier. These are also known as “dental dams” and are used for oral sex.

For more information regarding the whys and wherefores of anal adventuring, I suggest this highly informative and humorous website:

<http://www.toss-my-salad.com>

Dear Shiva,

I have a yoga guru (female) who is incredibly beautiful and enlightened. Unfortunately, she also has a boyfriend (or claims to have one).

Is there a tantric sexual position I might refer to in its native Hindu form such that I might implant within her mind the idea of implanting within her body?

There are many different sexual positions and approaches of such listed in the Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana to take your pick from. However, I would highly suggest hearing them spoken firsthand in order to grasp the dialect and proper pronunciation. Many an embarrassing mishap has resulted from a would-be suitor trying to dazzle his quarry while tripping over a foreign tongue.

If your lust-interest is truly a student of Tantra Yoga, then merely mentioning acts of copulation (in any language) probably won't impress her. You might as well just casually mention a blowjob and see what impression she develops of you then.

If she is an instructor, she probably has a passion for teaching, and that is something you can work off of in gaining her attention and her interest. By approaching her in the manner of wanting to learn about the practices and having her explain them to you, you allow her to do the talking on a subject she may be well-versed at. Such conversations certainly merit privacy, and often involve a level of intimacy (albeit verbally), and one sure way to get people thinking about sex is to have them talk about it.

Of course, you have to do your part too. I suggest reading up on the subject so you don't appear to be just another horny guy looking to make a pass at the teacher by asking about “the sex stuff”. I shouldn't have to mention that your personal hygiene and appearance should be up to par during the time you spend with her in conversation. In Tantra sexual practices, partners tend to one another as they would a god, and many don't see the aura of deity in someone who is unkempt.

Keep in mind, even with all this effort you could just gain nothing more than conversation, especially if she is devoted to a boyfriend. However, it never hurts to learn about new things that may come in useful for future flirting.

Dear Shiva,

I'm a dominant heterosexual female, with a fetish for pushing people's limits. This does NOT mean that I advocate rape or anything like it, but rather that I enjoy tempting people into trying new things. The key difference is that I seek to introduce the individual to something enjoyable but “out there,” instead of hurting them by actually forcing something on them.

As part of this, I've always fantasized about performing strap-on sex on a man. I've currently worked my BF up to using sex toys on him there and trying analingus, and we might move to having anal sex (my ass, not his) but I want to go further. He's reasonably open-minded and not one of those too-macho-for-that types, but at first wasn't interested in anal play at all (on him or me) and is still a bit wary of the idea of me with a strap-on, which I've hinted at jokingly once or twice.

Do you have any suggestions on how to broach the subject and/or make him more comfortable with the idea of it? Also, are there any tips or techniques that would make it physically more enjoyable for him, on the road to that possible destination (I've gotten myself used to it, but men's anatomy is different there)?

-Ginger

Well Ginger, it's my opinion that the world needs more people like you. People who are adventurous and can open new doors for people in the realm of sexual pleasure. Good for you!

As far as the topic of role-reversal using a strap-on dildo, there may be a few hurdles that you'll have to get around when it comes to men and their nether regions.

First of all, even the not-so-macho types with open minds may still harbor some of those stereotypical fears of straight men everywhere. There's a nasty rumor that goes around male circles that claims if you're a man who likes having things put in your butt, then you're a fag. Just from what I've observed in these types of situations, some men do live in mortal fear that they may actually enjoy it!

Some men I've talked to expressed a fear of putting themselves in an embarrassing situation. Some worry about the fecal-related mess that could result during or after anal sex. For this, keeping the area clean and even administering an enema a few hours beforehand will usually quell the fears.

Some people even use condoms on their dildos for anal sex, which is actually a very practical solution when it comes to quick clean-up as well as safely sharing your toys.

But for others, the embarrassment comes with the feeling of degradation that some guys harbor about being the recipient of anal sex. The only real way to get a handle on this type of fear is to talk about it, although for some guys this mental block will be almost impossible to budge.

Another issue is physical pain. Strange as it sounds, some men will fantasize about ramming their rod into a woman's ass for hours, but shudder at the thought of what kind of pain they'd go through if they were on the receiving end. Of course, I don't advise ramming at all, no matter whose ass it is. There is far too much damage risk involved when it comes to an orifice that lacks the lubrication ability of a mouth or vagina.

If you are used to anal sex yourself, you'll at least be able to relate with the discomfort he may be in fear of. This is good, and certainly worth mentioning to him. Just don't make the mistake of taking the "eye for an eye" approach, as that could get ugly if he takes it as a demand or a hidden revenge tactic.

The trick is really to show him that anal stimulation can be pleasurable for men. I suggest starting slow (and small!) with either fingers or gentle rimming. If he responds well to that, you can move on to a small vibrator. There's a wonderful little toy known as a "T-Vibe" that is designed for anal stimulation and generally found near the classic egg vibrators in adult toy stores.

By starting small, you can eventually work your way up to the larger items such as a strap-on. But be sure to have plenty of good quality lubricant on hand! I really recommend water-based formulas for any type of sex. An oily orifice can be rather uncomfortable and can even damage some latex toys and condoms.

Dear Shiva,

I have always been blessed with multiple and prolonged orgasms, but I've recently discovered something that I find to be very disturbing (in more ways than one).

I have suffered with allergies throughout my life, but hadn't taken anything for them until recently. Upon administering myself a single 25mg dose of everyday, over-the-counter Benadryl, I found that I was in a constant state of arousal. Accompanying this were spontaneous orgasms, in which it seemed as though nothing could satisfy my libido.

A brief period of approximately 30 seconds passed before each set of multiples. To some, this sounds fantastic and, at first, I thought so, too. However, after 15 minutes, it started getting annoying; after 30, I started getting exhausted; after 45, I had to have my roommate call my work and tell them I was sick and couldn't go in; after an hour, I was on the verge of tears; after an hour and a half, I just laid there and let them happen, silently begging for them to stop.

This entire ordeal lasted 5 hours and there was no way I could have possibly forced myself to fall asleep, so that I could ignore it. I didn't tell my doctor about it because it's rather embarrassing, but I had her prescribe a different type of allergy medication that doesn't have that effect on me. Have you ever heard of anything like this happening to anyone else, or do I just have a really weird chemistry? Do you know of any component in that medication that could cause those reactions?

I can't say I've ever heard of anything like this before, so I asked my own doctor about it.

Benadryl has been known to have some less than pleasant side effects for men, particularly dealing with prostatic hypertrophy.

The prostate gland is responsible for providing

the fluid in which the sperm uses to travel during ejaculation. It is located right under the bladder, and surrounds part of the urethra. Complaints of difficulty in urination are common, usually resulting from an enlarged prostate gland that constricts the passageway which is often accompanied by an erection.

In rare cases such as yours, the already agitated prostate gland may go about its natural function in repetition. To be blunt, you probably spent a few hours firing off blanks as your prostate gland kept mistaking the agitation and swelling for the signal to reload.

Now gentle readers, before anyone gets any bright ideas... Benadryl is NOT a substitute for Viagra. Enlarged prostate glands can progress into some very serious medical problems with both the urinary and reproductive systems.

And for the record, it is generally a good idea to make mention of things like this to your doctor, embarrassing or not. This type of information can be very useful if she should have to prescribe any other drugs to you that may have similar side effects. I also suggest that you pay close attention to the labels on any over-the-counter medications and steer clear from ones that list prostatic hypertrophy (fancy term for enlarged prostate gland) as a possible side effect.

Dear Shiva,

I just have a question for you, I am married but I have almost all the time too many fantasies about my relationship with my wife. I do not know whether I can fulfill it or not but I just one to share with you some of them so you can give me your professional advice.

I always want to see my wife making love with another man or woman, I don't know why but it is my great pleasure to see that. I am bisexual and I made movies with my wife with my web cam and show them to my friends (she does not know).

What do you recommend me to do?
Sincerely,

Leonardo

First of all, let me remind everyone that I am not a professional by any stretch of the imagination. (See the cute little disclaimer next to my photo for more information!) But I will give you my opinion that comes from years of personal experience and asking lots of potentially embarrassing questions in mixed company.

If you really want your fantasies to be realized, my advice is to just come clean and talk to your wife about them. For all you know, she may be harboring a few unvoiced desires of her own that may be compatible to yours. In my opinion, people who have committed themselves to a long-term sexual relationship should be able to be open and honest with one another about their desires.

Yes, I said honest. That means stop showing the web cam home movies to your buddies! The fact that you are already turning her into an unwitting porno star tells me that honesty is probably a new concept in your marriage. Hobbies such as this are only acceptable if you know your spouse is really into either exhibitionism or humiliation, and even then the exposed party should be aware of it. If you can't tell her because you think she'd go ballistic about it, then you should probably consider what will happen if (and very likely, when) she does find out about it.

Dear Shiva,

I'm a male who is still a virgin. I'm tempted by what I'm sure many men (and women too I suppose) are tempted by, the urge to 'get laid'. I feel I've surpassed the initial shallow urges to be part of the gang who's gotten banged, yet the curiosity towards sex (which I have read a lot about, as well as viewed in pornography) is still present.

I am fitted with the perhaps medieval idea that it has to be with someone you love, after dating for long periods, and it should be a magical moment of discovery and everything. When you read a lot of fantasy adventure novels and watch anime like I do, you get that fairy tale giddiness of purity that you don't want to mess with lest it shatter your ability to feel it by indulging in adult behaviour.

I am lately considering that perhaps it may be better to be introduced to it by someone more experienced, or to claim it animalistically, regardless of whether or not I want a lasting relationship with them. It's a never-ending battle, because with something like virginity, even though it's really not applicable, there's only one 'first time', and I'm filled with uneasiness in how to spend it. I know in the end it's up to me, but I was hoping for your input on the matter, and how you feel the different methods of sexual partner selections measure up to each other. Lust breeds impatience, and you seem patient enough to consider it neutrally.

Tactfully telling tales,

Troubled

Dear "Troubled",

The decision on how to go about choosing that first partner is indeed a pretty personal one. Many people will hold to that cherished belief that sex should only occur between two people who have been in love for a long time, and some even go a step further and insist on marriage beforehand. And then there are others who just want to get the first time over with and jump in the sack with the first willing partner they can get their hands on. But there is something special about the first time, and many people do tend to remember it throughout the course of their lives.

Many virgins go into the experience with pre-con-

ceived notions on what sex it is supposed to be like, taking cues from movies and bodice-ripper novels. But the truth is that they are often disappointed to discover that the first time is often awkward at best, regardless of how many books they've read or how experienced their partner may be. This holds especially true for males, since the inexperienced female can pretty much spend the entire time limp as a rag doll, while men are generally expected to put a lot of physical effort into the sex act. Most "first time" stories I've heard from men involve a lot of false starts and fast endings, usually due to the anxiety and stress that often accompanies the experience. (And to be fair, most of the deflowering stories I've heard from women aren't much better.)

Personally, I favor the route of learning from a more experienced partner. It might not be as terribly romantic as saving yourself for that special someone, but it does give you an advantage on how to pleasure that special someone later on once you've established your basic lovemaking techniques.

Dear Shiva,

Hi, I'd appreciate your opinion. There's a secular group of therapists called NARTH (narth.com) who claim that homosexuals can change to a heterosexual orientation. Do you think that this is really possible?

I'm a young adult male & I've had strong homosexual desires since adolescence, with little attraction to females. I think my mother may have made me a fag, instead of biology. When I was a little boy she gave me dolls to play with (even babydolls & a little bed to put one in). She also discouraged me from playing sports & I didn't play any sports. As you can imagine, I didn't have any close male friends growing up. I think this lack of closeness with other males is what caused my homosexual longings. I'm fairly normal acting, you wouldn't necessarily think I'm gay if you met me. Is there any hope that I can become straight, or even just

bisexual?

-Charles

I'm not a big fan of the idea that homosexuality is a mental defect. In my humble opinion, sexual preference and inclinations are rarely a choice, although there are plenty of people out there who would like you to believe otherwise. In those cases, it is almost always by groups who have somewhat of a moral agenda and very little to back up any of their claims.

As far as I know, there has not been determined any singular cause for why some people are inclined towards homosexuality. There are a lot of theories out there though, everything from a genetic mutation to not having enough fiber in the diet. Domineering mothers is a very popular stereotype, but the theory doesn't hold much weight on a controlled scientific basis. Some homosexuals had mothers who were overbearing or whatnot, others grew up to be gay without having any maternal influence to speak of. This type of reverse-gender doting you've mentioned involving your mother has been documented in several cases where the sons grew up to be strictly heterosexual, although in many cases they harbored a resentment towards women in general. There is a big difference between being a misogynist and being a homosexual.

Regardless of all the pro-homosexuality hoopla that has been gaining popularity over recent years as we see the heated debates over homosexual rights and gay marriage, many people still do find themselves in social conflict when they begin to realize they are gay. In the not-so-distant past, it wasn't unheard of for a gay man to remain in the closet while going on to marry a woman and even sire children for appearance's sake... all the while falling into a trend of self-loathing and sneaking into the back doors of bath-houses to fulfill his sexual needs.

Some people who find themselves attracted to sexual partners who are inappropriate for whatever

reason may choose to denounce sexual activity altogether, although such a choice is not the easiest to make as we've seen time and time again with individuals slipping on their vows of celibacy. Others may choose to force themselves into limiting their sexual partners to include only the gender, race, religion, etc... that they feel is most acceptable, regardless of their true feelings.

However, I can assure you that trying to charade as a straight man when the desire for female sexual companionship is simply not there does little more than cheat everyone involved. It cheats your female partner(s), who are likely to suspect your sexuality, or even attempt to "convert" you to heterosexuality and get very bent out of shape should they fail. But more importantly, it cheats you of your true desires and forces you to play a life-long role that you may come to resent as time goes on.

Because I feel that your question touches on some serious issues that I myself am unable to answer properly, I've asked Jack Malebranche (The Homosexual Warlock columnist) for his opinion on the matter...

Jack Malebranche's Response to Charles:

To expand on something Shiva mentioned...

Rent the film *Far From Heaven* and be glad that you're wrestling with this issue in the 21st Century. Trying to 'force yourself' to carry on a relationship with a woman 'for appearance's sake' cheats the woman as much as it cheats you out of the experience that you're obviously longing for (at least sexually).

Regarding NARTH (which is probably about as secular an operation in reality as the 700 Club), my short answer is that YES, I do think it is possible to allow yourself to be brainwashed. It is even possible to brainwash someone, especially a young person, against their will. Sexuality is a gray area, and it is not impossible to develop different tastes through new experiences or acquaintances (a natural evolution of desire) or therapy (an artificial de-

velopment of desire).

There are still huge numbers of people whose values make suppressing homosexual desire seem like the only choice, and therapists like those at NARTH capitalize on that. Remember that psychologists and psychiatrists are making a living just like the rest of us, and as far as I am concerned, the vast majority of these patients are nothing but rubes. There are also enough links and references to religious organizations like 'Exodus' on their site to reveal NARTH as little more than a front for the far right mafia.

A NARTH motto says it all:

"Helping clients bring their desires and behaviors into harmony with their values."

What are your values? Are they really your values, or someone else's?

The fundamental issue here is not so much about the therapy in question, but about your motivations for seeking it out. Why do you want to alter your tastes? Who are you trying to please?

God? Your peers? Your family? Society? Strangers on the street? Why put the desires of others before your own?

But perhaps this is not simply the desire to please others--at least not in a direct way. Perhaps you fear being perceived as a 'gay man'. You stated that:

"I'm fairly normal acting, you wouldn't necessarily think I'm gay if you met me."

Do you think that by following through on homosexual desires that you would have to 'change'--act differently, walk differently, become someone you're not? There's no law that says you have to start swishing and prancing and snapping your fingers just because you put a cock in your mouth. There are homos everywhere who you aren't noticing because they act normal, too. Sexuality is a part of identity; it need not be your whole iden-

tity. Certainly, in seeking out your desires you will discover a certain demi-monde that will change a part of you forever. But you have the ability to determine your own boundaries. Again, you need not please anyone but yourself. They don't have to live with your decisions in the same way that you do.

Finally, you made one point that leads me to believe that you are perhaps capable of serious introspection:

I think this lack of closeness with other males is what caused my homosexual longings

This is probably part of the equation. The point is that you are who you are now. You have to determine whether or not that is a problem. It need not be. You're a grown up now, and the only one who knows or cares that you used to play with dolls is you.

You don't need NARTH to fuck a woman. That can probably be accomplished with a few beers, some Viagra and a willing participant. After a few tries, you may even start enjoying it. I have and could conceive of doing it again (no pun intended, trust me). However, it is crucial that you first carefully examine your own motivations before involving anyone else in the equation. Self deception may be manageable for a time, but it also destroys lives. Don't be the mid-life closet case: it's a sad and potentially disastrous path, and you may end up looking back regretfully with your best years behind you--years littered with lies and missed opportunities for happiness.

Hail Satan!

Dear Shiva,

I have been dating a man for about a month and a half, we have a good time in bed really, but he seems to have a problem with premature ejaculation. Now it doesn't bother me since I am satisfied by the entire encounter, but it does bother him. He has been under a lot of stress lately,

could that be a factor in it or is there something I can do to make him last longer?

It certainly could be stress-related. It could be quite a number of other things as well. Culprits behind premature ejaculation include prostrate ailment, low levels of serotonin in the brain and spinal column, focusing too hard on the physical stimulation, hyperactive muscles in the pelvic area, or even just be the result of masturbating too frequently.

As far as treating premature ejaculation, there are a lot of quacks in the sex industry who would love you to believe that they have the cure-all pills, creams, or gizmos to put some more time on the clock. The truth is that none of these highly advertised products actually work as a cure. It's also a very common myth that distracting a man during sex will stop him from ejaculating during sex. By most accounts, it will stop the sex session altogether.

But not to fear, there are some methods to treat early shooters that do have scientific merit and verified success stories.

One method developed by Masters and Johnson is known as "The Squeeze Method". This method is reported to have a 98% success rate among couples who used it. The technique is basically to manually stimulate the penis until the guy is about to ejaculate, then get a firm grasp around it just below the head and squeeze. This is to stop the circulation of blood and cause him to partially lose the erection. Over the course of time the man begins to recognize the sensations that signal he's about to ejaculate and be able to hold it back without the squeeze. The next step is to have motionless intercourse (where you get to play dead) and see how that progresses. Once you have a decent success rate with that, you go into sex as usual... although do expect some false starts.

Other methods include biofeedback therapy, antidepressant drug therapy, and sex counseling. However, if the problem is persistent, he should see a doctor to determine if the problem is more

physical or mental before deciding on a course of treatment.

I also recommend that you check out The Male Health Center website, which has a gold mine of information about sexual health issues.

<http://www.malehealthcenter.com>

Dear Shiva,

I've read your column online about the "first times". Your column also discussed the "imitating pornography" as a disappointing way of discovery. So what is the non-disappointing way of discovery? How do you know what to do the first time? Isn't sex an instinct?

Yes, sex is an instinctual act. Pretty much, anyone can do it with little or no prior research just going on instinct alone with inserting tab A into slot B. When it comes to first times, there are a lot of things to consider that can (and often do) cause embarrassing distractions from an otherwise pleasurable experience.

Males have a tendency to become too excited or even nervous at the notion of getting laid, resulting in either premature ejaculation or not being able to maintain an erection at all. You can't really plan for these kind of things, as they can happen to anyone and even become reoccurring problems well after someone has established themselves sexually.

For women, the first time having vaginal sex is somewhat painful with the tearing of the hymen and also getting used to the idea of an object (penis) being thrust into a part of her body that was previously private. For that matter, many women tend to become quite self-conscious when it comes to letting their partners see them naked in the first place, which adds to the awkwardness of the moment.

However, pornography deals more with sexual technique rather than just two people banging away at one another. Technique covers anything

outside the scope of plain old vaginal sex (instinctual). For example, giving a blowjob is a learned technique developed by our ancient ancestors that discovered from some mishap or another that it felt good. People who go into their first times expecting all the bells and whistles that pornographic films flawlessly offer up do tend to be a bit disappointed.

But don't let the idea of disappointment hinder you. In all my years of talking sex with people, I've never met any man with a perfect batting average, or any woman who hasn't had at least one bad sex day. Most will agree that the rewards are well worth the occasional let downs when it comes to sexual activity.

Dear Shiva,

It said on the Church of Satan website that you cherish life, especially little kids. If so, doesn't that make you Pro-Life? Would an affiliated female member caught in a crisis pregnancy out of her own irresponsibility and her male mate, would she have an abortion?

I believe the statement you are referring to is the ninth Satanic Rule of the Earth: "Do not harm little children." This refers to children in general, as they are not yet old enough to take responsibility for their own actions and therefore should not be the subject of any type of vengeance or otherwise harmed.

Yes, Satanists cherish life. Particularly their own. Satanists strive to live full and happy lives. However, being responsible for ones own actions is an important part of Satanism, which would also include taking precautions to reduce the chances of an unwanted pregnancy. But accidents can and do happen. Condoms have been known to break, pills only 99% effective, etc... resulting in such a pregnancy despite all such efforts.

If you were to take a poll of Satanists in regards to the pro-life vs.pro-choice debate, you're likely to see same two camps that you do among the

general public. Some may argue that an unwanted pregnancy is an obstacle interfering with one's life that can be removed by abortion, while others may feel that adoption would be the only responsible choice for a pregnant woman who isn't ready to be a mother.

One thing is for certain, a Satanic woman who knows in her heart that she is not able to emotionally, physically, and financially meet the obligations of motherhood will do whatever she feels is the most responsible action in regards to her pregnancy.

Hi Shiva,

I've been in a very loving and sexually fulfilling relationship with my current partner for some time. Recently she has brought up the subject of being choked during sex. I have no previous experience in this particular fetish and for once am at a loss. I don't find it at all fulfilling to choke my partner and also I'm afraid of over doing it and possibly hurting her. Do you have any suggestion/resources on how to handle this particular fetish?

Hail Satan.

Bill

It sounds to me like your partner is interested in a paraphilia known as erotic asphyxiation -- also known as breath control -- which is based on the euphoric sensation one might feel due to lack of oxygen to the brain.

It is rumored to enhance climax when applied during sex. However, it also is a very dangerous practice that causes quite a few accidental deaths every year, and also can result in serious injury by way of brain damage, cardiac arrest, or a host of other medical emergencies.

The bottom line is that your brain needs oxygen to function, and denying it of this vital component is just asking for trouble. I wouldn't recommend this

type of bedroom play to anyone, not even a medical professional.

As far as how to handle her request, I suggest that you enlighten her about how incredibly dangerous the practice is, and don't let her talk you into it. It's all fun and games until someone gets charged with manslaughter.

Special Note: This question was forwarded to me, but originally was submitted as a response to Mastiva's review on Orgasm Balls. I've taken the liberty to answer the question here.

Dear Shiva,

I read the article about orgasm balls and now I want to try them for myself, but do they cause infections after being up there all day or even a few hours? I have occasional yeast infections and I'm worried that having foreign plastic balls, Duotone balls, inside might cause a problem. Would you suggest I try the gold plated Ben Wa Balls or are the plastic ones just as good?

Most women that I've known to use Ben-Wa balls haven't reported any problems with infections associated with them, although I know of at least one case of "lost balls" where there was some difficulty in removing the novelty item. However, I wouldn't recommend keeping them inside of your body for more than a couple of hours at a time.

As with any sex toy, keeping them squeaky clean and in good condition is essential for warding off any nasty bacteria that can cause candidiasis (yeast) or other types of vaginal infections. It's always a good idea to wash your toys in hot water and give them a good scrubbing with anti-bacterial soap both before and after you play with them.

With gold-plated or other metallic toys, tarnish also might be an issue to consider when choosing a product. Some products advertise that they are "tarnish free," while others may be coated in silicon to help with hygiene. Some manufacturers of metal orgasm balls also recommend that you store

them in the freezer, which is meant to enhance their pleasurable purposes but might also help with bacteria control.

Another trick for women who enjoy their toys but are prone to infections is to mix a few drops of pure tea tree oil with a water-based lubricant to coat objects with before inserting them into the vagina. Tea tree oil is well known for its antiseptic and antibacterial properties and is available at most health food stores. I do recommend that you dab a little of the oil on your skin first to test for any allergic reactions before using it on your more sensitive areas.

Dear Shiva,

My boyfriend is very well-endowed with a long and thick penis. Perhaps this will sound strange but this asset of his has caused problems in our sex life: He loves getting blowjobs and I love giving them but his size makes it hard for me to stimulate him properly. He gets the most sensation from the shaft but my mouth cannot go far beyond the glans. It can be very tiring for me to give him a blowjob, especially since he can last a very long time.

This has frustrated him to the point where he would consider going through some sort of penile reduction surgery if it exists and if it does not cut down on sensation. I want to know how we can get around this problem and if there is a surgical option out there (possibly too extreme for me to give my blessings but I am curious too).

Actually, this is not an altogether unheard of problem among the overly-endowed. There are some techniques for combining oral sex and masturbatory motions that seem to work well for some people, but they do require a bit of practice to get the coordination down.

The trick is to utilize the two things that often just remain stationary during oral sex: your hands. If your lover gets the most pleasure out of stroking

the shaft, ask him to show you how he masturbates and then try to mimic that motion with your hand while giving him oral sex the way you normally do. Or just have him give you a hand while you're giving him head. (Yes, that pun was intended, but you get the idea...)

Penile reduction surgeries that I've heard of were only performed for emergency situations. Some involved amputation of the whole penile head, which would probably be out of the question, not to mention finding a phalloplastic surgeon who'd even perform such an operation. If there are voluntary penile reduction surgeries available, they aren't well-publicized. I suggest consulting a good urologist for other medical options.

I've also heard a few rumors about a reduction pill, but I doubt you're going to find such advertisements in your e-mail.

Dear Shiva,

I don't know how to say this but I just have a desire to draw blood. One night I sliced open my boyfriend's finger. I got a little overzealous and cut to the bone and my first impulse was to put his finger in my mouth and drink, then I wanted to rub his bloody finger all over me. I just enjoyed the sight and feel of it on my skin.

I love raw meat, especially beef liver. I have this erotic fantasy of him and me making love under the full moon in a graveyard covered in our own blood but he is psychic and the spirits always bother him so he won't do it. I also just like to bite and scratch him till I draw blood but he always stops me, I'm very interested in meeting others like myself who enjoy a little pain here and there but in _____ I believe there are none. Please help me.

It sounds like you are practicing what is known as phlebotomy fetishism, which is arousal from blood-letting. This type of fetish often goes hand-in-hand with vampirism (in the Bela Lugosi fantasy sense) and isn't an uncommon fetish at all, al-

though practitioners do tend to be secretive about their activities.

You mentioned a specific geographical area (omitted here for obvious reasons) that isn't too far from larger cities where finding other people with this fetish is more likely. I'd advise looking up fetish clubs or events in these cities, or subscribing to newsgroups or forums that specialize in that sort of fantasy play, often called "vampirism" or "blood fetish." There are groups for people with every type of fetish imaginable out there – the trick is to know where to look. The Internet has made that trick much easier.

Now for my obligatory word of caution: this type of fetish is not exactly a safe activity, as playing with body fluids of any kind does leave one open to diseases such as AIDS and hepatitis. I know that some blood fetish groups require screening and testing prior to attending their parties, but even those careful precautions are not foolproof. Play at your own risk.

Dear Shiva,

My girlfriend has lost her sex drive and I don't know what to do. I don't think that it's me because when we do have sex she is finished in 15 minutes or so then she wants me to hurry. I've tried just about every trick in the book to help arouse her from extended foreplay to bringing in an extra person nothing is helping other than leave her. What should I do?

Many people, men and women alike, will experience periods of sexual disinterest during their lives. In women, this is commonly called "frigidity," a term that describes the inability of a woman to become aroused or function properly during sexual activity. Frigidity often occurs when a woman is under a great deal of stress, but it can be the result of either physical or psychological causes.

Sexual disinterest also is an extremely common sign of depression, which unfortunately is not always cured by the medications often prescribed

for combating depression. Your best bet is to have her consult a doctor who can make an accurate diagnosis as to what may be causing her frigidity.

I'm not a big advocate for non-essential medications, but there are a lot of sexual enhancement pills for women on the market lately that you may also ask a doctor about. While testimonials to such drugs have gone across the board as far as their effectiveness, many of them have side effects that may be unpleasant. Herbal alternatives also are widely marketed, but they also have varying reported results.

Dear Shiva,

I have a really outgoing personality. I'm very laid-back and open-minded, and my life is an open book for all who wish to read it. I enjoy life and laughter, and I have a take-charge (and sometimes vengeful) attitude when it's absolutely necessary. I'm not afraid to share my opinion or give advice, and I try to do so diplomatically, unless the situation calls for harsh bluntness.

There's nothing wrong with any of this, I know. But maybe, somehow, this plays into the sexual problem I'm having. I love sex. I want it, need it, and can't help but to have it; don't get me wrong - I can control myself, but if someone says, "let's go," I say, "okay" even if I had never been drawn to the person in a sexual manner before. I've been told on several occasions that I "emanate sexuality" no matter where I am or what I'm wearing. That's all fine and dandy, except for the fact that I keep getting mixed up with the "wrong" guys.

By the "wrong" guys, I mean men who want me to be dominant and control them. Yes, I may enjoy being independent and taking care of my own life, but it just feels so horribly awkward to control someone else in a sexual situation. It feels so wrong and terrible for me that I literally feel physically sick. I can tell, by someone's words (of course) and body language, if he has a dominant personality or not, and I've met a

lot of them and wanted them so badly, I felt as though I'd almost lose my mind if I didn't have them. A few I've experienced, and it was, without a doubt, the most gratifying sex I've ever had -- completely and totally mind-blowing.

However, it's rare that I'm approached by truly dominant men; it's driving me nuts and I don't know what to do about it. I subtly make myself available and accessible to them; I drop little body language hints to them (a flash of the eyes, a gentle & slightly alluring smile, etc.), but I get nothing except looks of ravenous lust. They won't DO anything about it. And I can't bring myself to just walk up to them and say, "Pardon me, I don't mean to interfere or offend you in any way, but would you mind taking me, slamming me up against the wall and fucking the hell out of me?" I can't even bring myself to approach a guy and tell him -- vocally -- that I find him attractive, unless he specifically asks. I tried calling someone once, thinking that I'd be able to voice my desires if we weren't face-to-face but I choked and felt so uncomfortable that I almost burst into tears.

I've asked friends what the problem is -- why dominant men won't approach me, while there's no way in Hell I can approach them, why I'm going through this torture. The resounding response is that, while my personality isn't holding them back (which I'm not entirely sure of), my "all-encompassing sexuality" is; they tell me that, even when I don't try to give off any sexual "vibes" -- even when sex is no where in my mind -- it's like I'm "saturated with raw, animalistic lust" and that maybe this intimidates people. If this is true, and it's something that shows itself whether I want it to or not, and it DOES intimidate people, how can I ever possibly control it? I'm in one Hell of a catch-22 here, Shiva, and I'd appreciate any advice you can give. Thanks in advance.

In my humble opinion, dripping with sexuality is certainly nothing to be ashamed about. While it is

true that it can be intimidating, it is more likely to scare the Hell out of unconfident or inexperienced men than anything else.

But it is also true that some men prefer to be the one to make the first move, to be "in control" so to speak. With that in mind, not being the first to flirt or mention sex may be in your best interest. This isn't to say that you should act unfriendly, just don't act too friendly or hot-to-trot when chatting with these fellows.

It's been my experience that many guys will start sizing you up as a potential sexual partner during the first few minutes of conversation no matter what the topic is. That being said, I'd advise that you strike up a conversation with whoever catches your fancy and not mention sex. Talk about the local news, comment on the surroundings, ask if he knows anything about electrical rewiring. In other words, initiate a conversation that he can immediately participate in and let things progress from there by allowing him make the first move on a sexual level.

Don't be disappointed if things don't work out quite the way you want them to. The worst he can do is just tell you to bugger off. Or you may wind up just making a friend. Just move along to the next target for conversation. If you truly emanate sexuality, he'll notice it. Just don't be the one to draw attention to it. Let a dominant man call the shots.

Dear Shiva,

My girlfriend likes to be cut on her breast while in a sexual act, is that normal?

While I wouldn't go so far as to call it "normal" in a general population sense, phlebotomy fetishes are not exactly uncommon when it comes to the world of sexually deviant behavior.

"Cutters" tend to associate the endorphins naturally released by the body during such injury with

feelings of ecstasy (which are also contributed by endorphins). Chances are that your girlfriend just finds the cutting to heighten those sensations for her during sex.

But this type of activity is not anything to be terribly concerned about so long as safety issues are addressed and practiced (sterile blades, good hygiene, no swapping of fluids, etc.)

Dear Shiva,

I have a problem with my boyfriend's obsession with pornography. Don't get me wrong... I wholly believe that most types of pornography are healthy and fun, but I can't help feeling unease. The biggest concern, I think, is that he favours websites with the words 'barely legal'. This brings not jealousy, as I am considerably younger than him anyway, but disgust!

I have always prided myself on being open-minded - he thinks it is great that I allow him to have something that other girlfriends haven't! But recently it has become a problem.

Is this misplaced jealousy, or something I should be worried about?

Well, it may relieve you to know that many of these popular "barely legal" sites feature women who just look far younger than they actually are.

Young/old role-playing has always been a very popular game in the bedroom, with women clad in school-girl outfits and wearing their hair in pigtails while "playing doctor". Harmless, fantasy fun so long as everyone involved is of legal age and consenting to it.

Many men consider younger women to be the epitome of sexual attractiveness, being that such gals are assumed to be healthy, vibrant, nubile, and able to reproduce. (Consider that just as older women might find a young stud more sexually appealing than a man withered with age.) The so-called

"barely legal" margin borders on the legal side of being taboo - meaning they are fresh and have just ripened for picking.

Your boyfriend could simply be visiting these sites in order to spare himself having to wade through mountains of wrinkles and liver spots on aging porn stars in order to find material that suits his liking.

If his passions were running on the illegal side, chances are that he wouldn't let you know about them at all. But if this is your concern, I would advise talking to him about it and allow him to explain why he prefers these sites to others. If you continue to suspect criminal activity or intent, you should consider getting some professional help to evaluate the situation.

Dear Shiva,

My boyfriend and I enjoy giving and receiving anal sex but I'm a little grossed out because on a couple of occasions fecal matter has come out or on the toys or penis. And this is gross and embarrassing. This never happens on the porn movies we've watched. Is there something we can do avoid this happening? I mean we take showers before and after so what else can we do.?

A commonly practiced solution to this problem is for participants to empty their bowels and then give themselves enemas an hour or two beforehand. This will help clear out any fecal residue and cut down on those embarrassing little incidents.

You can buy ready-to-use enemas at most drug stores.

Dear Shiva,

No matter what I try I cannot get my penis to be bigger. Since puberty I have struggled with this dilemma. I am a large-framed guy, but my

penis, even when I was thin and in shape, was always small. What determines the size of a penis?

First of all, you are correct in taking your body fat and build into consideration here, as someone with more body fat will appear to be smaller while erect than the trimmer fellows due to the restriction of blood vessels. The less blood that can get through, the less engorged the erection.

However, the main culprit in determining the size of your penis (as well as everything else) is simply genetics. Just as your hair and eye color are created from the palette of the family gene pool, so is the length and width of your manhood.

Dear Shiva,

A lot of guys I know are always talking about wanting to pop a virgin. Why are these guys so interested in virgins? Is there any way I can fake being a virgin?

I've never quite understood the fascination some fellows have with deflowering virgins in these modern times, outside of the obvious boost to the ego as being the first one inside a lass or the desire to be a girl's one-and-only lover. Years ago, before the development of highly effective birth control, virginal brides were heavily prized and guarded by their husbands to insure that any offspring would be his. Perhaps remnants of this line of thinking still hold true today.

Then again, it was once believed that having sex with a virgin was a cure for syphilis too.

But the desire for women to be in a virgin-like state has indeed developed some medical procedures to restore the hymen (that thin membrane that partially covers the opening of most females that usually breaks during penetration and therefore is often considered proof of virginity.)

Hymen repair surgery comes in a few different forms and is done by a cosmetic surgeon. The first

method is simply stitching up the remnants of the broken hymen, which is a temporary "quick fix" that is usually employed by women a few days before their wedding night when the husband expects a virgin bride.

Hymen reconstructive surgery is a bit more complex, used in cases where the remains of the original hymen are too small to be simply stitched together. In this procedure, the surgeon determines the best location for the undermined hymen and recreates it by setting vascular bands across the opening.

A third method used by cosmetic surgeons is by using a faux hymen, sometimes called an "alloplant", which is a thin, breakable biomaterial that can be inserted to mimic a hymen. This method is also meant for temporary and is inserted shortly before the wedding.

Other methods that women have used to convince their lovers of their virginity include having first-time sex during their menstrual cycle when the blood flow is light, clenching the vaginal muscles as tight as possible during the initial entrance of the penis, or inserting a piece of bloody raw meat (usually liver or other organ meat) into their vaginas before coitus. However there are some serious health risks involved with the latter method and I would never recommend it!



Afterword

by Magus Peter H. Gilmore
High Priest of The Church of Satan

The chapter entitled “Satanic Sex” is often the first stop of many who peruse “The Satanic Bible.” They hope that it will serve prurient interest and offer up descriptions of lurid orgies and all manner of abominable - and titillating - fetishistic excesses. These seekers-after-lewdness are then disappointed to discover that this essay is not “stroke-worthy,” but is simply a commonsense embracing of the broad range of human sexual activities indulged in by consenting adults. The iconoclasm for when it was first published is its simple and direct support of guiltless sexual activity of many sorts. However, the vista this presents so pithily can benefit from elucidation. When the concept of Lust Magazine (ahem) arose, I was delighted that there would be a new forum to take these initial theories and discuss how we Satanists put them into practice – in our bedrooms and wherever else we choose to expand our “canal knowledge.”

Lust Magazine shows that Satanists are true epicureans, ready to sample whatever libidinous pursuits we find to be stimulating without there being any stigmas attached. Also there are no compulsions to do anything that does not come naturally – excess or abstinence and anything in between is up to the individual. In that great banquet of erotic practices, Satanists are the gourmets, choosing delectable items which are pleasing to our natures, be they few or numerous, and Lust provides a menu for those who might not have known just how broad a selection may be had. The articles, reviews, and interviews you’ve published demon-

strate an intelligent and informed perspective on sexuality, but the approach isn’t dry or analytical. Arousal is encouraged - you haven’t forgotten the genitals even when you are stimulating that most important sexual organ – the brain.

Also, the contributing writers are so diverse in their own tastes and practices, that each update to the online magazine was sure to bring forth something unique and exciting – possibilities and cautions could be detailed so that the would be explorer of eroticism would not run aground in his or her quest for satisfaction. And with the impeccable editorial staff themselves being sexual pioneers, it was guaranteed to be a feast overseen by master chefs. Everyone involved lived-up to my high expectations. “Bravi!”

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